

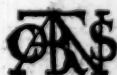
ABVSES
STRIPT,
AND
WHIPT:
OR
SATIRICAL ESSAYES.

BY GEORGE WYTHER.

Divided into two Bookes.

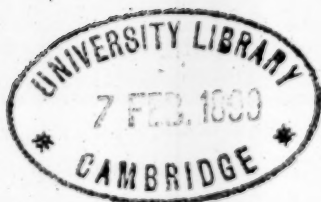
Πολλὰ κού τοι κού μωρός ανήρ κατὰ κούρηον έιπε.

*Despise not this, what ere I seeme in show,
A foale to purpose speakes sometime you know .*



LONDON:

Printed by T. S. for FRANCIS BURTON,
and are to be solde at his Shop in Paules
Church-yard, at the signe of the
Greene-Dragon. 1614.



260 301

A/3



To him-selfe, *G.W.* wisheth
all happinesse.



IHou (*euen my selfe*) whom
next *God*, my *Prince*, and
Country, I am most engaged
vnto; it is not vnlikely, but
some will wonder, why, con-
trary to the worlds custome, I haue made
choise of thy Patronage for this Booke, ra-
ther then the protection of such vvhose
Mightinesse might seeme better able to de-
fend it; especially considering such a *Gi-*
gantick troupe of aduersaries haue banded
themselues against the *Truth*, that one of
them *Goliath*-like dares raile vpon a whole
hoast of *Israell*. It may be (I say) some will
wonder, and some scoffe at mee for it; for
which cause (though to answer them with
sic volo had been sufficient: yet to shew I will
not like our *Great-ones* stand so much vpon

The Epistle

my authoritie as to make my *VVill* my *Reason*) I heere let you know why, and for what causes I haue done it; the first is this: I could not amongst all men finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my *VVorke* was vnworthy, or too worthy his Patronage. Secondly, it is said; *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*, pleasing to the eare of a common *Mecenas*, thought it best to hold my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather indure the *Kites* tyranny, then with *Aesops* Doues make the Sparrow-hauke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue spoken *Truth* it is able to defend it selfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I must answere for it. Fifthly, for asmuch as I know my owne minde best, I purpose, if need be, to become my owne *Advocate*. Sixtly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe haue most right vnto it. But seauenthly, and lastly (which is indeed the principall *Reason*) I haue

Dedicatorie.

haue made this *Dedication* to thee, poore
world-despised *Selfe*; euen to put thee in
minde, (seeing thou hast here boldly begun
to bid defiance to the *Flesh*, and vpon iust
causes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou
take heede to thine owne wordes, and not
through basenes of minde or vntowardnesse
of *Fortune* (to thy euerlasting disgrace,)
faintly giue ouer so noble a *Combat*. If euer
aduersitie (as 'tis like enough) oppresse thee,
yet remember thy owne sayings, and in de-
spight of outward *Destinies* haue a care to
keepe an vndeiectioned heart, still free for *Ver-*
tue. Or on the contrary, if euer (as 'tis vn-
likely) vnexpected *Prosperitie* be cast vpon
thee, then looke to thy selfe, take to thee this
poore Booke of thine, wherein thou shalt
see the dangers of it, and be, perhaps, there-
by staid from many a perillous enterprise,
which that estate might else driue thee
into. Reade it, weekly, daily, yea and
hourely to : What though it be thine
owne ? thou knowest mans nature to
bee so vncertaine and prone to forget-
fulnesse, euen in the best things, that thou
canst not haue too many *Memorandums*.

The

The Epistle

The wisest fall, and therefore euery day was *Philip* desirous to be remembred that hee was a *Man*; thou thinkest I know, still to remaine what thou art, I desire in some things thou maist, but vnlesse thou labour it with diligent watchfulnesse ouer *affection*, it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to be despaired of; thou hast scene many by an alteration in their estate beene so *metamorphosed*, as if they were not the same men, nor of that *Nation*.

Nay, remember it, thou thy selfe, and that but vpon a bare hope, or imagination of some preferment, hast bin puffed vp and exalted aboue measure: consider now then how much more thou hadst beene so, and what had become of thee, if God had not by dashing those hopes, called thee to thy selfe againe? Alas! if hee had answered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy desire, thou hadst beene by this time past recovery, and not thought of this, but delighted in *villanie*, bin ouer-mastered by *passion*, rusht into all *vanitie* and *presumption*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too late to preuent it. Thou hast oft wisht thou hadst bin borne to
the

Dedicatorie.

the like meanes that others are, which might it haue beene so, now thou seest thou shouldst hardly or neuer haue come to the knowledge of those things that are now showne thee. Tis true, thou hast lamented to be crost in thy preferments, but thou seest since that it might haue beene thy vndoing if it had not beene so, and maist perswade thy selfe whether it be now or neuer, it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou not often felt, euen when thou wert busiest to preuent them; *Fond-loue, Ambition, Reuenge, Couetousnesse*, and such like *Passions*, then to inuade thee? Hast thou perceiued it, I say? How much more then would they haue beene ready to assaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly addicted thy selfe to the things of this *world*? Let me advise my *deare-selfe* then, to make vse of this thine owne Worke, it will be better to thee then all the *world*: for this good it may do thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* thereof to thee, that if euer hereafter the temptations of the *World*, the *flesh*, & the *diuell*, or any occasion should make thee to forget this minde that thou art

now

The Epistle

now in: or so blinde thy Vnderstanding, thou shouldst not perceiue thy owne and the *Worlds* follies as thou now dost; That if thou shouldst be in that miserable state as many are, to haue no feeling of thy danger: that if thou shouldst bee wofully flattered and haue no friend that dares, or loues thee so well to put thee in minde of thy transgressions.

Then I haue ordayned this to shew thee what once thou wert, to touch thee againe with the feeling of thy miseries, and to bee vnto thee that true *Friend*, which, free from all faigned inuention, shall plainly tell thee, what perhaps should else haue neuer beene brought againe to thy remembrance. Looke then that for thy owne sake thou respect this, how euer to others it may seeme a trifle. Bee carefull of thy actions, for seeing thou knowest the dangerous *Passions* wherevnto *Man* is subiect, hast showne his *Vanities*, layed open his *Weakenesse*, and sharpe-ly taxed his *Presumptions*: If now thou shouldest wilfully runne thy selfe into the same euils. the *World* would vpbraide thee,

Dedicatorie.

thee, this *Booke*, yea, thy *Conscience* accuse thee, God and good men hate thee, thy fault be more odious and inexcusable, thy *Judgement* more seuerer, and which is worst, thy *Punishment* most intollerable; I say seeke therefore (if for no other cause) so to carry thy selfe, that at least thou maist haue a good *Conscience* before God; for, *Si Deus tecum quis contra te*, but if now hauing made the *World* thine enemy, exposed thy selfe to the malice thereof, and hauing so many *Legions* of foes without thee, thou shouldest also, by thy negligence, suffer the invincible fortresse of a sound *Conscience* to be crazed within thee, the *Diuell*, that is alway watching such aduantages, would quickly possesse it with an vmercifull troupe of *Horrors*, *Feares*, and *Desperations*, that without *Gods* miraculous assistance thou wouldest grow wholly past either comfort or recovery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee against thy *Conscience*, but that being with thee, thou maist preuaile against all the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zibethum*, yeeld a perfume to sweeten others,
and

The Epistle

and be thy selfe a stinking vermine; but let this thy owne Worke be first confirmed by thy life and conuersation, yea, let it be a *President* to thy selfe, for, *Tanti erit alijs quanti tibi fuerit*, but if not, I say, if the *World* mis-esteeme eyther it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteeme the lesse eyther of thy Booke or of thy Selfe, but rather let them know

*That thou hast learned, still thy care shall be,
A rush for him that cares a straw for thee.*

But now, though for these and diuers other *Reasons*, I haue to thee my *Own*-selfe committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Booke, yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine owne vse; But rather seeing it is honourable to giue, (though none will giue thee any thing) I haue bestowed this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted age, finde any, whom desert, and thy loue may make so deare vnto thee, or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, or but thinke well of thy honest endeauours, thou maist bee liberall to them both of these thy labours and expences. But this I con-
iure

Dedicatorie.

iure thee to; be they neuer so Great, yet flatter not, or if he be a man whom thou knowest the *World* speakes any way iustly ill of; eyther tell him his fault, or leaue him wholly out of thy *Catalogue* : But because I begin to grow tedious to my *Ownne-selfe*, and since I shall haue *Opportunitie* enough to consider with thee what is further needfull without an *Epistle*, with my Prayers for my *Prince*, my *Country*, my *Friends*, and my *owne* prosperitie, without any leaue-taking, or Commendations of my *Selfe*, I heartily with my *owne Soule* to fare-well.

*Thy Princes, thy Countries,
thy Friends, and Thine i.
thine owne whilst Reason
masters Affection*

GEO. WITHER.





To the Reader.



Readers ; I speake to you that haue understanding ; when these first frutes of my conuerted Muses shall come to your iudicious censures, doe not looke for Spencers or Daniels wel-composed numbers ; or the deepe conceits of now flourishing Iohnson : no ; say tis howe st plaine matter, & there's as much as I expect. If I haue seem'd to erre in any thing suppose me not so obstinate, or well conceited of my owne opinion, but that I may be perswaded by any that shall produce stronger reasons to the contrary. If any thing may seeme to haue a doubtfull interpretation, assure your selues the honestest meaning in it is mine ; and although some may thinke I haue not so well ioyned things together as I might haue done, I know when you haue considered the nature of the Subiect, and the diuersity of things therein handled, you will accept my good-will and let my yeeres be an excuse for that & all other ignorant over-sights whatsoeuer. Some no doubt

B

will

To the Reader.

will mistake my plainenes, in that I haue so bluntly spoken what I haue obserued, without any Poeticall additions or fained Allegories: I am sorry I haue not pleased them therein, but should haue beene more sorry if I had displeased my selfe in doing otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt up my meaning in darke riddles, I should haue beene more applauded and lesse understood, which I nothing desire. I neither feare nor shame to speake the Truth, and therefore haue nakedly thrust it forth without a couering. To what end were it, if I (as some doe) had appareld my minde in darke Parables, that few or none might haue understood mee? I should doe better to be silent; but if it be more in request I may heereafter be obscure enough, yet in this tis not my meaning, for indeed, if I knew how, my desire is to bee so plaine, that the bluntest Iobernole might understand mee. Our Grands-villaines care not for a secret ierke; well wee may shew an honest wit in couertly nipping them; but either it is in vaine, cause they perceiue it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they onely understand it who will but either malice or flout vs for our labours. Many may dislike the harshnes of the Verse but you know, although it be not stately, yet it well
enough

To the Reader.

enough befits the matter, and whereas I may seeme blame-worthy in mixing Diuinitie with Humanity: yet when you haue found my generall ayme, considered with what reuerent respect I haue done it, and what commendable authorities I may haue for it, I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe, may seeme childish, nothing pleasing, but you must consider I had a care to please my selfe aswell as others; and if the World blame mee as to sawcy with her, it is for want of manners; but her owne fault, that would allow me no better education. To be brieft, if I haue any way offended I am so well perswaded you will mildly conser my errors and infirmities, that I rest wholly, and onely on your sound and incorrupted Iudgements.

* But *

Readers; I meane you that are no more but Readers; I make no question if this booke come to your spelling, it will haue many halting verses, and disioynted sentences: for I haue had experience of your insufficiencie: yet haue I strin'd to bee for your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were possible bee understood) as playne (as they say) as a packe-saddle, and now the doubt is then fooles will ride me. If they doe certainly, I shall

To the Reader.

be rough and vneasie for their tendernes. Though you vnderstand them not yet because you see this wants some fine Phrases, & flourishes, as you finde other mens writings stufte withall, perhaps you will iudge mee vnlearned. Well; and right enough. Yet you will be counted but fancy Coblers to goe beyond your Lasts: And if that be a fault did not the subiect and your ignorances, require me to be in that sort faulty, I could with ease haue amended it, for it cost me (I protest) more labour to obserue this plainenesse then if I had more Poetically trim'd it, but for fears if I speake much, I confound your Memories, I will say no more but this, Read and welcome, but Censure not, for your iudgement is weake and I utterly renounce it.

Valete.

George Wither.

EPIGRAMS.

To Time.

EPIGR. I.

NOW swift-devouring, bald, and ill fac't *Time*,
Dost not thou blush to see thy selfe vncloak't?
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in *Rime*!
Faith I would doe it though thou wisht me choakt.
Didst thou but see how thy faire *antique* shape,
Is now transformed to a *shapelesse* bew:
How like thou look'st to some *Barbarian Ape*,
Could'st thou I say with me thine owne selfe view
Thou wouldst be *Metamorphosed* anew,
Run quite away, and either all amend,
Or with thy selfe and all things at an end.

And yet dispaire not *Time*, though thou art ill;
The worst that euer yet was knowne to be,
Tis not ordayn'd thou should remaine so still,
For I my selfe this age doe hope to see:
The gloriou'st worke that euer *Time* brought forth,
The master-peece, and the most noble act,
In the respect of which 'twere nothing worth
If all the braue deeds done were but one fact,
Romes fall I meane; I heard it when it crack't.
Yea from my *Cradle* I did still surmize,
I should see *Babell* rumble, *Bethell* rise.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGR. 2.

I Heare there's some aske how I dare so plaine
Taxe the *Abuses* that I now see raigne;
I muse as much they dare say ill vnto it,
Or dare but aske, but how I dare to doe it.

To the Stranger. 3.

THou that wert so vnhappy, first to breath
Without the compasse of *Great Brittain's* power
And blest againe that fate did thee bequeath
The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our;
If (vnderstanding) thou dost hap to read
This booke wherein thou seest my nations shame,
Yet doe not thou against my Country plead,
For thine thou know'st doth merit as much blame:
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe, we were no worse then you.

To the Satyro-mastix. 4.

OH Lord Sir, y'are deceiu'd, I me none of those
That write in Anger, or malicious spleene;
I haue not taken pepper in the Nose,
Nor a base forger of false libels beene,
Such ones there be indeed, such I haue seene;

EPIGRAMS.

I enuy no man, for his greatnes I,
Nor seeke I any honest mans disgrace:
I joy in euery ones prosperitie,
He not the credit of a dogge deface,
My Aduersary shall not proue the case,

Then stand backe sirrah Whip-lack with your
Doe not incense my Satyr for thy life: (scourge
Hee's patient enough vntill thou vrge,
Contentions are now a dayes too rife,
And he is very backward vnto strife.

But notwithstanding here he lets thee see,
As long as there is cause and reason why.
In spite of all that foes to Satyrs be:
He shall, if I list, taxe iniquitie,
It is a matter of necessity.

What? you would faine haue all the *Great-ones* freed,
They must not for their vices be controld,
Beware; that were a saucines indeed:
But if the *Great-ones* to offend be bold,
I see no reason but they should be told.

Yea and they shall; their faults most hurtfull be,
And though I will not put them to that shame,
I no iniustice in the matter see,
If they were taxed by their proper name,
For no sinne can on earth haue her full blame.

Then *Scourge* of Satyrs hold thy whip from mine,
Or I will make my rod lash thee and thine.

EPIGRAMS.

To the gald Reader.

EPIG. 8.


S Ir, he that's night-gald or hath cornes on's toes,
May blame the Shoomaker, and curse his shoocs,
But those that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reason wherefore he doth halt;
So thou maist thinke (perhaps) these *Satyrs* sling thee
Where onely thy owne guiltines doth wring thee.
For if thou wert from these diseases free,
Thou wouldst be quiet as some others be.
But tis well knowne a *ticklish beast* hath tricks;
And the old Prouerbe saith, a *gald lade* kicks.
But I'll aduise thee, if thou feele it smart,
Be rul'd by me and play not the fooles part,
Keep't to thy selfe, and there are none shall know
Whether that thou art toucht therein or no,
Thou seest thou neither art markt out nor nam'd,
And therefore onely to thy selfe art sham'd:
Now if thou stir, at best thou shalt but make
The Country of thy faults more knowledge take.
And (as indeed it iustly may) diuine,
The worst faults that I write against are thine,
Then since to be reprooued seemes a curse,
And to be moued makes the matter worse,
Either for to amend thy life haue care,
Or like a Pack-horse and an Assc still beare.

EPIGRAMS.

To the Impartiall Author.

GEORGE; I did euer thinke thy faithfull breast
Contain'd a minde beyond the common sort,
Thy very looke an honest heart exprest,
And seem'd an awfull mildnesse to import:
Poets may vaunt of smooth and lofty straines,
Thine with thy subiect freely doe agree;
But then thy *Muse* a better praise obtaines,
For whilst the greatest but *Time-pleasers* be,
Thou vnappal'd and freely speak'st the truth:
Not any one for feare or lucre sparing:
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth;
Another *Cato*, but I thinke more daring;
Well maist thou speede in these tempestuous times,
Thou soone beginst to make the World thy foe,
Yet I so well doe like thy honest rhimes;
That I could wish all Poets would write so:
For thou the way of truth so rightly tend'st,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'st.

Thy deare friend, TH. C.



The Contents of the first B O O K E.

T <i>He Occasion.</i>	
<i>The Introduction.</i>	
<i>Of Man.</i>	
<i>O fond Love.</i>	Satyr. 1
<i>Of Lust.</i>	2
<i>Of Hate.</i>	3
<i>Of Envy.</i>	4
<i>Of Reuenge.</i>	5
<i>Of Choller.</i>	6
<i>Of iealousie.</i>	7
<i>Of Cometsnesse.</i>	8
<i>Of Ambition.</i>	9
<i>Of Feare.</i>	10
<i>Of Despaire.</i>	11
<i>Of Hope.</i>	12
<i>Of Compassion.</i>	13
<i>Of Cruelty.</i>	14
<i>Of Ioy.</i>	15
<i>Of Sorrow.</i>	16
<i>The Conclusion of the first Booke.</i>	



THE SECOND BOOKE.

O <i>F Vanitie.</i>	Satyr. 1
<i>Of Inconstancie.</i>	2
<i>Of Weakenesse.</i>	3
<i>Of Presumption.</i>	4

The Scourge.

*Epigrammes to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Per-
sonages and Friends, to whom the Author gave any
of his Bookes.*

yr. 1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16





THE OCCASION of this *VV*orke.

WHen nimble *Time*, that all things over-runnes,
Made me forsake my tops and elderne gunnes;
Reaching those yeeres in which the Schoole-boys
In leauing off the bottle and the bagge: (bragge,
The very Spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice fve Winters told,
Noting my other fellow-pupils hast,
That to our *English Athens* flockt so fast:
Least others for a truant should suspect mee,
That had the selfe-same *Tutor* to direct mee,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To vndergoe so long a Schoole-boys name,
Thither went I; for (though Ile not compare)
With any of them that my *Fellöwes* were;
Yet then (Ile speake it to my *Teachers* praise)
I was vnfurnish't of no needfull layes;
Nor any whit for Grammar Rules to seeke,
In *Lilles* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke.

But

THE OCCASION.

But so well grounded that another day
I could not with our idle Students say
For an excuse, *I was ill enter'd*; no:
There are too-many know it was not so;
And therefore since I came no wiser thence,
I must confesse it was my negligence;
Yea, daily longing to behold and see
The places where the sacred *Sisters* be,
I was so happy, to that *Foord* I came
Of which an *Oxe*, they say, beares halfe the name:
It is the Spring of knowledge that imparts
A thousand severall Sciences and Arts,
A *Christall* fount, whose water is by odds
Far sweeter then the *Nectan* of the *Gods*:
Or for to giue't a title that befits,
It is the very *Nurcery* of wits:
There once arriued, 'cause my wits were raw,
I fell to wondring at each thing I saw:
And for my learning made a months vacation,
In noting of the places scituation:
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wise *Minervaes* hallowed crew:
Their *Cloysters*, *Walkes* and *Groves*, all which suruei'd,
And in my new admittance well apaid;
I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
Long for to see the Bell of *Osney* to:
But yet indeede (may not I grieve to tell?)
I neuer dranke at *Aristotles Well*.
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in Philosophy.

THE OCCASION.

Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
The *Forrest* by (belecue it they that will)
Retaines the surname of *Shot-over* still:
Then hauing seene enough, and therewithall,
Got some experience at the *Tennisball*,
My *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent
There to be idle, but with an intent
For to encrease my knowledge,) cal'd me in,
And with his graue instructions did begin
To teach; and by his good perswasions sought
To bring me to a loue of what he taught:
Then after that, hee gan for to impart
The hidden secrets of the *Logicke Art*;
In stead of Grammer Rules he taught me than,
Old *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
Hee shew'd me which the *Predicables* be,
As *Genus*, *Species*, and the other three;
So hauing said enough of their contents,
Handles in order the ten *Pradicaments*,
Then, *Post Pradicaments*, with *Priorum*,
Perhermenias and *Posteriorum*:
He with the *Tapickes* opens, and descries
Elenchi, full of subtile falacies:
These to vnfold, (indeed) he tooke some paine,
But to my dull capacitie in vaine:
For all he spake was to as little passe,
As in old time vnto the vulgar was
Their *Latine* Seruice, which they vnderstood
As well as did an horse to doe them good,

And

THE OCCASION.

And I his meaning did as neare coniecture,
As if hee had beene reading *Hebrew Lecture*;
His *Infinities*, *Indiuiduities*,
(*Contraries* and *Subcontrarieties*,
Diuisions, *Subdiuisions*, and a crew
Of termes and words, such as I neuer knew;
My shallow vnderstanding so confounded,
That I was grauel'd like a ship that's grounded;
And in despaire the mysterie to gaine,
Neglecting all, tooke neyther heede nor paine;
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight
Till *Cynthia* sixe times lost her borrowed light:
But then asham'd to finde my selfe still mute,
And other little *Dandipratts* dispute,
That could distinguish vpon *Rationale*,
Yet scarcely heard of *Verbum Personale*;
And could by heart (like *Parots*) in the Schooles,
Stand prattling, those me thought were pretty fooles,
And therefore in some hope to profit so,
That I like them (at least) might make a show:
I reache my Bookes that I had cast about,
(To see if I could picke the meaning out)
And prying on them with some diligence;
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceiued more
In halfe an houre, then halfe a yeere before,
And which is strange the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembred not,
Since first my *Tutor* read them; those did then
Returne into my memory agen,

THE OCCASION.

So that with which I had so much to do,
A weeke made easie, yea and pleasing too.
But then with that not thoroughly content,
I practis'd to maintaine an *Argument*,
And hauing waded thorough *Sophistrie*,
Fell vnto reading of *Philosophie*;
And thinking there the *Ethicks* not enough,
I also had a longing for to know
The cause of *snow, haile, thunder, frost, and raine*,
The *lightnings, meteors*; and what here 'twere vaine
For me to speake of; since I shall but show-it,
To those that better then my selfe doe know-it.
Then from the causes of things naturall,
I went to matters *Metaphisicall*:
Of which when I a little newes could tell,
I (as the rest did) vnto wrangling fell.
And as the fashion was for to disgrace her,
When I oppos'd the *truth* I could out-face her,
But now ensues the worst, I getting foot,
And well digesting *Learnings* bitter Root:
Ready to taste the fruit; and when I thought
I should a *Calling* in that place haue sought,
I found I was for other ends ordain'd,
Yea to forsake this course I was constrain'd:
For *Fortune* that full many a boone hath lost me,
Thus in the reaping my contentment, crost me.
You sir (quoth she) that I must make my slave,
For whom in store a thousand plagues I haue,
Come home, I pay, and learne to hold the plough,
For you haue read *Philosophy* enough.

THE OCCASION.

If wrangling in the *schooles* be such a sport,
Goe to those *Ploydens* in the *Innes of Court*,
For aske your parish neighbors they can tell,
Those fellows do maintaine *contention* well ;
For Art in numbers you no coile need keepe,
A little skill shall serue to tell your sheepe :
Seeke not the *Stars* thy euils should relate,
Least when thou know them, thou grow desperate ;
And let alone *Geometry*, tis vaine,
Ile finde you worke enough to marre your braine ;
Or would you study *Musique*? else 'twere pittie,
And yet it needs not, you shall finde, Ile fit ye :
Ile teach you how to frame a song, and will
Prouide you *cares* to be the subiect still :
This, *Fortune* or my Fate, did seeme to tell me,
And such a chance, indeed, ere long befell me,
For ere my yeeres would suffer me to be
Admitted for to take the lowest degree ;
By *Fates* appointment (that no stay can brooke)
The *Paradise of England* I forsooke,
And seeing I was forc't to leaue those *Mountaines*,
Fine groues, *faire walks*, & *sweet delightfull fountaines*,
And since it might not vnto me be granted.
To keepe thole places where the *Muses* hanted,
I home returned somewhat discontent,
And to our *Bentworth* beechy shadows went :
Bewailing these my first endeauiors lost,
And so to be by angry *fortune* crost,
Who though she daily doe much mischief to me,
Can neuer whilst I liue a greater doe me ;

THE OCCASION.

And yet in that, ere she procur'd her will,
I learnt enough to scorne a *Fortune* still:
Yea vse hath made her enuy seeme so vaine,
That I am almost proud in her disdain;
But being back returnd, as I haue said,
Hauing a little in the *Country* staid,
I there espide (as I had long suspected)
I (vndeferu'd) of some was ill affected,
And that by those tis thought my friends had beene
But though they kept their mallice long vnscene,
And made faire shewes as if they sought my good;
Yet they the same of all men most withstood,
For, (seeming kind) they often did perswade
My friends, to learne me some *Mechannick Trade*,
Vrging expence (perhaps) and telling how
That *Learning* is but little made of now;
When twas through malice, cause they feard that I
Might come to vnderstand my state thereby,
Exceed their knowledge, and attaine to doe
My selfe more good, then they could wish me to:
For that, a worse, or some such scurvy end,
This selfe-conceited crew did eu' bend
Their spitefull heads, by secret meanes to crosse
My wisht desire, and to procure my losse:
But hauing noted this their hollownesse,
And finding that meere *Country* businesse
Was not my *Calling*, to auoid their spight,
(Which at that season was not showne cut-right)
I to the City often did resort,
To see if either that place, or the *Court*

THE OCCASION.

I would yeeld preferment; but in vaine I sought
fortune still my hopes confusion wrought.
Which though for an ill signe some vnderstood,
Yet I presum'd vpon some future good.
For though I scarce am wisht so well of some,
I hope I haue a happy time to come:
Which, when I haue most need of comfort, shall
send me true Joy to make amends for all;
But say it be not whilst I draw this ayre,
I haue a heart (I hope) shall nere dispaire;
Because there is a God, with whom I trust
My soule shall triumph, when my bodie's dust;
But when I found that my endeaours still
fell out as they would haue't that wisht me ill,
And when I saw the world was growne so coy,
To deeme me then too young for to employ:
And that her greatnes thought she did not want me
Or found no Calling bad enough to graunt me,
And hauing scapt a thrall which Ile not touch
Here in this place, for feare I haue too much
spoke on't elsewhere;) I say well weighing this,
Together what a soule reproach it is
To be still idle: and because I spide
How glad they would be that my state enuide
To finde me so; although the world doth scorne
To allow me action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet for to let them see
In spight of fortune Ile employed be;
Casting Preferments too much care aside
And leauing that to God for to prouide;

AN INTRODVCTION.

The times *Abuses* I obseru'd, and then
In generall the *state* and *trickes* of men
Wherein although my labour were not scene,
Yet (trust me) the discouery hath beene
My great content: and I haue for my paine,
Although no outward, yet an inward game.
Of which because I can with all my heart,
Allow my *Country-men* to haue a part,
And cause I thinke it may doe some a pleasure,
On opportunitie Ile now take seisure,
And summon vp my *Muse* to make relation;
I may b'imploid ere long, now 's my *Vacation*.

AN INTRODVCTION.

Come then *Inuention*, and call *Iudgement* in,
Knowledge and *Reason*, sic, where haue you bin?
Goe whistle off my *Muse* that wanton playes,
With *Epigrams*, *Loue-Sonnets*, *Roundelaies*,
And such like trifling game; Bid her come on,
I haue found brauer prey to seaze vpon.
Some new inspiring prayer warmes my heart,
And adds fresh courage vnto euery part:
New bloud hath fill'd vp all my *loue-dri'd-veines*,
A sacred *Fury* hath possess't my braines:
And something to there is that swels my brest,
Till that bevtter'd I expect no rest;

AN INTRODVCTION.

Or full with matter like a *Sibill Nun*,
shall grow furious till this taske be done.
Then rouse thee *Muse* each little *Hobby* plies,
At *Scarabes* and painted *Butterflies* :
Leaue thou such trash, it is not now for vs
To fliue for pleasure; wee'le in earnest trusse,
But thou lookst dull; vnfit for losly things,
Thy wanton flight I feare hath tir'd thy wings,
Least therefore thou should'st faint forsake the fist,
And turnethy selfe into a *Satyr*ist ;
Not of the roughest, nor the mildest sort,
Be most in earnest, but sometimes in sport,
What e're thou find, to speake be not afraid,
And for assistance craue *Iehonahs* ayd.
Vse all thy art, for why, thou must vnfolde,
The strangest *Nature* that was euer tolde :
At ripping vp whereof some smart will be,
Yet goe thou forward still, who dares touch thee?
Diuie if thou canst, till thou the bottome sound,
Yet not too farre lest thou thy selfe confound;
Mistake me not, I meane not thou shouldst goe
To search *th' earths center* what lies hid below,
Or vndermine it for rich *Minerals*
Thou shalt not haue to do with *Vegetalls*, (*Plants*,
Strange natures haue both *Stones*, *Trees*, *Hearbes*, and
Which let him speake of that a *Subiect* wants,
There is an *Hearb* indeed whose verue's such,
It in the pasture onely with a touch
Vnshoes the new-shod steed: within the North
The *Scottish* lies call'd *Orcades* brings forth

AN INTRODVCTION.

Trees, (or else writers faine it) from whose seeds
A certaine kinde of *water-fowle* proceeds.
The *Loadstone* also drawes the Steele vnto it,
Yet hath nor ginne or instrument to doe it,
Rare properties you see, but neither these
Nor what lies hidden in the vast wide Seas
Meane I to speake off; I no knowledge haue,
What Monsters play with *Neptunes* boistrous waue,
Nor quality of *birds*, nor *beasts* I found;
For why? their natures may be quickly found,
Indeed we may by little inquisition,
Find out the brutish creatures true condition,
As for example, we for certaine know
The *Elephant* much loue to man will show.
The *Tygers*, *Wolues*, and *Lyon* we doe finde
Are rauenous, fierce and cruell euen by kinde,
We know at caryon we shall finde the crows
And that the roost-cock when tis midnight knowes:
By a few dayes experience we may see,
Whether the malfise curst or gentle be;
And many other natures we finde out,
Of which we haue no cause at all to doubt;
But there's another *Creature* called *Man*,
Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
What his condition is; obserue his deeds,
His speech, his rayment, yea and how he feedes,
Try him a month, a yeere, an age, and when
You haue so tride him; say, what is he then?
Retaines he eyther vnto *Præster Iohn*,
Or else vnto the whore of *Babylon*?

AN INTRODVCTION.

If that you know not which of them to grant,
Is he a *Brownist* or a *Protestant* ?
If in an Age you cannot finde out whither
Are you so much as sure that he is either ?
Is his heart *proud* or *humble* ? know you where
Or when, he *hates*, or *loves*, or *standes in feare* ?
Or who can say (in Conscience I thinke none)
That this mans *words*, and *deeds*, & *thoughts* are one ?
Where shall you him so well resolved finde,
That wants a wandring and a wauering minde ?
Nay he of whom you haue most triall, when
You see him dying, will you trust him then ?
Perhaps you may; yet questionlesse he leaues you,
A mind misdoubring still that he deceiues you.
And no great wonder; for hee's such an else,
That euer is vncertaine of himselfe.
He is not *semper idem* in his will,
Nor stands on *this* or *that opinion* still,
But varies; he both will and will not too,
Yea euen the thing he thinkes and swears to doe
He manytimes omits. Now God forgiue him.
I wonder how another should belecue him.
But this same *diuers* and *inconstant creature*,
That so contrary is in his owne nature,
*Tis him my new-inspired *Muse* here tries,
Whilst he is liuing to *Anatomize*,
Tis his *Abuses* and condition
(Although it be beyond all definition)
I labour to discouer: But as well
I may againe dragge *Cerberus* from hell:

AN INTRODUCTION.

Alcides toyles were much, yet this is more,
Yea, if his *twiſe-fixe*, had beene *twiſe-fixe-score*,
It is ſo infinite for to vnfold,
Although that I did ſpeake till I were old,
Yet ſhould I leaue vnnam'd, I'me ſure e'en than,
Many a humor I haue ſeene in *Man*.
And yet I muſt needes ſay in him there be
A thouſand times more trickes then I can ſee.
'Tis wonderfull, and my imagination
Is almoſt ouerwhelm'd with *Admiration*;
Indeede it is, ſo deepe's mans heart; but yet
Since eyther *want of yeeres*, or *want of wit*,
Or *lacke of worke*, or *lacke of all*, hath brought me
To be more heedfull then a number thought me;
Since it ſome time and ſtudy to hath coſt mee,
And many a *humor* of mine owne hath loſt me;
Since it hurts none, and ſince perhaps ſome may
Be benefited by't another day,
Although it be a taſke that's not alone
Too huge for to be done by any one,
But more then all the world can well diſpatch,
Yet looke what my weake memory could catch
Ile here relate, and nothing of it ſpare
Saue things vnfit and ſuch as needleſſe are.
Now ſome will ſay twere fit I held my tongue,
For ſuch a taſke as this I am too young:
He ne'er had dealings in the world with men,
How can he ſpeake of their conditions then?
He cannot they conclude: ſtrong reaſons why
Know none how Market goes but ſuch as buy?

AN INTRODUCTION.

We see it happens that a shifring *Knaue*,
A slye deceitfull conncatching slaue,
Playing at *Cards* with some vnskilfull gull
Whole purse is lin'd with Crownes and pennifull,
May put a nimble fear for to deceiue;
Which though a cunning Gamester ne'er perceiue,
He perauenture may the same discry
That is no player but a stander by :
So I alsoe may view without suspicion
Mens idle humours, and their weake condition
Plainer perhaps, then many that haue seene
More dayes, & on th'eearths stage haue Actors been.
And 'tis no meruaile, for employment takes them
Quite from themselves, and so dim-sighted makes
They cannot see the fooleries they doe, (them
Nor what ill *Passions* they are subiect to:
Then who e'er carpe the course I haue begunne,
In spite of them I will (*God helping*) runne :
And least th'*Exordium* hath too tedious bin,
My *Observations* loe I now begin.

OF MAN.

Mounted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my seite the state of things,
I plainly did perceiue, as on a Stage
The *confus'd actions* of this present age;
I view'd the *World*, and viewing saw my fill,
Because that all I saw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well and found it was the *Scène*
Of *Villany*, of *Lust*, and all vncleane
And loath'd *(corruption)*. Seeing which my *Minde*
(That by some *inspiration* gan to finde
The place was not in fault for this) search't on,
To finde the cause of this confusion.
And noting euery Creature there I found
That onely *Man* was the chiefe *spring* and *ground*
Of all this *vproare*; Yea, I soone did see,
Hee there was *all in all*, and none but *Hee*;
Then being also willing for to know
What thing *Man* was, I did begin to grow
Yet more inquisitiue. An old *Record*
At last I hapt vpon, which did afford
Much sacred light. It shewed, *Man was a Creature*,
First made by God, iust and upright by nature,
In his owne Likenesse. That he was compounded
Of *soule and body*: That this last was founded

O F M A N.

*Of earth: The first infus'd by inspiration,
 And that the small cause of his creation
 Was to set forth the glory of his maker,
 And with him to be made a ioynt-partaker
 Of endlesse happinesse. Grown much amaz'd,
 To read this of him, for a time I paus'd,
 And finding now in man no marke or signe
 That ere he was a Creature so diuine,
 I knew not what to thinke, vnlesse the same
 Meant any other Creature of that name:
 But prying further on, I there found out
 The resolution of my present doubt;
 I saw the cause of's Fall: How with *Free-will*
 He fell from his first goodnesse vnto ill:
 I saw how he from happinesse did slide;
 Through disobedience and vnthankfull pride:
 Yea, and I found, how by that cursed fall
 He was bereaued and quite stript of all
 To so adorn'd him; his first holinesse
 Was chang'd to a corrupted filthinesse,
 Then he beganne to draw a painfull breath,
 And was a slave, made captiue vnto Death:
 His body was expos'd to labour, sweate,
 And much disquieting: He got his meate
 With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,
 And then his soule grew subiect vnto *Passions*
 And strange distemperatures. Moreouer he
 So perfect miserable grew to be,
 That if he had not a *Re-generation*
 Nothing was left him but meere desperation.*

OF MAN.

Having seene this, I made no question than,
But this was spoken of the *Creature MAN*,
Which I sought after; Searching further yet,
On some *Apochriphall* Records I hit,
The workes of wise *Philosophers*; from whence
I haue receiued more intelligence
Concerning him : for there they doe vnfold
Each part about his body, and haue told
Secrets of *Nature* very rare to finde;
Besides, they haue considered of the *Minde*,
The *Vnderstanding* part; and doe relate
The nature of his *Soule*, and her estate :
Deepe Misteries indeede: But 'cause that I
Cannot diue into that *Philosophie*.
So farre as these; And since I shall but tell
Those things which no men can explaine so well
As they themselues, I leaue you to their Bookes,
In which he that with good aduise ment lookes,
Shall finde it largely handled : As for me,
I meane to speake but what I know and see
By tri'd experience, which perhaps may giue,
(Although I haue but now begun to liue)
Some profitable notes. First, I avow
What euer *Man* hath beene, that he is now
A Reasonable living Creature : who
Consisteth of a Soule and Body to.
His Bodie's flesh and bloud subiect to sinning,
Corrupting euen in his first beginning,
And full of all uncleannesse : Then his soule
Is a pure lasting substance, yet made foule

OF MAN.

Through th' others filthines: much suppress
By diners hurtfull passions which molest
And hinder her proceedings; yea, hee's this
A Creature that exceeding wretched is,
And that he may be sure no fault to want,
Vaine, Fickle, Weake, and wondrous Arrogant.
And though his nature heretofore were pure
Now nothing is more fading or vnure.
But Ile omit at this time to relate
The curses I'ue obseru'd in's outward state;
For though the body, that before the 'all
Sustain'd no sorrow, were it ne'er so small,
Doth now feeble hunger, with heate, thirst and cold,
A feeble birth, defects in being old,
With thousands more, and though each gaspe of
In miserie he draw vntill his death (breath
Yet all this outward change which I doe finde
Is nothing when I doe behold the minde:
For there (as I haue said) abused Passion,
Keepes Vmpire, and hath got predomination;
Vertue's depos'd thence, and Vice rule obtaines;
Yea, Vice from Vice there by succession raignes;
Thrusting out those that Vertues presence grac't,
And in their steads these hurriull monsters plac't;
Fond Loue, and Lust, Ambition, Enmitie,
Foolish Compassion, Ioy and Iealousie,
Feare, Hope, Despire, and Sadnesse, with the Vice
Cal'd Hate, Reuenge, and greedy Auarice,
Choller and Cruelty: which I perceiud
To be the onely causes Man's bereau'd

OF MAN.

Of quietnesse and rest. And these I found
To be the principall and onely ground
Of all pernicious mischiefs that doerage,
Or haue disturbed him in any age,
And therefore I doe here intend to show,
Ere I goe farther, what ill humors flow
From these fore-named; yea, I will declare
To what *Abuses* most men subiect are
Through any of them: for when as I tooke view,
Although I saw not all, I found a few;
And for because I will not order breake,
I will a sunder of each *Passion* speake.

OF





OF THE PASSION OF LOVE.

SATYR. I.

First *Loue*; the same I heere the first doe call,
 Because that *passion* is most *Naturall*;
 And of it selfe could not be discommended
 Wer't not with many 'asoule *Abuse* attended,
 Or so much out of measure, as we see
 By those in whom it raignes it oft will be:
 For looke wher't growes into extremitie,
 It soone becommeth *Vertues Lathargie*,
 Makes them set light by *reasons* sound direction,
 And beares them headlong by vntam'd affection.
Counsell's in vaine, cause when this fit doth take them
Reason and *Understanding* doth forsake them;
 It makes them some-time merry, some-time sad,
Vntam'd men mild, and many a *mild man* mad:
 To fooles it wisdom giues, and makes the witty
 To shew theselues most fooles (the more's the pittie)
 Some it makes purblind, that they doe not know
 The Snow white *Cygnets* from the cole-black *Crow*;
 D That

That one to gold compares his Mistris *hayre*,
When 'tis like *foxes-fur*, and doth thinke shee's faire
Though she in beauty be not far before
The Swart *West-Indian*, or the tawny *Moore*,
Oh those faire star-like eyes of thine, one sayes !
When to my thinking she hath look't nine wayes ;
And that sweet breath; when I thinke (out vppon't)
'Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't ;
Another hauing got a dainty peece,
(Prouder then *Iason* with his golden fleece)
Commends her vertues that hath iust as many
As a *shee-bawd*, that neuer yet had any :
Yet sweares shee's chaste, and takes her for no more,
When all her neighbours knowes she is a ———
Another he growes carelesse of his health,
Neglects his credit and consumes his wealth,
Hath found a pretty *peat*, procur'd her fauor,
And sweares that he, in spite of all, will haue her ;
Well let him take her since they are contented,
But such *rash-matches* are the soon'st repented.
Then there is one who hauing found a peere
In all things worthy to be counted deere,
Wanting both *Art* and *Heart* his minde to breake,
Sits sighing (*woe is me*) and will not speake ;
All company he hates, is oft alone,
Growes Melancholly, weepes, respecteth none,
And in dispaire seekes out a way to dye,
When he might liue and finde a remedy.
But how now ; wast not you (sayes one) that late
So humbly beg'd a *boone* at *beauties* gate ?

Was it not you that to a female Saint
 Indited your *Aretophels* complaint,
 With many dolefull *Sonnets*, vvas 't not you?
 Sure twas saies he: but then how comes it now
 You carpe at loue thus in a *Satyr*s vaine?
 Take heed you fall not in her hands againe,
 Sure if you doe, you shall in open court,
 Be forc't to sing a *Palinodia* for't.
 What? are your braines dry? or your blood growne
 Or are you on a sodaine waxen old, (cold?
 To flout at loue, which men of greatest wit
 Alow in youth as naturall and fit?
 What reason haue you for't else? vwhat pretence
 Haue you for to excuse this vilde offence?
 To him I answere that indeed e'en I
 Was lately subiect to this malady:
 Lik't was I now dislike; employ'd good times
 In the composing of such idle *Rimes*
 As are obiected: From my heart I sent
 Full many a heauy sigh, and oft-times spent
 Vnmanly teares. I haue, I must confesse,
 Thought, if my *Loue* smil'd, that no happinesse
 Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse,
 (O God forgiue me) then the *Churches* curse;
 I did (as some doe) not much matter make
 To hazard soule and body for her sake;
 Hauing no hope sometime I did despaire,
 Sometime too much, built *Castles* in the ayre;
 In many a foolish humor I haue beene
 As well as others; looke where I haue seene

Her (*whom I lov'd*) to walke, vvhhen she was gone,
Thither I often haue repair'd alone :
As if I thought the places did containe,
Something to ease me (*oh exceeding vaine :*)
Yet what if I haue beene thus idly bent,
Shall I be now asham'd for to repent ?
Moreouer I was in my *childe-hood* than,
And am scarce yet reputed for a *Man*;
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
Nor cloi'd with any foule disease am I,
'Tis no such cause that made me change my minde;
But my *affection* that before was blinde,
Rash and vnruely, now begins to finde
That it had run a large and fruitlesse race,
And thereupon hath giuen *Reason* place.
So that by *Reason*, what no *Reason* might
Perswade me from before; I haue out-right,
Iustly forsaken; for because I see
'Twas vaine, absurd, and naught but foolery,
Yet for all this, looke where I lou'd of late,
I haue not turn'd it in a spleene to hate :
No; for 'twas first her *Vertue* and her *Wit*
Taught me to see how much I wanted it;
Then as for *Loue*, I doe allow it still,
I neuer did dislik't nor neuer vvill;
So it be *vertuous*, and contain'd within
The bounds of *Reason*; but when't will begin
To run at random and her limits breake;
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake :
But I forget my selfe; wherefore am I

So tedious in my owne *Apologie*?
It needed not at all, I'll on againe,
And shew what kinde of *Louers* yet remaine:
One sort I finde yet of this louing crew,
Whose quality I thinke is knowne to few,
These seeke by all the meanes they can to gaine
Each *Virgins* liking: Sometime not in vaine,
They doe obtaine their wish, but when tis got,
Sorry they are and wish they had it not:
For peradventure they haue plac't their *Loue*,
So as it cannot, nor it must not moue:
And yet if they should faile for to procure it,
'Twould greeue them so they hardly would endure it.
Yea though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,
Their *Loues* with like affection to repay,
If they perceiue't abate, as it will doe,
Both this and that, doth make them sorry too.
But he that is with such a humor led,
I may be bold to terme a wattle-head.
More-ouer men in placing their affection,
Haue seu'rall humors for to giue direction.
Some like the *Faire*, but there's not all the grace,
She may be faire, and haue a squemish face:
Some like the *wanton*, some the modest eyes,
The *pace*, or *gesture* some's affection ties:
A *smile* wins one, anothers *lookes* moue pittie,
The next commends the *Lasse* that's *bold* and *witty*.
Again, some loue where they no cause can finde,
But onely this; *the Wench they see is kinde*.
Yea one doth thinke her faire (another loathes)

Because she seemes so in her gaudy clothes,
More sorts there are ; but sure I am, not many
That for bare *Vertue* haue affected any,
Wealth many matches makes ; but most can prooue
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it winnes not *loue*.
Then to obtaine his Mistris, one man tries
How he can stretch his wits to *Poetize* :
His *Passion* to relate his skill he proues,
But in this blockish age it little moues ;
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes,
And wit so little in this case auails,
Since dunces can haue *sonnets* fram'd and send them
As their inuentions, when some others pen'd them.
Another seekes by *Valour* to obtaine,
His wished prize, but now that trial's vaine ;
The third brings *wealth*, and if he doe not speed,
The *woman's* worth the suing for indeed.
Then he that's neither valourous nor wise,
Comes ruffling in, with shamelesse brags and lies,
Making a stately, proud, vaine-glorious show
Of much good matter, when tis nothing so.
In steed of lands, to which hene'er was heyre
He tels her tales of Castles in the ayre ;
For martiall matters, he relates of fraies,
Where many drew their swords and ran their wayes ;
His *Poetry* is such as he can cull
From Playes he heard at *Curtaine* or at *Bull* ;
And yet is fine coy Mistres-*Marry-Musse*,
The soonest taken with such broken stuffe.
Another shallow braine hath no deuise,

But prates of some strange casts he had at Dice,
Braggs of his play, yea sure it doth befall,
He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all;
But some I note (now fie on such a man)
That make themselves as like them as they can,
Thereby to winne their loues; they faine their pace;
Order their lookes, and strive to set their face
To looke demure: Some wooe by nods, and lookes,
Some by their sighes, and others by their bookes;
Some haue a nature must not be denaide,
And will grow furious if they be delaide:
Others againe haue such a fancy got,
If they soone speed then they esteeme them not.
When women wooe, some men do most affect them,
And some againe for wantons doe suspect them:
Besides, we see that fooles themselves they make,
What toyes they count of for their wenches sake;
One for some certaine months, or weekes, or dayes,
Wears in his hat a branch of wither'd Bayes,
Or sweares for to employ his vtmost power,
For to preserue some stale-neglected flower:
He wears such colours as for Lovers be,
Drinkes vowed healths vpon his bared knee:
Sues mainly for a shoo-string, or doth craue her,
To grant him but a busk-point for a fauour:
And then to note (as I haue scene) an Aise
That by her window, whom he loues, must passe.
With what a fained pace, the Woodcock stalks;
How skuruely he fleareth as he waikes:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,

As if his horse were troubled with the bots ;
 'Twould make one swell with laughing: In a day
 He makes more errands then he needes that way,
 Bearing himselfe as if she still espide him,
 When as perhaps she flouts, or lookes beside him :
 Nay should I tell you all the *Vanitie*,
 I haue obserued in this maladie,
 I should shame *Louers*, but I'le now be husht,
 For had I said more I my selfe had blusht :
 Yet know ; although this passion I haue tyde
 To loue of women, it concludes beside
 All whatsoeuer kinde of loues there be,
 Vnlesse they keepe the minde from trouble free,
 And yeeld to *reason* : but of such-like *losers*,
 My *Muse* hereafter other feates discouers.

OF DESIRE, OR LVST.

SATYR. 2.

Lustfull desire, (although twere rather fit
 To some brute creature to attribute it)
 Shall in mans heart retaine the second place ;
 Because it shrouds her vile deformed face
 Vnder *Loues* vizard, and assumes that name,
 Hiding her owne fault with the others blame :
 'Tis a base passion, from the which doth flow
 Many base humours ; 'tis the overthrow

Of all in whom it enters; 'tis an euill
 Worse then to be possessed with a Diuell :
 This 'tis that oft hath caused publike strife,
 And private discord; this makes man and wife
 Grow each to other cold in their affection;
 And to the very marrow sends infection.
 And as Physicians say, it makes the face
 Looke *wanne*, *pale*, *yealow*, and doth much deface
 The beauty of it : and as for the sight
 It eyther *dims* it, or *bereaues* it quight :
 It dries the body; and from thence doth sprout
Griefes of the stomacke, *Leprosie* and *Gout*,
 With other such : Beside, it doth decay
 Not life alone; but also takes away
 Both *Memory* and *Understanding* to;
 So *Doctors* that haue tride it say 'twill doe.
 And which way comes that foule disease to vs
 We call the *French*, so vile and odious ?
 Is't not by *Lust* ? Breed not such-like desires,
 Children begotten by vncertaine Sires ?
 Strange generations, beds so oft defilde,
 That many a father scarcely knowes his childe ?
 Or, is't not hence this common *Prouerbe* growes,
 'Tis a *wife* childe that his owne father knowes ?
 Doth it not others reputations soyle ?
 And them e'en of their dearest Iewels spoyle ?
 Yes, yes : and hence a thousand other crimes
 Doe daily spring : and yet in these our times
 'Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Lust* doth weare
 The richest garments, and hath curiou'st fare;

The softest beds it hath for to repose,
With sweet Perfumes; but sure there's neede of those.
Drawne in a Coach it visits now and then
Some neere acquaintance, 'mongst the Noblemen;
Yet doth it not the *Court* alone frequent,
But is ith' *Citie* as much resident :
Where when it walkes the streete it doth imploy
Eyther a *Prentice* or a *Roaring-boy*
To vsheer it along; and few disdain it,
But those vnable for to entertaine it.

'Twere much to note the paine that some endure,
And cost that they'le be at, for to procure
Their beastly wils : There's many spend their stockes
In *Ruffes*, *Gownes*, *Kirtles*, *Peti-coates* and *Smockes*;
For which one's paid, with that, shall make him craul
(If he be friended) to some *Hospitall*.

Anothers quitted for his well-spent stuffe,
By some grim *Serieant* with a *Counter-buffe* :
At last it brings (if still that course he followes)
First to the *Gaole*, and so forth to the *Gallowes*.

And what haue you obserued to haue bin
The vsuall associates of this *sinne* ?

But filthy speeches, bold fact impudence,
Vnseemely actions, ryot, negligence,

And such as these; yea, to procure their lust
It makes them into any mischiefes thrust,
How hatefull or apparant ere they be,
Or put in practise any villanie.

Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde
Cannot true rest, nor any quiet finde.

We see it also makes them for to craue,
 Not what is best, but what they long to haue.
 Yea, *Lust* hath many mischiefes that ensue it,
 Which most men see, but few the lesse eschew it:
 Men rather now, as if 'twere no offence,
 Are growne to such a shamelesse impudence,
 They vaunt and brag of their lasciuious facts,
 No lesse then some of braue *Heroick* acts.
 And not a few of this same humour be
 That would be tearm'd the foes of *Chastitie*,
 By whom if I see ill, Ile sure conceale it,
 For they themselves will to their shames reueale it.
 There's others who disliking so to vaunt,
 Will, *sinon* castè, *tamen* eantè, graunt;
 (For that's their *Motto*) they make modest shewes,
 But what they doe in secret, man ne'er knowes.
 Some make a Baud of their diuine profession,
 Like *Shauelings* in *Auricular Confession*.
 Th'other are bad, and sure of God accurst,
 But of all others these I deeme the worst.
 There's other *Gallants* would desire but this,
 Without suspicion for to talke and kisse:
 For other pleasures they do neuer craue them, (them;
 Nay, if they might, they sweare they will not haue
 So meane, perhaps: but time brings alteration,
 And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation:
 Then many make their *fained loue* to be
 A cloake to couer their immodestie:
 These will protest, and vow, and sweare, their life
 Consists in hauing whom they wooe, to wife,

Yet if the villaines can their lust fulfill,
They will forswear them, and be living still :
Some doe court all, and not alone doe proue,
But for because with all they are in loue,
With such deepe *Passion*, that they cannot smother
Their hot affection, till they meete another.
But why will man against himselfe and *Reason*
Consent to such a Tyrant in his treason ?
Why will hee so his liberties forgoe
To be a slave to such a monstrous foe ?
For, what is this same *Passion* we call *Lust*,
Is't not a *British longing and uniuersall*,
And soule desire of the soule, to gaine
Some euill pleasure ? Or, to speake more plaine;
A furious burning passion, whose hot fumes
Corrupts the understanding, and consumes
The very flesh of man ? then what's the fact ?
What may I tearme that vile and shamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
In spite of Reason ? Tell me is't not base ?
When men shall so their worthy sexe disgrace,
To giue their bodies in a deepe vncleane,
With a foule nasty prostituted queane ?
Or in their vnderstanding be so dull
As to obserue an idle short-heel'd trull ?
A puling female *Diuell*, that hath smiles
Like *Syrens Songs*, and teares like *Crocadiles*.
Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
Whom I haue seene vnto such *Puppits* bow,

ther

3

And be as seruiceable as a Groome
 That feares another man will beg his roome:
 They haue beene glad full oft to please their pride
 With costly gifts, and forc't for to abide
 Imperious scoffes, with many scornfull words;
 Such as the humours they are in affords:
 And yet for these they'le venter *Honors, lines;*
 If they command it: when for their poore *Wines*
 (Though they in beautie, loue, and true delight,
 Exceede them more then day-time doth the night,)
 They'le scarcely take vpon them for to speake
 In any case of theirs, their loue's so weake;
 Yea, and their lust doth wrap them in such blindnes,
 They cannot giue them one poore looke in kindnes,
 Moreover, for their lust they haue not laid
 Base plots alone, like him that was conuey'd
 In a close *Truncke*, because in secrecie
 He would (vnseene) enioy his venerie.
 I say, not onely therein haue they retcht
 Their damn'd inuentions, it hath also stretcht
 Vnto *strange lusts*, of which I will not speake,
 Because I may offend the minde that's weake:
 Or, least I to some simple one should show
 Those sinnes by naming, he did neuer know.
 And here I leaue: there's lurking holes such store,
 This stinking *Vermine* I will hunt no more.

OF

OF HATE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt I haue rous'd another here as bad,
They call it *Hate*; a worse I neuer had
Before in chafe: I scarce can keepe (insooth)
My selfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the *Passion* that doth vse to moue
The minde, a cleane contrary way to *Love*;
It is an *inspiration* of the *Diuell*,
That makes men long for one anothers euill,
It cankers in the heart, and plagueth most,
Not him that's hated, but the hatefull host.
And yet there's too-too many I doe know,
Whose hearts with this foule poyson ouer-flow:
Of which I haue a true intelligence,
By the sharpe scoffes and slanders springing thence;
For where it rules they cannot well conceale it,
But eyther words or deedes, or both reuale it:
Were it iust causes that did still engender
This passion in them; or if they could render
A reason for't, 'twere somewhat; but their will
Carries them on in spight of *Reason* still.
These are their *humours*, for a sleight offence
They'le hate th'offender for a recompence.
Some malice all that any way excell,
In which who thinkes but they doe very well,

And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)
 The *Stranger* that did neuer yet offend them:
 Which they are not asham'd for to confesse,
 Yet in their hate continue ne'er the lesse.
 But though that they can yeeld no reason why
 They beare them causlesse malice; yet can I;
Their hearts are ill, and it is seldome knowne,
That a sweet brooke from bitter springs hath flowne.
 There's some to, when they see a man respected
 More then themselues, though they be not neglected,
 They inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,
 Being alike condition'd as was Caine: (deare,
 Some hate their friends that loue and count them
 As by the sequell plainly shall appeare;
 One that a seeming friendship had profest me,
 Vpon a time did earnestly request mee,
 That I would plainly my opinion shew,
 What I of his conditions thought or knew;
 And that I would without exceptions tell
 What acts of his did not become him well.
 I scorning flatt'ry, with a louing heart
 Twixt him and mee my minde did soone impart;
 And as a friend, that is unfained, ought,
 Left nothing unreueal'd of that I thought;
 Yea, without feare I boldly reprehended,
 If I perceiu'd he any way offended;
 Provided alwayes that I did not swerue
 From a decorum fitting to obserue.
 But marke Mans nature: he perceiuing I
 Had taken note of some infirmitie

He would not haue vnript; And seeing to
I spide more then hee wisht I should doe
Of his ill humours; (though I must confesse)
Being my friend I lou'd him nothing lesse:
In stead of thanks and liking for my paines,
My company and sight hee now refraines;
And for my kindnesse like a thanklesse mate,
Doth ill repay me with a lothing hate.

This one I know, and by that one I finde,
That there be many beare as bad a minde:
But let vs for their true conuersion pray,
For we alas may very iustly say;

*Quod nulla est in terra Charitas,
Et Odium parit ipsa Veritas.*

Againe, the wicked hates beyond all measure
The righteous man, that contradicts his pleasure;
And that's the fundamentall cause I know,
That many men doe hate their teachers so:
These common humours are obseru'd of few,
Yet may a young experience finde them true,
And boldly say, that all in whom th'are found
Haue poysoned hearts, polluted and vnfound;
But they corrupted aboue all the rest
Which hate their friends they should account of best
But let Men striue and studie to remoue
This passion from their hearts, and graffe on Lowe.
Let them not harbour such a hellish sinne
Which being entred marreth all within:
Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter,
Since Scripture saies, To hate our brother's slaughter.

OF ENVY.

SATYR. 4.

THen some enuenom'd with an enuious touch,
 Thinke eu'ry thing their neighbour hath too
O Lord say they (if in the field they be) (much:
What goodly Corne, and wel-fed beasts hath he?
(If in the house) they neuer in their liues
Saw fairer women then their neighbours wiues:
Tis pitty she that puts so many downe
Should be embraced by so rude a clowne:
That house is too well furnisht, or doth stand
Better then his, or it hath finer land,
This Farme hath profits more then his by much,
For Wood and Water hee had neuer such.
 Yea, so he grudges inwardly and frets
 At euery good thing that his neighbour gets:
 Of these besides there are that when they see
 Any beloued, or in fauour be,
 Especially in Courts, and great mens houses,
 Then the heart swelleth, and the Enuious rouses,
 Ne'er resting till that like a spightfull elfe,
 He doe displace them or disgrace himselfe.
 Now some are in the mind that hate and This
 Still goe together and one Passion is,
 Indeed, they foule iniurious Humours be,
 So like, they seeme to haue Affinitie:

But if't were so, me thinks betwixt them both
There should arise more wrangling then there doth
So tis with *kinfmen*, they enuy the good
Of those that are the same in flesh and blood.
But here may be the difference, and it shall,
Hate doth extend to some, and this to all:
Yet enuious men doe least spight such as be
Of ill report, or of a low degree:
But rather they doe take their ayme at such,
Who eyther *well-be-loued* are, or *rich*:
And therefore some doe fitly liken these,
Vnto those flies wee terme *Cantharides*:
Cause for the most part they alight on none,
But on the flowers that are fairest blowne:
Or to the boisterous winde which sooner grubs
The stately *Cedar* then the humble shrubs:
But yet that sometimes shakes the bush below,
And moues the leafe that's *Wither'd* long agoe:
As if he had not shewne sufficient spight,
Vnlesse it also could o'er-whelme him quite
And bury it in earth; So I haue found
The blast of *envy* flies as low 's the ground.
And though it hath already brought a man
Euen vnto the meanest state it can,
Yet tis not satisf'd, but still deuising
Which way it also may disturbe his rising,
This I know true; or else it could not be
That any man should hate or enuy me,
Being a creature, (one would thinke) that's platt
Too low for to be toucht with *enies* blast.

And yet I am; I see men haue espied
Some-thing in me to, that may be enuid;
But I haue found it now, and know the matter,
The reason; *they are rich and I'll not flatter:*
Yes, and because they see that I doe scorne
To be their slaue whose equall I am borne:
I heard (although 't were spoken in a cloud)
They censure that my knowledge makes me proud,
And that I reach so farre beyond my calling,
They euery houre doe expect my falling:
With many a prayer, and prognostication
To shew their loue not vvorthy Reuelation;
But what care I? to quite their good surmising,
I doe desire my fall may be their rising,
Which say should once be, as I hope twill neuer,
I trust to God it shall not be for ever;
And for because I know it cannot be,
Much lower then it is, it greeues not me,
And where they say my wit augments my pride,
My conscience tels me that I am belide:
For knowledge of my *wants* doth greeue me so
I haue small ioy to boast of that I know.
But let them scandall as I heare they doe,
And see whose lot the shame vvill fall vnto;
The shafts are aim'd at me, but Ile reiect them,
And on the shooters to: perhaps reflect them
I care not for their enuy, since they show it;
Nor doe I feare their malice, now I know it:
For to preuent the venome of their throat,
Ile of this poyson make an *Antidote*:

And their prefaging (though it be abuse)
I hope will serue me to an excellent vse ;
For where before I should haue tooke no heed,
Their wordes shall make me circumspect indeed.
Yea, I will be more carefull to doe well,
Which were a plague as bad for them as *hell*.
Some I doe know, yeatoo too well I know them,
And in this place doe a remembrance owe them,
These ; when that through their enuy they intend
To bring one out of fauour with his friend,
Will make as though they some great vices knew,
That he is guilty of, and not a few :
They'le shake their heads, as if they did detest
The course he followes ; and that not in iest.
If to the *Father* they dispraise the sonne,
It shall be slyly, indirectly done :
As thus ; (I hope there's some will vnderstand)
He lines I tell you at a second hand.
Should I say all I know 't would much offend you,
But more such children I pray God neu'r send you.
With other words of doubt to breed suspicion,
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault : And good cause why,
It may be prou'd vnto their shames a ly ;
Now tis a qualitie I doe dispise,
As such a one doth him whom he enuies,
If therefore any doe that loue professe me,
Lord from their friendship I beseech thee blesse me.
Some crafty ones will honour to their face
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace :

Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'le vndermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine;
They'le sowe their *slanders* as if they with griefe
Were forc't to speake it: or that their vnbeliefe
Were loath to credit it, when 'tis well knowne
The damn'd inuention was at first their owne:
Some doe not care how grossly they dispraise,
Or how vnlikely a report they raise;
Because they know if't be so false an ill
That one beleeuēs it not, another will;
And so their enuie very seldome failes,
But one way or another, still preuailes:
Oh villainous conceit! an engine bent
To ouerthrow the truest innocent;
For well they know, when once a slander's sowne,
And that a false report abroad is blowne,
Though they would wipe it out; yet they can neuer,
Because some scar will stick behind for euer.
But what is this, that men are so inclin'd
And subiect to it? how may't be defin'd?
Sure if the same be rightly vnderstood,
It is a griefe that springs from others good.
And vexes them if they doe but heare tell,
That other mens endeauours prosper well,
It makes them grieue when any man is friended,
Or in their hearing praised, or commended,
Contrariwise againe, such is their spight:
In other mens misfortunes they delight;
Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
Vnto their profit, nor their benefit;

Others prosperity doth make them leane,
Yea it deuoureth and consumes them cleane :
But if they see them in much griefe, why that
Doth onely make them iocund, full and fat ;
Of Kingdomes ruine they best loue to heare,
And tragicall reports doe onely cheere
Their hellish thoughts : And then their bleared eies
Can looke on nothing but black infamies,
Reproachfull actions, and the foulest deeds
Of shame, that mans corrupted nature breeds :
But they must winke when *Vertue* shineth bright,
For feare her lustre may their weakned sight.
They doe not loue *Encomiastick* stories.
Or for to read their predeceffours glories ;
For good report to all men they denie,
And both the liuing and the dead enuie :
Yea many of them I doe thinke had rather (father,
Loose all good fame then share't with their owne
The biting *Satyr* they doe onely like,
And that at some particulars must strike,
Or all's worth nothing, if they can apply
Some part of *this* to him they do enuy,
As well perhaps they may, then thei'le commend it,
And spite of their ill natures, I that pend it,
Shal haue some thank, but why? not cause they deeme
Me, or my writing either, worth esteeme :
No, here's the reason they thy labour like,
They thinke I meane him, they suppose I strike :
Now whose endeaours thinke you prosper should,
If the euent of things were as these would?

(No man can answere that, for it's vnknowne)
 Nor parents, no nor childrens, scarce their owne:
 (I say) their owne hand-works are seldome free,
 But subiect to their proper enuies be:
 ' Witnesse a certaine rich-man, who of late
 ' Much pitying a Neighbours wofull state,
 ' Put to his helping hand, and set him cleare
 ' From all his former misery and feare:
 ' But when he saw that through his thrift, and heed,
 ' He had well cur'd againe his former need,
 ' And grew to pretty meanes, though he no whit
 ' Vnthankfull was for this his benefite:
 ' Yet, being of a nature that did long
 ' And ioy to see anothers case goe wrong,
 ' Having no second cause; much griued now,
 ' That he once helpt him; all his study's how
 ' To ruinate the poore mans state againe,
 ' And make through *Ennie* his owne labour vaine.
 I wonder men should so from reason range,
 Or entertaine a humor that's so strange
 And so vnprofitable; tell me why
 Should we the honours, or the wealth enuie
 Of other men? if we delight to see
 Our brethren when in euill case they be,
 Lets wish them riches, Titles, and promotion,
 Twill make them greedy, proud, & choke deuotion,
 Twill plunge them in a flood of misery,
 In the respect of which, the beggery
 We thinke so vile, is heauen, Yea I know
 It is a thousand more mens ouerthrow

Then Pouertie can be; That if we hate,
Or would enuie who are in happy state,
In my opinion they must not be such
That titles haue attain'd, or to be rich;
No, poore men rather, who are combred lesse,
And haue indeed the truest happinesse.

*But be they rich or no, I passe not whether,
For my part, I am sure, I enuie neither,
So I but reach the glory I desire,*

*I doe not care how many mount vp higher;
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me,
If I the poorest in the kingdome be?*

Yet from this Passion, I belecue not many
Can be exempted, if there may be any:

But sure more mischief alway doth betide
Th' enuious, then to him that is enuide;

And they haue often, (who would then bemoane?)

Lost both their eyes to lose their neighbour one:

Yea there is many a periur'd enuious Noddy;

Dammes his owne soule to hurt his neighbours body.

But now such men may best by this be knowne,

They'le speake in no mans praise but in their owne,

And in their presence but commend a man,

They'le from his worth detract eu'n all they can:

So do the foule-mouth'd *Zoili*, spightfull *Momes*,

Whose eyes on euery new-pen'd Treatise romes.

Not for their owne auaille or benefit;

To feed their humors by disgracing it

They rather seeke: and that they'le disallow (how

Which they would mend themselves, if they knew

But what are they that keepe this censuring court?
 None Ile assure you of the wisest sort;
 None of the wisest said I: yet content yee,
 They are a great way past *Ass in presenti*;
 And thinke themselves (but thought sometime is free)
 A great deale wiser then indeede they be:
 For, how soeuer their insinuation
 Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
 They are but *glow-wormes* that are briske by night;
 And neuer can be seene when Sunne giues light:
 Ill tongu'd and enuious, ignorant of shame,
 And vile detractors of anothers fame;
 But let them carpe on, what need any care,
 Since they are knowne for fooles without compare,
 But fellow *Christians*, thinke vpon this euill,
 Know 'tis an instigation of the *Diuell*;
 Remember, 'tis a knowne apparant foe
 To *Charitie*; and friendships ouer-throw.
 A vicious humor that with *Hell* acquaints,
 And hinders the *communion of Saints*.
 Consider that, and how it makes vnable
 To be partaker of the holy *Table*.
 And so I trust you'll roote it from the heart,
 And, as th' Apostle counsels, lay apart
Dissembling, Enuy, Slander, Malice, Guile;
 And *Evill-speaking*, as most bad and vile,
 Chiefely in those men, whose Religion saith,
 Her mainest pillar, is *True-loue*; next *Faith*.

OF REVENGE.

SATYR. 5.

ROome for *Reuenge*, hee's no *Commedian*
That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*;
A foule sterne Monster, which if we displeases;
Death, wounds and blood, or nothing can appease;
So wicked, that though all good men disdain it,
Yet there are many rashly entertaine it,
And hugge it as a sweet contented *Passion*;
But all men act not in one kinde, nor fashion:
For one so priuate is, that no man knowes it;
Another cares not before whom he shoves it:
Then some of them are fearefull, some are bolder:
Some are too hot, and some againe are colder.
Oh, I haue teene, and laught at heart to see't,
Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,
As though they could not *Passions* rage with-stand;
But must betake them to it out of hand.
But why in' street? *Oh company doth heart them,*
And men may see their valerous acts and part them.
That humour yet, I rather doe commend
Then theirs whose fury hath no stay nor end
Till of their liues they haue bereft their foes;
And then they thinke they pay them; yet who but
That 'tis a small reuenge? since to be slaine (knowes,
Is to be free from danger care and paine.

So whilst his enemy lies and feels no smart,
He hath a thousand tortures in his heart.

And say his conscience doe escape a flaw,
He brings himselfe in danger of the Law.

*If such reuenge be sweet, sure Ile forgine,
And neuer seeke for vengeance whilst I liue.*

But oh (me thinks) I heare our *Hacsters* tell me,
With thundring words, as if their breath would sell
I am a *Coward*, if I will not fight; (me

True, *Cauelheroes*, you haue spoke the right,
And, if vpon good tearmes you vrge me to it,
I haue both strength and heart enough to doe it,
Which you should finde; and yet my minde is still
Rather to defend my selfe then kill.

But most men thinke, that he which kills his foe
Is most couragious: now I tell thee no:

For hee that hath a heart that faict to doe
Is both a *Tyrant* and a *Coward* to.

But how is hee a *Coward* some will aske?

To answer that is but an easie taske,

Thus he is one: He hauing by his might
A power on him with whom he haps to fight:

Thinke if hee spare his life in such a case,

He one day may reuenge his foule disgrace;

That thought with feare of future dangers fild him,
Which to preuent, he like a *Coward* kills him.

But those that iustly in excuse can say,

For present safety they were forc't to slay,

I must count blamelesse. Thou that hast a *Foe*,

Seeke not to be his wofull ouer-throw.

Rather

Rather if't may be keepe him liuing still;
I tell thee 'tis a necessary ill. (*inimicus amicus.*)
My selfe haue some, their liues I doe not grutch,
For they haue done me seruice very much,
And will doe still: for wheresoe'er I goe,
They make me carefull what I speake or doe:
And when I slepe aside, I heare on't roundly,
Or (as themselves say) they will tell't me soundly.
Whereas my friend, till I were quite vndone,
Would let me still in mine owne follies runne;
Or, if hee warne me, it is so in sport,
That I am scarce a whit the better for't.
But this same good I know but few can vse,
Because that they doe better things abuse.
Mans nature's ill, and I haue noted this,
If they vpbraided be with what's amisse,
They cannot brooke it, but are readier still
For to reuenge that, then amend what's ill.
We must not now our lusty-blounds gaine-say,
No, not so much as in a yea, or nay;
But presently weedye for't, (*if we will*)
They haue both hand and heart prepar'd to kill.
Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,
Although he be not so, they'le straight grow furious,
And are so quickly vp in a Brauado,
Th-y are for nothing but the *Imbrocado*:
And in this humour they respect not whether
They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neythers;
All are alike: and their hot choller ends
Not onely loue and friendship, but their friends:

I know'twere vaine if I should tell to these
The peacefull minde of auncient *Socrates*:
Or if I should *Lycurgus* vengeance shew,
How he behau'd himselfe vnto his foe,
Twere but in vaine (I say) for there's no doubt
Our warle-headed *Gallants* would but flout
At their well temper'd passions; since they deeme
None now but fooles, or mad-men, worth esteeme.
But what's the cause of their vnbrideled rage?
Oh know it is an humour of their age
For to be foolish desperate; and many
Account not of him will not fight with any
On the least quarrell. Therefore most to gaine
A little fame that way, though ne'er so vaine,
Will put their liues in danger: nay, there's some
Had rather haue it then the life to come.
Alas poore men, what hath bewicht your minde?
How are you growne so sencelesse and so blinde,
For to affect vaine shadowes, and let slide
The true substance, as a thing vnspide?
Is *Reason* in you growne so great a stranger,
To suffer an affection of such danger
To seule in you? Eannish't from your breast,
And there let *Mercy* and *Forgiuenes* rest;
It is a token of a humane mildenesse,
But *Vengeance* is a signe of *Brutish* wildenesse,
Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Beare*,
Or such like creatures, that remorselesse teare
What ere they light on. Cast it from you then,
Be in condition, as in shape y'are *Men*.

And stand vnmoou'd, for *Innocence* ere long,
Will shew her selfe abroad in spight of wrong :
And of your *Patience* you shall not repent,
But be auenged to your owne content :
Yet some may say the Counsell I haue giuen,
Is hard to follow, strict, and too vneuen,
And whatsoeuer shew I seeme to make,
Such, as my selfe would hardly vndertake.
Know you that thinke so, I am not afraid;
If that it be a burthen I haue laid,
To heare't my selfe; nay, I haue vnder-gone,
If this be hard, a more vneasie one.
For, but of late a friend of mine in shew,
Being (indeede) a spightfull secret foe;
I know not why, (for I did ne'er in ought
Wrong him I'me sure; no, not in an ill thought.)
Yet this man hauing wisely watcht his time,
When I (a stranger, in another *Clime*)
Lest mine owne Country; did meane while repayre
To my best friends, and with dissemblings sayre
And shoues of loue and grieve did there vnfold,
The grossest slander euer Villaine told.
A damp'd inuention, so exceeding vile,
That *Gallants*, 'twould haue made your bloud to boile:
And out of your abused bodies starr,
I know it would haue broken veynes or heart :
I say, if you had felt that cruell sting,
You would haue fret, fume'd, stamp't, done any thing,
Or angry rag'd like mad-men in their fit,
Till mercilesse *Reuenge* had quenched it :

But what did I ? at first, I must confesse,
 I was a little moou'd; who could be lesse?
 But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
 To ioyne with brutish *Passion* within,
 And raise disquiet humours in my breast,
 I fear'd if I should yeeld'twould marre my rest.
 And therefore to my selfe I *Patience* tooke,
 Which whil't I haue about me, I can brooke
 Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*
 Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*,
 That I forgot both wrong and vengeance to;
 Some thinke 'twas 'cause that I lack't *Might* to doe
 The hurt I would; no, it was onely *Will*;
 For, I had *Power* enough to doe him ill;
 It is well knowne the *Coward* dares not stand
 To abide the *Vengeance* of my wronged hand
 Were his strength tripled: Nay, were I in bands
 Of impotencie wrapt, and had no hands,
 Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not prai'd
 And beg'd vnto to haue their fury stai'd)
 Had chopt him, and made dogs-meate for my sake
 Of his vile carcase; yea, and he would quake
 A twelue-month after, had he but the daring
 To thinke vpon the *Vengeance* was preparing
 For that lewd slanderous tale of his; which he
 Might better raise on one vnborne then me.
 Now, though that course my *Reason* did gaine-say,
 I was allow'd Reuenge a better way,
 Both *Law* and *Iustice* proffer'd me a scourge,
 To whip him for it, which my friends did vrge:
Shewing

Shewing me motives to allure me to it;
Yet still was I vnwilling for to doe it:
For though I might (beside submission) gaine
No little summes, my heart doth much disdain
For to encrease my substance through his shame;
Or raise it with the ruines of my fame.
Now for because there's some may thinke I faine,
Or speake a matter fram'd by mine owne braine:
Know, this *backe-biter liues* and may doe long
To doe me more, and many others wrong:
And though I doe not minde to staine my Verse,
The name of such a Monster to rehearse
For others satisfaction, and to grace it,
Vpon the Margent here I thought to place it:
But that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,
Whereas it shall not be reueng'd for me.
Yet *Gallants* you may see I wish you to
No other thing then I my selfe would doe,
You heare that I was wrong'd, and yet withstood
My owne mad *Passion* in the heate of bloud:
And am not I in as good case as those
That haue reueng'd themselues with stabs & blowes,
In my opinion it is as well
As if that I should packe his soule to hell
With danger of mine owne; and here remaine
To grieue and wish he were aliue againe;
Nay, now 'tis best, for why? hee may repent,
And I with a safe conscience liue content:
There's some (perhaps) misdeem'd my innocence,
Because they saw that I with *Patience*

Indur'd the wrong : tis thought that I did know
My selfe in fault, because I tooke it so.
Indeed tis true, I let him scot-free passe,
What should I doe vnto him ? say an Ass
Had strooke me with his heeles; how should I quit
The harme he doth me ? you would blame my wit
If I should kill him ; If I went to law
Who would not count me the most Ass ? a daw ;
The vvorst of fooles ; I pray what vvere I lesse
If I had don't to his vnworthinelle ?
One that's more ignorant of his offence,
And seemes as if he had no sparke nor sence
Of humane goodnesse : one, whom if I touch,
Or offer to lay hands on tis as much
As if I in my anger would begin
To breake the stoole that erst had broke my shin.
I knew in this, and that, the case was one,
And therefore I did let *Reuenge* alone :
Yet will I note him, for this cause indeed,
That other men may know him and take heed :
And therefore marke, *the greatest feast in th' yeere*
And ioyfullest, his name at full doth beare.
A sacred syllable makes the first part ;
Which since tis there alone, and not in's heart :
Take it from thence with the ensuing letter,
And the remainder will besit him better :
Hereof enough; for why ? there doth remaine
Some more of these mad humors to explaine,
Besides those I first nam'd ; for their brother
They cannot their *Reuengefull* Nature smother ;

And for because they dare not deale with swords,
Like valiant Champions fight it out with words.
Such fraies haue made me oftentimes to smile,
And yet they proue shrewd combats other while,
For from such braules doe sodaine stabs arise,
And sometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies;
Ioyne-stooles, and glasses makes a bustling rumor:
Yea this is growne a Gentle-man-like humor:
But in my minde, he that so well can fight,
Deserues for to be dubd an *Ale-house knight*:
Is't not a shame that men should at their meeting,
Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
As I haue scene; and yet before they part
Bandy their swords at one anothers heart?
Wondrous inhumane, the Sauage boare,
The wild *Armenean* heards will doe no more:
Sure such beleewe not it is God hath said,
Vengeance is his and must by him be paid.
For if they did I thinke there would not be,
Such caruers for themselues: But we may see,
The Diuell doth so much possesse them than,
They haue no honest thought of God or Man.
As in this *Humor* you shall see't explain'd,
Two falling out, would fight, but are restrain'd:
Yet still they strue to be each others fall,
Which shewes their loue to man-kinde none at all:
But curbed of their wills through standers by,
Forth breakes their fury, and they straight let flye,
Such horrid, bloody, fearefull cannon oathes,
As ther's no honest Christian eare but loathes

Al most to heare them nam'd: they seeme to teare
Christ: Man-hood peece-meale from him when they
 For foot, heart, nailes, still vsing God withall (swear
 Their foule-mouth'd-rackets like a tennise ball
 Doth bandy to and fro: *His bloud and wounds*,
 Set forth their vaunts they think with brauest sounds
 And makes the simple people to admire
 Their courage; which is but as a flame of fire. (ther
 Thrice valiant Champions whereby should one ga-
 They haue a thought of God, that's good? but rather
 That they are vile blasphemers; for when they
 Cannot haue *Vengeance* they desired, why?
 As if they scorn'd th'Almighties fearefull rod,
 Thus thinke they to auenge themselves on God,
 Who were he not as mercifull as iust,
 Might with a blast consume them into dust.

OF CHOLLER.

SATYR. 6.

BVt now the cause of mens *Reuengefull thirst*
 Proceeds from rash vnbridled *choller first*:
 Which *Passion* flowes from imbecillity,
 And brings vs vnto much absurditie:
 Yea those that are infected with this crime,
 Are in a manner mad-men for the time:
 'Tis a short *Fury*, where-with man possess't
 Resembles most a wilde vntamed beast:
 It makes him foolish, quite besides his wit,
 Doing and speaking many a thing vnfit.

Lib. 1. CHOLLER. Satyr. 6.

Those men in whom I finde this *Passion* raigne,
 I haue oft scene to storme for things but vaine,
 Yea, and as if they had some grieuous crosse
 Chase out of measure for a penny losse,
 And fret as much in loosing of some toy
 As if therein consisted all their ioy :
 This to I noted in a *Chollericke man*,
 (Let any one disproue me if he can)
 They are not onely apt for to belecue
 Any report that may occasion giue;
 But in light matters if they should contend,
 Would pick a quarrell with their dearest friend :
 Yea I haue scene where friends, nay more, where bro-
 That should & haue bin dearer far thē others: (thers
 These I haue knowne in choller e'en like foes,
 Mingling sharpe words, with farre more sharpned
 When they are in their fit they do not spare (blowes.
 Any degree; No reuerence, nor care
 Doth then remaine; Thei'l speak though they be sure
 Their heedlesse words not foes alone procure;
 But loose their friends: nor doe they in that case
 Respect the Time, the company, nor place :
 Besides there is this oversight in some,
 Where *Choller* doth the *Reason* overcome :
 They doe not onely blame him that offends,
 But are displeased euen with their friends,
 And all that are in presence or in view;
 I haue obseru'd it oftento be true :
 Then if that any should but tell these men,
 Their anger were without iust Reason, then,
 Although

Although it be so and they know it right,
Their fury is the more increast with spight :
They cannot brooke controule, nor yet can they
Endure that a man should nothing say,
For then indeed tis presently suspected
He cares not, and his anger is neglected :
And in some *Masters*, I haue noted this,
Wherein they doe in my conceit amisse,
If they but thinke their seruant doth offend,
He must not his suspected crime defend,
Guilty or no; but yeeld it an offence
As if men still were slaues ; but surely hence
Springs this abuse, in whom this humour passes:
Choller beares sway, and they are wayward Asses :
Who though they haue read some strict rules in *Cato*
Were neuer Schollers to diuiner *Plato* :
Oh ! *Anger* is a wondrous headstrong *Passion*,
That hath a beastly, frantick operation ;
From which, how can we any man release
Since we must neither speake, nor hold our peace ?
Some will be angry, if they cannot make
Another their opinions for to take.
Others haue meanings , but they cannot shew them,
Yet are displeas'd with those that doe not know the ;
And I haue seene (that anger may be holy)
A good man mooued for anothers folly ;
Yet in such cases let not any chafe,
But pray (as I doe) they may mend and laugh :
Me thinks they should be men vnfit to weild
The sword of Iustice that doe basely yeild

Vnto so brute a passion; yet haue we
Some Gouvernours that ouer-ruled be
By this, and worse affections; yea some now
Haue charge of others, that doe worse know how
To guide themselves: the angry *Magistrate*
To be aueng'd on him whom he doth hate,
For private causes drawes the publike sword,
And all the Rigor that the lawes affoord
Must serue his *Choller*; such there be, so many
You cannot misse one, though I name not any.
Now diuers doe affirme such men as be
Hasty, (so they tearme this infirmitie)
Are the best natur'd: who that lesson taught?
If they be best Ile sweare the best be naught:
Moreouer there be many doe suppose,
It is a signe of courage; what meane those? (gather
Where is their iudgements? they me thinkes should
That it were *weakenesse* did produce it rather,
Or else why should the feeble and the sicke,
Women and children be most chollerike?
Again there's some (whose iudgement is as rude)
Doe thinke that *Anger* quickens *fortitude*:
But that's a vertue surely will deny,
With such a *Vice* to haue affinity:
Thou that hast iudgement, tell me, can it be
That *Fortitude* and *Anger* may agree?
I thinke it not, for why? the one is steady,
And rul'd by reason, th'other rash and heady;
The one doth nothing but on consultation,
The other cannot take deliberation:

And therefore if that we be well aduis'd,
It is a humour ought to be despis'd :
And though some thence much helpè may seeme to
To whet on *Fortitude*, it hinders rather : (gather,
Yea, tis a strange vnreasonable *Passion*,
That brings the owner cleane beside all fashion ;
Making him speake if ought but discontent him,
Yea doe the thing of which he shall repent him,
And of a friend if I might chuser be,
I'de rather haue a man that's mad then he.
Some say 'tis inflammation of the bloud,
And may with carefull heed be soone withstood ;
But ther's so few that seeke to stoppe this ill,
That most doe let it runne at randome still :
And very faintly yeeld to the inuasion
Of this wilde *Passion*, on the least occasion ;
But he indeed that would a medicine finde
For this disease, must haue a setled minde,
Not giuing credit vnto all reports,
Nor yet delighting in vaine toyes, nor sports :
On dogs, or hawkes his minde must not be set
So much, as for their losse to chafe or fret :
He should not fancy such fond idle trash,
But euer taking heed of being rash,
Athenodorus good aduice embrace ;
And follow *Cotis* that wise king of *Thrace*,
Whereby he best shall quench this *Passions* tinder,
And many an *Angry* fumish fit may hinder.

OF IEALOV'SIE.

SATYR. 7.

BVt though these *angry-ones* soon breed a braule
And are pernicious to conuerse with-all;
Not one iot better is the *iealous-head*,
That thinkes his friend and's wife are still a-bed :
This *Passion* (as it plainly doth appeare)
Proceeds out of a too-much *loue* with *fear*.
Loue in a match procures the highest blifs,
That for vs men on earth ordained is,
But adde a *fear* of loosing of our ioy
And that we loue so dearly, 'twill destroy
All our delights; and strewing good with ill
Makes that seeme lost which we haue with vs still :
Thus doth it often with the *Jealous* proue,
Who carefull in the choosing of his *Loue*
Hath gotten her that is not faire alone,
But modest, wise, and courteous, hating none,
Nor yet affecting any but her peere,
For which good parts, her husband counts her deere,
As well he may; her vertues he'll vphold,
Dares sweare she will not be allur'd with gold,
Honor, nor beauty; but as she is chaste
So hee's perswaded will be to the last;
And to himselfe so well he seemes to thrive,
He thinkes his owne the happiest choise aliue;

'Tis good : Thus for no hurt, hee wiued well;
But loſt there, there is an after-part to tell;
This man when he by daily prooſe doth ſee
His wife no other then a wife ſhould be,
It ſo augments his *Loue* to that extreame,
He knowes not if he be awake or dreame;
Now doth this *Loue* (for *Loue* will euer doe it)
For a Companion take in *Feare* vnto it;
A *Feare* of looſing what he loues ſo much;
And then the nature of this *Feare* is ſuch,
That it begets *Suſpect*; which creeping in,
Doth by a little at the firſt begin
To make him doubt his Spouſe doth looſely liue;
Whereto vpon a ſleight report to giue
Firme credence he ſeemes loth; but yet ere long
He doth (but) thinke perhaps ſhe doth him wrong;
Which if he doe, that one falſe thought's enough
To giue all former truths the ouerthrow :
And why? *Suſpect* growes thereupon ſo great,
She thruſts *true Iudgement* quite beſides her ſeat :
Which being done, then ſtraight begins to wane
The good conceit he of his bliſſe had tane :
For if his friend doth to his houſe repayre,
He thinkes 'tis onely 'cauſe his wife is faire :
But if 't be ſtrangers, he durſt pawne his life
There's ſome compact betweene them and his wife :
Yea, though their buſineſſe to himſelfe he finde,
He thinkes 'tis but a hood to keepe him blinde.
Then all the ſweet he had is turn'd to ſowre,
Faine would he thinke well, but hath not the powre;
Much

Much care torments his heart, and yet he will
Be prying farther to encrease it still :
Yea, he will seeke although he truly know
The more he seekes, the more he findes his woe,
Beside, *Suspect* receiveth in the head
All things that may be mis-interpreted;
And the best thought her vertue's like to winne
Is onely this; *It seru'd to cloake her sinne.*
In brieft, his liking thus he marreth quight,
And there he loaths where once he tooke delight.
But wherefore ? Onely 'cause he doth mistrust,
And not on any prooffe, that shee's vniust :
Vnhappy woman haplesly to wed
So meere a for, and such a ialous head;
An Owle-eyed Buzzard, that by day is blinde,
And sees not things apparant, yet can finde
That out which neuer was. The feare to loose
The Jewell he aboue all Lemmes did chuse;
That feare, I say, of wit doth so bereaue him,
He thinkes that's gone which meanes not yet to leaue
Oh foolish man, that hauing gain'd a blisse. (*him.*
Dost make't a curse by vsing it amisse;
If iudgement be not blinded in thee, looke;
Try if thou hast not all this while mistooke:
Is not thy wife still faire ? and to the eye
Seemes shee not yet to haue that modestie
Thou didst commend her for ? Is she not wary
With whom she walkes, or speakes, or where to tary ?
Is she not still as willing for to please;
As louing to, as in her former dayes ?

In shew he sees it, but he thinkes 'tis feyn'd.
 Out blockish dolt that art most iustly pain'd :
 Thou but a few supposed shadowes hast,
 That makes thee to account thy wife vnchast;
 But many firme substantiall proefes make cleare
 That shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare
 As e'er she was: Why should an ill in thee
 Make her seeme so, vnlesse she euill be?
 A woman that is faire shall much be view'd,
 And haue perhaps vnlook'd-for fauours shew'd;
 She shall be courted whether she will or no;
 Nay, be resorted to; and though she show
 Scarcely so much as common curtesies
 Shee shall be censur'd by misjudging eyes,
 And false reports will flye: But what of this?
 Shall he that hath had tryall what she is,
 And ne'er saw ought amisse, shall he, I say,
 Cast all the good conceit he had away,
 And straight grow iealous, trusting the surmise
 Of the lewd *vulgar* more then his owne eyes?
 It were mad folly; and yet I doe know
 Some that are thus besotted; more's their woe.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Wer't not a greater pitty so to sinne.
 Should you but sit with such a one at Table,
 To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,
 To see what note the iealous-Wood-cocke takes
 Of his Wiues words, and euery looke she makes;
 In what a feare he eates his meate, and drinke;
 What signes he vses, how he nods and winks,

Lib. I. JEALOUSIE. Satyr. 7.

With twenty scurvy gestures; though he see
 No reason he should so suspicious be:
 Now some haue cause enough, but that's all one;
 Why should men strue to hold what will be gone,
 Vexing themselues so for anothers ill,
 Which they can neuer help? Let him that will:
 But this is true: to seeke for to restraine
 A womans will, is labour spent in vaine;
 And he that tries to doe it, might haue bin
One of the crew that hedg'd the Cuckow in.
 Why should a man goe put himselfe to paine,
 As some haue done, a iourney for to faine?
 And then at night come lurke about his house,
 Where, be it but the stirring of a Mouse
 He doth obserue it: wherefore doth he so?
 Since if thereby he ought amisse doth know,
 The greatest good that he shall thereby finde
 Is more vexation to molest his minde:
 For then the mischief he but fear'd before,
 Hee's certaine of, and neede not doubt it more
 A goodly meede; but sure those wretched elues
 Take pleasure in tormenting of themselues;
 They hearken, watch, set spies, and alway long
 To heare some tales or incling of their wrong:
 And he that can but whisper some such fable
 Shall be the welcom't guest that sits at Table,
 Though it be ne'er so false; they loue so well
 To feele the torture of this earthly hell:
 But I doe muse what Diuell keeps their heart,
 They should affect the causers of their smart;

Those

Those euer-buzzing-deadly-stinging-flies;
 Those that of *Echoes* onely can deuise
 A formall lye. What if't be true they say?
 It is a meanes to draw thy loue away
 From her thou ow'st it to; and that's a crime,
 'Cause she must be thy best belou'd a time;
 Better or worse, be sure thou must abide her,
 Till from thy selfe the death of one diuide her:
 Then tell me, were it not by much lesse paine,
 A good opinion of her to retaine?
 Could'st thou not be contented by thy will,
 At least to thinke that she were honest still?
 Yes sure in heart thou would'st be glad,
 Vnlesse that thou wer't void of sense, or mad:
 Why, shake off all these claw-backes then, that vse
 Thy soone-beleeuing-heart for to abuse;
 For (trust me) they are but some spightfull clues,
 Who 'cause they haue not the like blisse themselues
 Would faine marre thine; or else I dare be bold,
 If thou the truth could'st warily vnfold,
 They are some lust-stung Villaines, that did court
 Thy honest wife to some vnlawfull sport,
 And finding her too-chaste to serue their turne,
 Whose euill hearts with foule desires did burne,
 To spight her (being farre more euill doers
 Then *Daniels* Elders, fayre *Susannaes* wooers)
 To thee they doe accuse her of an ill,
 Whereere they sought for to allure her will:
 Nay, this I wish thee, whatsoe'er he be
 That of such dealings first informeth thee,

Beleeue him not what proofes so e'er he bring
Doe not giue care to him for any thing:
And though he be the nearest friend thou hast,
From such like knowledge shut all *sence* vp fast;
Flye and auoid him as thou would'st the Duell,
Or one that brings the messages of euill:
Let him be to thee as thy deadliest foe,
A *Fury*, or some one thou loath'st to know;
And be assured whatsoe'er he shewes,
He is no friend of thine that brings that newes;
So if that thou wert his most deadly foe,
For any wrong it were reuenge enough.
Now some men I haue noted loue as well
The Husbands faults vnto the Wife to tell,
And aggrauate them to: as if thereby
They eyther meant to feed their *Jealousie*,
Or else stirre vp their vnbecoming hates,
Against their guiltlesse well-beloued mates:
But of these monsters (fairest sexe) beware,
Of their insinuations haue a care:
Beleeue them not, they will coyne tales vnttrue,
To sow foule strife betwixt your loues and you
Out of ill-will: or else here is my *doome*,
They hope to get into your husbands *room*
By the aduantage of the discontent
They'le worke in you. But their intent
They'le so disguise, that you shall neuer spy them
Till you are snar'd too fast for to deny them:
But oh you *Creatures* that for excellence,
Haue *reasonable* for a difference,

Auoid this passion; if your wiues be ill
 Aduise them well, but let them haue their will,
 For curbing makes them worse, and their condition
 Indeed is such they cannot brooke *Suspicion*;
 Restraine them not I say, for as the Poulder
 Being fast stoppt makes the report the louder,
 Sending the Bullet with the greater force;
 So he that seekes to barre a womans course,
 Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-strue her,
But on she will because the Diuell doth drine her.
 Let those that are so match then patience take,
 And there are none shall know their heads doe ake:
 But beware chiefly that no false surmises,
 Or flying tale some enuious head deuises,
 Make them to wrong their chaste and modest wiues
 Who haue with vertue led vnspotted liues:
 For though some stand vnmoou'd, yet that's the way
 To make a woman soonest goe astray.
 But now I thinke on't, I doe wonder why
 The greatest part brand him with infamy
 That is a *Cuckold*? since that all men know
 It is not his offence that he is so;
 I neuer heard a reason for't in'th Schooles,
 Yet sure tis this, *the greatest part are fooles.*
 But now I will conclude these *iealous humors*,
 Which part I found b' experience, part by *rumors*;
 I feele it not, yet know it is a smart
 That plagues the minde and gripes the very heart;
 Yet I could wish but for the others sake
 Their *thought-tormenting-paine* might neuer slake;

For

Lib.1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr.8.

For there's none *icalous* I durst pawne my life,
But he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

OF COVETOUSNES.

SATYR. 8.

BUt of that *Passion* how mist I to tell,
The *same*, that brings her Pedigree from *Hell*?
Cal'd *Auarice*, a humotir *vile* and *base*,
And yet as common as to haue a face:
I muse it scap't, I say, since Ile be plaine
I looke not vp but see where it doth raigne;
Many I know, and yet indeed but few
That can this *slauish-dunghill-vice* eschew;
I neyther can excuse sexe nor degree,
Young folkes, nor such as middle-aged be:
Nay, I perceiue them giuen most to craue,
When they had neede to dig themselues a graue;
Like *earth-bred Moles* they scramble in the dust,
Not for the treasure that shall neuer rust;
But for vile cankred drotse is all their care,
As if the same their *summum bonum* were.
When all that they haue with their labour bought
In my opinion is not worth a thought:
I haue knowne Chuffes, that hauing well to liue,
Yea, and sufficient for to lend and giue,
Will naith'lesse *toyle*, *moyle*, and take more paine
Then a *Iewes* bond-slaue, or a *Moore* in *Spaine*.

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

All day they brooke the *raine, haile, frost, and snow*,
 And then as if they had not drudg'd enough,
 They lie and thinke all night with care and sorrow,
 How they may take as little rest to morrow.
 'Tis strange their minds so much for gold should
 And being gotten that it should bewitch; (itch
 It is by nature in a prison pent,
 Vnder our feet i'th' basest *element*:
 And shall we pluck't from *dungeons, filth, and mire*,
 To giue 't the chiefest seat in our desire?
 'Twere want of iudgement; but braue spirits know
 Tis base, and therefore doe account it so.
 I haue heard those say that trauell to the *East*,
 Where this beloued mettrall hath its *neast*,
 That in those places where such *minerals* be
 Is neither *grasse*, nor *hearbe*, nor *plant*, nor *tree*,
 A cursed soile? and this at home I finde,
 That those which too-much do imploy their minde
 About that thrash; their hearts are (He be bold)
 As barraine as the earth where men digge gold.
 This humor hath no bounds, tis a desire,
 Or disease rather) nothing can expire;
 'Tis *hell*, for had it all the world, yet
 It longs as much as if 't had ne'er a whit;
 A boundlesse gulfe: and I lament their paine
 Who haue this *neuer-quenched thirst* of gaine;
 So bottomlesse a *whirle-poole* that receaues
 Still, yet the selfe-same roome still empty leaues?
 Hee's mad that food to such a *Vulture* giues
 That's neuer full; and e'en as good fill liues

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

That haue no bottome, as for to endeauor
To giue a Monster that will hunger euer :
Yet men still strue although it be in vaine,
And though they feele their longing still remaine;
They'l weary out themselues like him that drinks
Brine, or salt water, and still thereby thinks
To slacke his thirst at last; though he feel't more
Augmented, at each draught then 't was before :
Yea, wealth doth as much lessen this desire
Of *Auarice* in men, as flames of fire
Alay the heat : besides, though they haue store,
This makes them to themselues exceeding poore;
And howsoeuer they may seeme, yet such
Vntill their *dying-day* are neuer rich :
They very seildome haue respect or care
To promise, or Religion; they'le not spare
To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himselfe,
Thereby for to increase their cursed pelfe :
They neither reuerence the right of lawes,
Nor are they touched with the poore-mans cause :
They would be well content to shed their blouds,
Loose *Soule* and *Heauen*, for to saue their goods :
To talke to them of better things 'twere vaine,
For they are onely capable of gaine;
They neuer liue in true *societie*,
Nor know they *friendship*, *loue*, or *pietie*;
And in a word, those that are thereby led,
Neuer doe good till they are *sicke* or *dead*,
And therefore with these vermine I will place them,
That serue to no vse till that we vncase them :

I haue

I haue obseru'd that such mens children be
 Borne many times to greatest miserie;
 For they haue neither *meanes* nor *education*,
 According to their Kindred, State nor Nation:
 Whereby we see that they doe often run
 Into vild actions and are quite vndone;
 So then, these grieue to heare they doe amisse,
 But nere consider that *their* fault it is;
 'Tis greedines that makes a man a slaue
 To that which he should for his seruant haue,
 And teaches him for to esteeme of more
 The *vicious-Richman*, then the *honest poore*,
 Alas! how many are there I could name,
 Iniurious villaines; that for to defame,
 Or wrong another would forswear saluation
 As if they thought that there were no damnation?
 Prouided that when they their conscience straine,
 It be out of a hatred, or for gaine:
 Yea, there be idle theeuing roagues a many,
 That haue no *Vertue*, nor will nere haue any:
 Yet for their wealth shall highly be respected,
 When honest men, their betters, are neglected;
 And then we also see that most men doe
 Put many worthy titles on them to,
 That such base scummies must oft entreated be
 With *good your Worship*, and with cap and knee:
 But sure the world is now become a gull,
 To thinke such scoundrels can be worshipfull;
 And yet in these dayes, if that men haue riches,
 Though they be *hangmen*, *Usurers*, or *Witches*,

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Diuels-incarnate, such as haue no shame
To act the thing that I should blush to name;
Doth that disgrace them any whit? Fie no,
The world it meanes not for to vse them so;
There is no shame for Rich-men in these times,
For wealth will serue to couer any crimes:
Wert thou a *crooke-backt-dwarfe*, deform'd in shape,
Thersites like; condition'd like an Ape:
Didst neuer doe a deed a good man ought,
Nor spake true word, nor had'st an honest thought;
If thou be rich, and hap to disagree
With one that's poore, although indeed he be
In euery part a man, and hath a spirit
That's truely noble, able for to merit
Euen praise of Enuy; yet if thou wilt seeme
A man farre worthier, and of more esteeme,
Although thou canst inuent no means to blame him,
Yet I can tell a tricke how thou shalt shame him;
And that's but this, *Report that he is poore*,
And there's no way for to disgrace him more:
For so this *Passion* doth mens iudgement blinde,
That him in whom they most perfection finde,
If that he be not rich they count him base,
And oft hee's faine to giue a Villaine place.
Moreover, the desire to gaine this pelfe,
Makes many a braue man to forget himselfe:
Some I haue knowne that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue, and their skill in many Arts,
Deserued honour; and (if any can
Iudge by the outward looke the inward man)

For

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

For to command men, they me thought were borne;
 And seem'd a slavish seruitude to scorne;
 Yet haue I seene when such as these (alas!)
 In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Asse,
 Obseru'd a Dolt, and much debas't their merits,
 To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits;
 How many of our finest wits haue spent
 Their times and studies in meere complement?
 Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Bore,
 Of whom the world thought too too well before:
 How many now that followed *Mars* his troope
 Whom force of death could neuer make to stoope?
 Nay more, how many of our graue Diuines
 That should seeke treasure not in earthly *mines*,
 What store I say of these, *against the haire*,
 (As goes the common prouerbe) *can speake faire*,
 Flatter for gaine, and humour such base groomes
 As are not worthy of their horse-boyes roomes?
 They wrong themselves; but those are counted wise
 That now a daies know how to temporize:
 I cannot brooke dissembling: and I vow
 E're I to any golden calfe would bow,
 Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
 That which I know for truth, to please another;
 E're I for gaine would faune to please a clowne,
 Or feed *great fooles* with tales of the renowne
 Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)
 Themselves haue nothing why we should commend
 And ere I coine a lie, be't ne'er so small, (them,
 For e'er a bragging *Thraso* of them all

Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

In hope of profit ; Ile giue vp my play,
 And fall to labour for a groat a day ;
 And for my clothing in a mantle goe,
 And feed on *Sham-roots*, as the *Irish* doe ;
 For, what contentment can in riches be,
 Vnlesse the body and the minde be free ?
 But tush what's freedome ? looke where gold beares
 It takes both *Credit*, yea and *Wit* away ; (sway,
 Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes
 Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cause :
 Besides, a worldly minde doth so affect,
 Where wealth abounds, and beares so much respect
 To those that haue it : that their vice they deeme
 To be a vertue, and so make it seeme ;
 For, say they vse extortion, no men more,
 Vndoeth their *Countrey*, hurt and wrong the poore,
 Bedamn'd *Vsurers*, and keepe a house
 That yeelds not crums enough to feed a Mouse :
 Yet they'le not say he's couetous ; oh no,
Hee's thrifty, a good wary man, or so.
 Another though in pride he doe excell,
 Be more ambitious then the *Prince of hell* ;
 If his apparell be in part like vs,
Italian, Spanish, French, and Barbarous ;
 Although it be of twenty seuerall fashions,
 All borrowed from as many forraine nations ;
 Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud ; what is he than ?
Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman :
 Or if he be a drunkard that can swagger,
 Goe daily armed with an *Alehouse-dagger*,

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Quasse soule-sicke-healths vntill his eyes doe stare,
Sing bandy Songs, and rounds, and curse and sweare;
Though he vse gaming, as the Cards and Dice,
So out of measure that he mak't a vice,
Turne his owne house into a filthy stews,
Keepe whores, and knaues, and bandes, and that's no
Yet if he be a rich man what is he, (newes,
A rude ranke ruffin, if you aske of me,
A Ruffin? Guep lack sauce-boxe with a wannion,
Nay bee's a merry and a boone companion,
This is the Worlds censure. Yet beside
Another qualitie I haue espide :
For those diseases they doe shun the poore,
They doe abhor a Rich-man nere the more :
Him I haue knowne that hath disdain'd to sup
Water, or Beere, out of a poore mans cup,
For feare of poysoning, or some thing as bad,
Although he knew no malady he had ;
And yet haue I seene the same curious Asse,
Pledging a rich-man in the selfe-same glasse :
When he hath knowne the party (if you please
He speake plaine English) had the French disease :
But as the Proverbe saith, Birds of a feather
Will alwayes vse to flocke and feed together :
I haue oft mused and doe still admire,
That men should hurtfull riches so desire,
For weigh it well and you shall finde it filis
The owner of it with a thousand ils,
Much worse then these forenam'd: for why? we finde
It choakes and mar's the Vertues of the minde :

Lib.1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr.8.

Then we perceiue it greatly doth annoy,
 Vexes the heart, and hinders the true ioy
 Would else be there: And as it may appeare,
 Loads vs with diuers troubles, cares and feare:
 It makes vs to grow *arrogant*, *vnjust*,
 Drawes vnto pleasure, and prouokes to lust:
 More hopefull for to practise villany,
 Then for to further vs in honesty;
 It nere contents the owners that enioy it,
 And those that haue it many times employ it
 To corrupt iustice; or for to allure
 Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure:
 It hires murders, and makes men seditious,
 Full of suspect, and enuy, or ambitious:
 Yea, it breeds *claw-backs*, *pick-thanks*, *flattery*,
 Makes many theecues, and causes *perjury*:
 It hinders knowledge, for most that haue lands,
 Liue neither by their wisdom nor their hands.
 They follow sloath and pleasure, not the schooles,
 And that's the reason there's such wealthy fooles:
These are the fruits of wealth; yet that alone
 Seemes now the fairest marke of euery one
 To make his course for; and which to attaine,
 Or keepe once gotten, we refuse no paine
 Labour nor danger; yea it doth appeare
 They thinke that *all*, which they were plac't for here:
 Now ther's a *Counterpassion* vnto this,
 Which to speake something of t'were not amisse:
Those, subiect thereunto, haue got a fashion,
 That's quite contrary to the former *Passion*.

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

For e'en as greedy men are set on fire
 With an vnquenched and a foule desire
 Of hourding *Riches* (*God in heauen amend them*)
 So doe the other hyc as fast to spend them:
 Their *humour's* diuers; some vaine-glorious Asses,
 Consume't in gaudy cloathes, and Looking-glasses;
 Others blowne vp e'en with the telfe-same bellowes
 Seeke to obtaine the loue of all good-fellowes;
 These at the *Ale-house* haue their daily pots
 Though they be there or no. And looke what shots
 Are in their chambers spent, be't ne'er so many,
 He doth them wrong that thinkes to pay a penny;
 These feast at *Tauernes* their supposed friends,
 That pay with, *Thankes, we ne'er shall make amends*:
 Yea, and in more things they haue lauish bin,
 But those are pathes I'ue no experience in;
 Yet such as they ere many yeeres be past,
 Will wish (*I warrant*) they had held it fast,
 When for their kindnesse and their former cheare
 They hardly shall procure a cup of Beare.
 But there must needes be some men prone thereto,
 Or how a *Dinell* shall our *sharkers* doe?
 Yet can I not say rightly that these be
 From *Auarice* and greedinesse quite free:
 For though they doe consume it knauishly,
 And spend it on vaine pleasures lauishly,
 They gladly would their euill course maintaine,
 And therefore ouer-slip no meanes of gaine;
 For they haue vsed (by their owne confession)
 Secret and open Robberies, Oppression;

And

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

And diuers trickes which show this spending vice
May haue some reference to Auarice.
Others there are (but few,) who hauing store,
Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore;
And why? it stops the way to heauen they say:
Sure being misemployed so it may:
And therefore rather then they should abuse it,
'Twere good they had it that know how to vse it:
For such are lightly weake in resolution,
And men but of a simple constitution;
Or are by some seducing Villaine taught,
That their *goods* rather then their *good* haue sought.
Now I suppose the man that well obtaines
His wealth, and in an honest calling gaines
More wisdom shewes in vsing it aright,
Then such a Cynicke that contemnes it quight.
Men will be in extreames; but sure the life
Is to neglect wealth; for much greedynesse
Makes not the body onely leane and foule,
But also spreads infection to his soule,
And clogs her so with things of no account,
That she is ouer-poiz'd too much to mount.
But those that for to goe astray are loth,
Vse their endeaours to auoid them both.

OF AMBITION.

SATYR. 9.

Here's yet another, cal'd *Ambition*,
Little with men of low *condition*,
But 'tis a humor which doth euer search
The *stout-high-minded*, and doth alway perch
In men of spirit. This doth farre surmount
The force of *Loue*; it maketh no account
Of *Nature* nor *Religion*: 'tis not *Law*,
Nor *Conscience*, that can keepe such men in awe;
There's no estate contents them: peace and strife
Are both alike to them; yea, death and life,
Wiues, children, friends, nor none but such as may
Be vnto their *Ambitious* plots a stay
Shall be respected; and so they may reape
What they desire they'le not sticke to heape
Murther on Murthers; yea, and think't no sinne,
Be it of strangers, or their nearest kinne:
They haue such flinty breasts they can out-beard
Danger it selfe, and be no whit afear'd;
Proud daring Spirits; yet we see, *Confusion*
Of such high mindes doth proue the sad *conclusion*:
And he that first was ruin'd by this euill
Was our grand-foe which we doe call the *Diuell*:
For he aspir'd so high, that higher Powers,
Wrought his iust fall, and now he seeketh ours;

Lib. I. **AMBITION.** Satyr. 9.

He first infus'd this ill into our brest,
 For to disquiet and disturbe our rest
 This most *unreasonable, strong desire,*
 This too *excessive longing to aspire*
 To honour and promotion; which indeed
 Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed:
 It is the wild'st and most disordred'st passion,
 And a great enemy to contentation;
 For whatsoeuer state man hath attain'd,
 'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd;
 For he hath hereby still a farther scope,
 And neuer reaches to the end of's hope:
 That which he doth possesse he ne'er respecteth,
 But altogether things vnknowne affecteth,
 And counts them best; which whatso'er they seem'd,
 Being once gotten to, are not esteem'd.
 But what's th'reason that they doe abhor
 The things possesst that they haue labour'd for?
 What is the cause I say, they doe contemne,
 (Or cannot vse) things, hauing gained them?
 Sure hence it doth proceede they doe not know
 What the things are that they doe long for so.
 And they obtaine them oft ere they haue might
 And *Reason* fit to gouerne them aright.
 Had many of our reaching *Yeomanry*
 That haue grown wealthy through good husbandry,
 And some of our proud *Gentry* that haue sought
Titles, and vnderuied *Honours* bought,
 Had they, I say, before-hand knowne the shame
 And beggery that followed on the same,

For

Lib. 1. *AMBITION.* Satyr. 9.

For want of knowing whereto they aspir'd,
 They would not haue those *Dignities* desir'd,
 And so indeed they might haue walk't the street,
 And not haue fear'd the *Counters* nor the *Fleet* :
 Yea, and with *Good-man* haue contented bin,
 Where now there's scarce a good man of the kin.
Ambitious men will euer enuious be;
 Regarding neyther loue nor amitie,
 And though that they may make a goodly shew,
 With reason it can neuer stand I know,
 They should be faithfull, or with Iustice deale,
 Eyther for *Princes*, or for *Common-weale*:
 For why? this humour makes them to attend,
 And all their labours and best counsels spend
 In their owne plots; And so they haue no losse,
 They care not whose proceedings they doe grosse.
 Vertuous endeauiours this doth also let;
 Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget :
 And though I'me loath to speake it, I protest,
 I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergie* least,
 For they at first shew great humilitie,
 While that they are of meane abilitie,
 They'le be industrious and take paines to teach,
 For twise a weeke shall be the least they'le preach :
 Or in their pouerty they will not sticke
 For *Catechising*, *visiting the sicke*,
 And such like dutious workes of Pietie,
 As doe belong to their societie :
 But if that they can reach a *Vicarage*,
 Or be inducted to some *Parsonage*,

Men must content themselves and thinke it well
If once a month they heare the Sermon bell :
Now if it be a *Deanery* or so,
If not in twelue months it is off enough.
And why ? alas, consider that *Devotion*,
Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion*,
And if that they should giue their mindes to't all,
Who should haue greater places when they fall ?
No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,
And see what friends and Patrons they can make
For the next *Hierarchy*; or learne how
To humour and to please the *Great-ones* now;
But if that they in that aduenture speed,
They'le be more painefull; yes, 'tis like indeed:
If they get into their *formalibus*,
And Reuerent *Pontificalibus*;
'Tis very like I say that we shall heare
They vse the Pulpit once intwice a yeare.
Nay, and 'tis well if it be done so oft,
For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
They soone forget their duties : and this pride
I in the Clergy worst of all abide;
In them I hold it the most odious,
And no *Ambition* so pernicious.
Eyther for Prince, or Church, or Common-good,
Witnesse the Beast of *Rome*, and his foule brood
Of climbing *Cardinals*, who from base *states*
Are gotten to be Kings and Princes mates,
Yea their *superiours*. This the Diucl makes
His chiefeft engine, wherewithall he shakes

Religions soundnesse; and rends in it chinkes,
 Which he dawbes vp againe with what he thinkes.
 Shall ruïn't all in time; was it not hence
 He had his meanes to marre the innocence
 Of *Remes* first Bishops? yes, the Church grew strong
 And flourish't while it was suppress't with wrong.
 But when the worthy *Emperours* embrac't
 The *Sacred Truth*; and with their fauours grac't
 Their good proceedings, they then gan to leaue
 Their humble nature off, and closely weaue
 Vnder a religious shew (not a bare *Mist*
 It fits not the Successors of Saint *Peter*).
 A triple *Diadem*, and such a state
 That neuer any earthly Potentate
 Enioy'd the like (*yet all with humble preaching*)
 A long degree I tak'r, beyond the reaching
 Of temporall *Ambition*. But I pray
Ere the first beast his time be done away,
There rise not vp another Monster here
'Mongst our ambitious Church-men; I should feare
A second Axtichrist, but that I hope
They eyther shall be kept within their scope,
Or the last iudgement, whose nigh time's unknowne,
Shall cut him off ere he be wholly growne:
 But more of these I here omit to speake,
 Because I thinke there's no mans sight so weake
 But sees their doings; yet let none suppose
 I heare meane to defend, or maintaine those
 That doe our *Bishops* Callings disallow,
 Let them that can; for sure I know not how:

Nor would I haue the world to vnderstand
 That I taxe all the *Clergie* in the Land,
 Or the whole *Hierarchy*: Thinke not so;
 For why? this present age doth yeeld I know
 Men that are truly worthy: I hope many,
 Yea, I am sure few times since Christ had any
 More knowing, or more painefull then some few,
 And whatsoe'er men thinke, yet for to shew,
 Though I Satyrically carpe at those
 That follow *Vice* and are true *Vertues* foes,
 I haue not such a spightfull cankerd spirit,
 As to conceale and smother *Worth* and *Merit*:
 For Ile for *Canterburies* Grace be bold,
 Out of mine owne experience to vphold,
 That Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,
 By any one more Reuerent or more fit:
 For ouer and about his Countries cares,
 Wherein he neyther *time* nor *counsell* spares,
 Besides *Church-businesse*, whereto he applyes
 His minde to further it, what in him lies;
 I say, beside this publike care at large,
 Few Ministers haue in their priuate charge
 Showne greater paine: that here the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnesse well?
 And thou wert vnhappy *London* then
 When thou didst loose this rare *One* among men;
 Yet thou wert blest againe, thy fate did bring
 In place of such a FATHER, such a KING,
 A maine Church-pillar, and of so great worth,
Europe can hardly bring his equall forth:

And

And for them both my *Muse* will this put downe,
 (Who scornes to sooth a King to get a Crowne)
Had she not thought them to be what she saies,
She would haue here disdain'd to sing their praise.
 But to goe forward; I doe wonder why
 Men should be subiect to this *Vanitie* :
 For I haue seene those that had riches store,
 Great offices, and fauours, no men more,
 Honor and credit; yea, and wisdom to,
 Yet see what an ambitious head will doe :
 Climbing too high they got so low a fall,
 They forfeited their honors, liues and all.
 Me thinkes ere they in such an act should flur,
 'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Aesops* Cur,
 Who catching but to get a *shadow* more,
 Did lose the *substance* that he had before.
 I might a while vpon example stand
 Of former times; but that within this Land
 The present *Age*, the which I onely view,
 Can yeeld enough to proue my saying true :
 And of so many in this Kingdome showne,
 I meane at this time to produce but one :
 And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
 The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not,
 I meane the *Powder-Treason*, and *Intention*,
 Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention :
 Yet see ere they could climbe to their desire,
 When they were for to mount but one step higher
 (*Let God be honor'd for't*) downe tumbled all,
 And gaue these *bell-hounds* a deserued fall.

As often as I call to memory
That horrid and detested villany;
It makes me sorry such a hellish plot
Should scape vnblas'd to be so soone forgot;
But some good wit ere long I doe not doubt,
Will vndertake to paint that action out;
And in it owne true *sable colour* show it,
That children that are yet vnborne may know it:
And to make plaine that *ruine* and *perdition*
Are the last *Periods* to conclude *Ambition*:
But to that purpose they may labour spend,
And peradventure all to little end:
They will not thinke thereon, for we may see
How lofty-minded still there's many be,
With what desires of titles, they haue sought them
And at how deere a reckoning they haue bought
But that with other flowes from *Vanity*, (them:
A part essentiall in humanitie, -
Which (if God grant me leaue) I meane to chase,
But must referre it to another place:
Some haue ambitious heads, but cannot rise
Because the want of meanes and friends denies
What they aspire vnto: but such are vext,
Their minde I know is troubled and perplext
Beyond all reason; Oh strange humor'd men,
Your folly you will leaue I thinke, but when?
Be with your states content, for doe you know
Whether your wish be for your good or no?
O yes, thinks one; if I could once attaine
Such offices; or so much wealth to gaine

As this or that man hath; my wish were ended,
 And such or such a fault should be amended:
 But this I say, though they may thinke it strange,
With the estate the minde doth also change,
 And when in one thing thou hast thy desire,
 Thou canst not stay there but must mount vp higher
 And higher still, vntill thou dost attaine
 Vnto the top or tumble downe againe:
 Be warned then you that *Ambitious* are,
 And for to curbe your passion haue a care:
 Else at the length, 'twill certainly deceiue you,
 But you will haue your wils, to which I leaue you.

OF FEARE.

SATYR. 10.

SOft now; what *Passion's* this that followes next?
 Surely I thinke hee's with a feuer vext,
 He shakes and lookes so pale; O me, tis *feare*!
 He make his humors also to appeare
 Since I haue found him. This is he that mars
 All our delights on earth: 'tis he that bars
 Man the right vse of pleasure. And tis he
 That was at first ordaind our plague to be;
 Auoyd him you that loue and looke for rest,
 Let a true courage banish him your brest:
 For this makes not your bodies onely *num*,
Tremblingly cold, deform'd, and pale become,

But 'tis a passion *ugly, grim, and foule,*
That doth with greeke e'ne clog the very soule:
And comes (if that I faile not in my skill)
Out of a false opinion of some ill,
That's present or to come; It only stings,
And also for companions it brings
Both *paine and shame*; and diuers haue I seene
That with this feauer haue sore shaken beene;
Two but of late whose feare so foolish prou'd,
Many thereby were vnto laughter mou'd;
One came in puffing almost out of breath,
As if *hee* hardly had escaped death,
And why? Alas! he thought a whited post
He on a sodaine saw had beene a Ghoast:
And that surmise did such impression take,
That though he after saw 'twas but a stake,
If yet he doe but come that way benighted,
He is e'en with the very place as yet affrighted.
Th'other came running like a man that's mad,
Oh! he had seene the Diuell, that he had,
Where in an old house sitting on a blocke,
We lookt and there we found a turky-cock:
Thus many feare where cause of feare is none,
And make themselves a ielt for euery one;
Yea feare hath made a number so affrayd
That they haue o'r their dearest friends betrayd:
For this cause onely, I doe nere intend,
To choose a *comard* for to be my friend,
And if that women be not growne so coy,
To scorne to take aduiseement of a boy,

Let them not chuse a coward to their mate,
Least they repent it as one did of late :
For not farre off there dwelt not long agoe
(He tell a tale that many yet doe know :)
A Gentlewoman not of meanest ranke,
Whose fauour might haue well deserved thanke,
For that in face and dowry few did match her,
Many a gallant tride his wit to catch her :
Who being kept but narrowly at home,
So she were gone she car'd not much with whom ;
Now see, Dame Fortune that will seldome part
Her fauours vnto men of good desert,
Brings to the house a fellow that in shew
Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not so ;
Yet hauing opportunitie he tryes,
Gets her good-will and with her thence he flies ;
But lo, the Parents quickly mist their daughter,
Rais'd all the towne, and following hardly after,
Where by meere chance into an old house led,
Were this yong couple were new gone to bed :
You that haue euer in that pickle bin,
Iudge what a case these naked folkes were in.
But what did he? there leaues his new stolne pray,
And like a fearefull Coward slunke away.
Out on such Asses; how could he for shame
So leaue a woman to beare all the blame ?
And for the greefe she suffers with her friends,
How can the villaine make the where amends ?
I know not : but for playing such a part,
'Tis certaine he had turn'd the wenches heart,

*And she for climbing to a Cowards bed,
Hath lost her credit with her Maiden-head.
Such was the effect of feare. And more, from thence
Proceedeth cruelty, impatience,
Breach of our promise, with much envying
Together with the hatefull vice of lying;
Murthers and Treasons to: there's nought so base,
So full of villany, shame, or disgrace,
The fearefull would not act with all his heart,
To free himselfe from feare of death or smart:
Yea some would be contented very well,
So they might scape Death, to goe quick to hell
Such is their nature; I my selfe haue seene
Feare bring those evils that had else not beene:
As it hath brought the plague on some. Beside,
There's many a one for feare of death hath dyde:
And there be diuers haue so carefull bin
To rid themselues from feares which they were in;
That as the ship that doth Charibdis shun,
They ran on Sylle and were quite vndone?
And why? alas it is the Cowards error:
To thinke the present danger fullst of terror:
The feare of euill more tormenteth some,
Then doth the thing they fear'd when once tis come:
Men dread what is, what will be, and alas!
Many a thing that nere shall come to passe;
If they did onely feare apparant things
That likeli-hood of terror with it brings,
As troopes of enemies, or theeves, or treason,
Pirats or stormes at sea; there were some reason,*

Or colour for it then, but they will quake
At fictions; at meere nothings; their hearts ake
At their owne fancies: Superstitious,
At tales of *Fairies*, and of *Vilions* :
Yea, I haue teene some heauy and full sad
Because of a vaine foolish dreame they had.
Oh what meanes man that hauing mischiefes store
Must in his owne conceit needs make them more?
Thinke he those will not grim enough appeare
Valeffe he apprehend them first by feare?
Sure tis a plague the *Dixell* did inuent
To worke in man a lasting discontent :
And taught it *Adam*, whereupon he said,
I saw my nakednes and was afraid.
This is our fault; but yet I cannot see
A reason why men should so fearefull be :
May they not ioy and be as merry still
With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill ?
Sare I thinke yes; and will on hope so feed
No ill shall feare me till tis comē indeed,
For that which likeliest seemes for to betide me,
God in his mercy yet may put beside me.
And though much prooffe hath bred within my brest
This resolution, yet of all the rest
This last confirm'd it most, for th'other day,
When the hard frost had slopt the Schollers way,
And that the flowing Thames with yce was arch't,
So that the people ouer on it march't,
Amongst the rest one bolder then was sit,
Wandring beside the path for want of wit :

Stept on a piece of yce, which with a cracke
Rent from the maine, and stopt his going backe:
The ycie fragment ('twas a heauy token)
Swam to the bridge where all the yce was broken,
The people look't and he for aide did craue,
But oh! there was no power in them to saue;
Which 'oone conceining, on his knees he fell,
(I from the Bridge percein'd him very well)
And lifting up his hands, his ayde implores
That sauid old Icnas without Sailes or Oares;
And see Gods mercy when he drew so neare,
No hope of safeguard seemed to appeare;
And when that he had three times whirled him,
And that the Arch was like to sucke him in:
Beyond our expectation (in a trise)
There thrusts betweene a greater piece of yce,
Which comming downe, as if it scorn'd to stay,
Beat by the lesser for to giue it way,
And a while staid it; but hee had beene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe
Had not, next God, the people stood his friend,
And sauid him by a rope that's some mans end:
So this prooues, men may scape a mischiefe now;
When 'tis so neere them, they perceiue not how
And I doe hope this argument is cleare
That we haue as much cause to hope as feare;
More trembling humors I might here vnfold,
Which, some will be vnwilling to be told,
And therefore passe them; but I doe protest
This hurtfull monster I so much detest,

That

That I am very loath for to omit
Any occasion of disgracing it :
Yet doe I not allow their resolution,
That meerely of a hellish constitution,
Haue such obdurate hearts so hard in euill,
They neyther seeme affraid of God nor Diuell.
Such I haue noted to; but truly they
Are in as bad, but a contrary way.
They prate and sweare, as if they could affright,
And make Hobgoblin run away by night,
When questionlesse as bold as they appeare
They are perplexed with an inward feare;
Yea, I haue knowne a trifle or a blast
Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agast.
There is a *Feare* that's good, and hinders sinne,
Indeede it's that each good man should be in;
And there's a *Feare* that keepes a *Kingdomes* state
From *Ruine*, if it be not tane too late;
'Tis not a slavish terror, that's a crime;
No, rather 'tis a wise fore-sight in time,
That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
Danger to come, and not as we doe, winke
At our owne nakednes; as without care
Who spies it, so we see not our selues bare.
This *Feare* it is that makes men to proude
Against a storme, they may the better bide
The fury of it, this 'tis keepes off wrong,
And makes a Citie or a Kingdome strong :
And I much doubt the wanting of these feares
Will make vs smart for't yet ere many yeares,

For since we are become a pretty number,
Although we can but one another cumber,
Or serue to make a *Hubbub*, we suppose
There are no *Nations* dare to be our foes.
We thinke a wondrous *policie* we shew
If once in foure yeeres we doe take a *view*
Or count the number of our able men,
Flattring our selues therewith; as if that then
(Hauing so great and huge a multitude,
Though we were ne'er so inexpert and rude)
There were no cause of feare; but a *Realmes* might
Consists not in the number that must fight,
More in their skill; for of good Souldiers ten
Will foyle an hundred vnexperienc't men,
Such as we are: For, 'tis a shame to speake
How wonderfull vnfitly, and how weake
This ignorance makes most of vs, except
Whom braue *South-hamptons* gouernment hath kept
In warlike order; I doe meane indecde
Our *Hampshire Islanders*, of whom for need
An hundred boyes that ne'er had haire on chin
Shall from fise hundred of vp-landish win
Both field and towne: By which it may appeare
Good gouernment with profitable feare
Within a few short yeeres so well will thrive,
One shall become to haue the ods of fise:
These therefore that haue wisdom for to tell,
When they doe any thing amisse or well;
Still in this *Passion* obserue a meane,
And not to *Feare*, nor to *Presumption* leane.

OF DESPAIRE.

SATYR. II.

NO more of *Feare*, for loe his impious brat
Lookes now to be admitted; this is that;
We call *Despaire*: with gasty lookes he stands
And *poysons*, *ropes*, or *pain-yards* fills his hands,
Still ready to doe hurt: one step, no more,
Reaches from hence vnto damnations dore.
This is that *Passion* giues a man instruction
To wrest the *Scriptures* to his owne destruction;
And makes him thinke while he on earth doth dwell
He feesles the very torturing *pangs* of hell;
It makes men *rage*, like *Furies* screech and howle
With *exclamations* horrible and foule,
Like Monsters more then men, Onely *Dannation*
Is in their mouthes; no mercy, nor saluation
They seeme to hope for: they extreemely feare
Some monstrous shapes which seeme for to appeare
Through their imaginations; and the paine
That they in soule and conscience doe sustaine,
All earthly tortures doth so much exceede
That they haue thought themselves in hell indeed:
Oh what repentant liues some vow to liue,
If God would but once more vouchsafe to giue
Their health and hope againe: then they would spend
Their liues and goods, vnto no other end

But

Lib 1. DESPAIRE. Satyr. II.

But wholly for his glory : yet there's now
 Some living that haue quite forgot that *vow*,
 God giue them grace to looke into their error,
 Or they will one day finde a double terror.
 Some in this agony haue little will,
 To any thing, vnlesse it be to kill
 Or make themselves away; whereto the *Diuell*
 The author and chiefe causer of this euill,
 (Vnlesse that God in mercy him preuents)
 Is ready to prouide him *instruments*,
 I euen quake to thinke what humors be
 Attending on this hellish maladie;
 And for some cause I meane not here to shew them,
 But pray that all had grace for to eschew them.
 Now some doe thinke this passion being taken,
 Can very hardly be againe forsaken :
 But let none thinke so; for why? God in distresse
 Doth neuer leaue man quite without redresse:
 Nor can we say that he hath left vs void
 Of helpe for this, when ere we are annoy'd
 Through Sathans guile; for pitting our case
 He leaues vs hope of fauour and of grace,
 If wee'l lay hold on't; which to make more cleare,
 He let his everlasting loue appeare
 In highest measure, by the *Sacrifice*
 Of CHRIST his Sonne, for our *iniquities*,
 And also, did not sinne thus make vs blinde,
 For euery grieve of body and of minde,
 He hath ordain'd a *salue* : All *Christians* know
 (Or should at least) the *spring* from whence doth flow,

Lib. i. DESPAIRE. Satyr. ii.

A precious liquour that will quickly cure
 Our strongest *Passions* (if the cup be pure)
 Or if we doe not so presume as stand,
 And lap it here and there with our owne hand,
 For, that's the way to sooth vp many a passion,
 And the all-onely cause of *Desperation*;
 Which from all good men I doe wish as farre
 As earths low centre from the highest *Starre*;
 But now *Dispaire* or *Distrust* is two-fold,
 One sort of which I haue already told,
 Being concerning matters of *Saluation*,
 The horriblest and fearefulst *Desperation*;
 But th'other is alone of earthly thing,
 Yet mighty disadvantage with it brings
 Where it gets entrance; this makes many loath
 To vndertake great matters, 'cause through sloath
 They doe dispayre to reach them: yea, it breeds
 A carelesnesse in man, and thence proceeds
 Not a few *Treasons*; for the breach of Law
 Makes many times the *Subject* in such awe
 That he dispayres of pardon for his ill;
 And therefore not alone remaines in't still,
 But being guilty, for to salue one sore
 Incurreth the danger of a thousand more;
 And for because he thinkes himselfe vndone,
 Will for assurance to *Rebellion* runne.
 Besides, there's some despayring of their cause,
 And being brought to tryall by the Lawes
 For some offence, are obstinately mute,
 To these forsooth the commons doe impute

A manly resolution; 'cause thereby
They saue their lands to their posteritie;
But sure there is no wise-man will commend
Him that so desperately seekes his end,
And wilfully doth cast away himselfe
(Body and soule perhaps) to saue his pelfe
To some *suruivors*; whereas if he bide
On hope, and not despaire for to betride
According to the Lawes, he may be clear'd
And quitted of the danger he so fear'd
As some haue beene: Besides, if we indure
But a small paine, if we despaire of cure,
Ease or amends, 'twill make it seeme to be
Vnsufferable; whereas if that we
Haue any Hope, the ease we looke to win
Will mitigate the torture we are in;
His winter-toyle what Plough-man could sustaine
If hee despaired of his Haruest-gaine?
And the strong'st Army needes must faint and flye,
If it despayre before of victorie.
But to conclude, it must be vnderstood,
Despaire's a Passion that is no time good,
'Tis alway hurtfull: and I can obserue
Nothing whereto a man may make it serue,
Vnlesse to helpe a troope of Cowards fight:
For could a man lead them past hope of flight,
Where they should see there were no remedy,
But they must dye or get the victory;
Despaire in that case may giue them the day,
That would haue lost it to haue runne away.

OF HOPE.

SATYR. 12.

THrice welcome *Hope*, the *Diuell* keepe home the
Despaire & *feare* are fitting for no other) (tother
This is the *Passion* that of all the rest
We haue most reason to esteeme of best:
For if it be with good aduise applide
A salue it is *God* did himselfe prouide
To ease not onely euery outward grieve,
But when the very soule doth want reliefe,
It will redresse her paine, although it were
The shaking of that hideous monster *Fear*:
Oh precious *Balme*! Yea, if that man had power
To take it to himselfe at such an hower
When blacke *Despaire* doth pinch him, that indeed
Would quite expell it; and he should not neede
Apothecary drugs. But what can we
Apply aright and not instructed be
By Gods good inspiration? Nay, 'tis true,
We are so farre vnlike for to pursue
The way we should, that we doe follow still
The crooked'st path to loose our selues in ill:
This needfull *Hope*, we eyther neuer vse it,
Or else for want of knowledge doe abuse it:
Yea, this that of all *Passions* was the best
Is now as much corrupted as the rest;

We must consider then, *Mans hope is double,*
One true and certaine : th' other full of trouble,
And most vnconstant. The first *Hope* attends
Things more immortall, and alone depends
On th' expectation of the certain' st things,
And such perfection of true ioy, as brings
No trouble with it. This through *Faith* we gaine,
And 'tis sufficient to make any paine
Seeme short and easie; yea, it cheares a man,
And 'tis a help without the which none can
Endure to liue : but now great store there be
Who for because of their infirmitie,
Together through the bad and weake foundation
They build this *Hope* on, make it in some fashion
To be blame-worthy : It cannot endure,
Nor will it (without doubting) make them sure
Of what they looke for. Now the other kinde
Of *Hope*, which I amongst vs men doe finde,
Is of vncertaine earthly things, and this
Of no continuance and oft frustrate is;
For the best likelihoods that may be showne,
And the strong' st humane reasons that are knowne,
Are nothing for to ground a hope vpon;
(Since in the turning of a hand 'tis gone.)
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some easie thing that's in ones power to doe;
And all were well resolu'd to see it done;
Yea, wer't but one dayes worke, and that begun,
We may well hope indeede they'le bring to passe
So small a thing as that; but yet alas !

None can assure it, for because they know
 No warrant from aboue it should be so:
 And therefore I could wish that euery man
 Should take vnto him the best hope he can
 In all his outward actions; but foresee
 At least on honest grounds it builded be,
 And therewith be so well prepared still;
 That if these doubtfull *hopes* doe fall out ill,
 He ne're repine, but tak't as if the same
 Had beene expected long before it came;
 And since that *sickle trust* did nought auaille him,
 Depend on the *true hope* that shall nere faile him.
 For that indeed that's plac'd on *wit* or *strength*
 Is vaine, and most vncertaine; cause at length,
 How ere it may seeme sure, it will deceiue him,
 And when he hath most need of comfort, leaue him.
 Besides, there's many to this *hope* are led,
 By sundry *Passions* within them bred:
 As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, and such,
 'Tis true that these will make a man *hope* much;
 But many thereby into errors run
 So blindly on, that they are quite vndone,
 Cause in their mindes, they hopefully expect
 A thousand things which they shall nere effect;
 For they giue their desires too large a *scope*,
 And doe abuse themselves through fained *hope*,
 Not hauing plac'd it on a certaine ground
 (For then it neuer could be frustrate found.)
 But *Louers hopes*, and such as theirs, are bolde
 On euery paltry trifle to lay holde.

Lib.1. COMPASSION. Satyr.13.

And whatsoe're the *Ambitious* doe intend
The hopes they haue to bring their plots to end
Are drawne from n'other grounds but their *affections*,
Which for the most part giue such blinde *directions*,
That they, as we may by experience see
Together with their *hopes* oft ruin'd be ;
But as this passion is now much abus'd,
The next that followes is as hardly vs'd.

OF COMPASSION.

SATYR. 13.

Pitty is knowne a kinde and tender *Passion*,
In it owne nature worthy commendation :
And if Discretion guide it, well may be
Of neere alliance vnto *Charitie* ;
If not, it then from vertue quickly swerues,
And with the rest a like reproofe deserues :
Now some will muse thereat, such as suppose
A man through *pitty* cannot erre : but those
If they haue any iudgement of their owne,
Shall say *compassion* may amisse be showne :
Yea, and oft is, which they will quickly finde,
Or else I'le say their *Reasons* eye is blinde.
First let them tell mee, i't not frequented now
That thoe the which our Country lawes allow
Jurors for tryall, are oft-times compell'd
Through a base tender weakenes for to yeeld

Vnto

Vnto this melting *Passion*? sometime by
 A *persnall* respect ta'ne by the eye:
 Sometime for that th'offendor (it may be)
 Already hath sullain'd much miserie:
 And thinke they not this (*haritie* and right?
 Yet through the Ignorance forgetting quite
 Whilest they an ill deserued life prolong,
 Therein they doe not onely *Iustice* wrong,
 But by their indiscreet and fond Compassion,
 Vnwisely hazard e'ne their owne Saluation;
 Then for their need, or cause they much implore,
 In common pleas they leane vnto the poore,
 (If might o're-sway them not,) and that they trust,
 (Because they meane well) may be counted lust:
 Are there not some to, who would faine be deem'd
 Good Common-wealths men? yet haue misesteem'd
 That Order which for wandring roagues was made,
 (And as if they allowd their *begging trade*)
 Much pittie those that iustly punish't be,
 As though it were done voide of Charitie?
 Yea, they haue dar'd to say thus much, and more
There's no lawes made now, but against the poore:
 Moreouer, he whose iudgement is so slender,
 And hath an yeelding heart so fondly tender
 To stoop vnto this *Passion*; neither spares
 The lawes of God nor man; but rashly dares
 Peruert them both; supposing his intent
 Shall free him from deserued punishment:
 These though that God himselfe sayes *kill*; reply
 With *no alas! tis pitie he should die:*

Lib. I. COMPASSION. Satyr. 13.

But such as they deserue the selfe-same check
 He had that spar'd the King of *Amaleck* :
 For to say truth as vertuous as it shoves,
 A foolish pittie quickly ouerthrowes
 In War an Army, and in peace a State ;
 And this Ile stand to, 'tis as bad as *Hate*,
 For *That* and *Bribes* to such a power is growne,
Iustice can little in some courts now be showne :
 Yea it is cleere and cannot be withstood,
 That *Pittie* sometimes hurts the common good,
 And more we finde, that *God's* thereby offended,
 And therefore man must haue this fault amended,
 And be perswaded 'tis his part to see,
 How farre this *Passion* may admitted be ;
 For seeme how 'twill, all pittie is vnfit
 Vnlesse Gods lawes and Mans doe warrant it :
 But I haue noted some kind-hearted Asses,
 Worth laughing at, that all the rest surpasses
 For foolish pittie : but themselues alone
 'Tis preiudiciall to ; or hurteth none ;
 To these doe you but a *Tragedian* be,
 Or else recite some ancient *history* ;
 If that the matter which you doe relate
 Be sorrowfull and something *Passionate*,
 Though it were done a thousand yecres agoe,
 And in a Countrey they did neuer know,
 Yet will they weepe (*kinde-hearts*) as if those men
 Were of their friends, and that thing told, but then
 Before their eyes in action : nay, vnfolde
 Some new made tale that neuer yet was tolde,

So it be dolefull and doe represent
 Some strange and lamentable accident :
 Although not onely (as I said before)
 It be a matter meerely fain'd, but more ;
 Though that they know it so, they cannot keepe
 Their melting eyes from teares but they must weep :
 I might touch Parents, chiefly in the City,
 That mar their children by their cockring pittie,
 But other *Passions* call me now away ;
 And yet before I leaue thus much Ilesay, (schooles
 Those fond-kinde Parents that take rods from
 Haue almost filld the land with *knaues* and *fooles* ;
 And those that thinke we need no pittie rue
 Let them not hold so still, for this is true,
Fond pittie rests in no true manly breast ;
 And therefore you that are, or would at least
 Be counted men ; be not therewith o're borne,
 For *tis a Passion that now Women scorne.*

OF CRVELTY.

SATYR. 14.

BVt here's another beares vs farther wide,
 If we embrace it on the other side ;
 And therefore whilst we seeke for to beware
 Of foolish *Pitty*, wee must haue a care,
 Least this doe ouer-run vs : tis a thing
 Whose very name doth seeme enough to bring

All men in the opinion to confesse
 Tis an *inhumane* *hellish* *wickednesse* :
 A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfit to rest
 Or harbour in a reasonable brest
 That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,
 Doe for the greatest part the same refraine :
 And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
 Vnlesse men looke to their affections neere
 'Twill sleale vpon them, and they shall begin
 Not onely to be quickly snar'd therein,
 (Although at first they doe abhorre it much)
 But more; the nature of this *Passion's* such,
 It will begin delightfull; and it makes
 So deepe impression in the heart, and takes
 So sound a root, 'twill hardly be displac'd
 Whilst that the body by the soule is grac'd :
 And yet some doe suppose it may with ease
 Be left or tooke, as eu'ry one shall please,
 But they are wide, like them that ouer-bold
 And trusting to their proper strength, vphold
 We need not this same *Passion* discommend,
Nature sufficient is to reprehend
That fault (they say.) And they detest it so
Reason can neere haue such an overthrow
 That they should liue themselves for to defile
 With any passion that they know so vile:
 Indeed it is a monstrous villany,
 And most I thinke can raile at cruelty,
 Yet let none be so carelesse, for 'tis true,
 The odious vices we doe most eschew

Grow pleasing by degrees. When *Hesael*
 Was told what he should doe to *Israell*,
 Full little thought he then his gentle heart
 Should ever giue consent to act a part
 Of such a *Tragicke Scene*; and yet we finde
 He became after of another minde:
 For our intents and best affections be
 Exceeding subiect to vncertaintie:
 Those we thinke surest; and vnlesse each hower
 We be remembered, such a state is our,
 We should forget our selues. *Philip* the Sire
 Of that bold *Grecian King* that did aspire
 To be the worlds third Monarch, knew full well
 Him selfe to be a *Man*, yet could not tell
 Whereto he might through humane frailtie fall,
 And therefore w^old his seruant for to call
 Thus at his window (ere the day began)
 PHILLIP, Remember that thou art a man.
 And e'en as hatefull as this passion is,
 To be remembered so 'twere not amisse;
 But men are stronger now they thinke then he,
 And much lesse prone to imbecillitie;
 But you that thinke so, and you that vphold
 This needes no warning, pray let me be bold
 For to demand some questions, since there be
 So few as you thinke stain'd with crueltie;
 Is he not mercilesse, that without shame
 Doth rob his neighbour of his honest name
 By raising false reports? doth not that Lord,
 That to his Tenant grudges to afford

What *Loue* and *Conscience* giues? or he that takes
The common profit to himselfe, and makes
His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby
Many a poore man's brought to beggery?
Doth not I say that Landlord hardly deale?
And is he not vnto the common weale
A cruell foe? some damned *Vsurers*,
That are I thinke the *Diuels* Treasurers,
(For by the small vse they of riches make
They for another seeme their care to take)
Are they not cruell, when they cannot be
Contended with their *Statute Usuree*,
But must encrease their gaines by *bribes* and *gifts*,
With many *subtile* and *unlawfull shifts*,
Pinching poore debtors till their greedy hands
Haue got possession both of goods and lands?
What are our *Lawyers* that can brooke to see
Christians like Beasts that still a wrangling bee;
And yet when it lies in their power to part them,
Will for their owne gaine vnto discord hart them,
Keeping them still at strife by adding fuell
To maintaine an ill flame; Are they not cruell?
Yes verily; and so are not alone
The mercilesse offenders, but each one.
Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,
Is slacke to doe a charitable deed:
And what may they be that employ their care
To pamper vp the flesh with curious fare,
Largely prouiding for the bodies good
Whilest the poore soule is hunger-staru'd for food?
They

They are not cruell? No, 'tis like that such
That can take pittie on themselves so much,
Are mercifull to others. You will say
To poyson men 'twere ill, then what are they
That by false doctrine fraught with errors foule,
Seek to envenome and infect the soule?
Cruell they are (I know) you must confesse,
But then you'le say 'tis not that Cruelnesse
You vnderstood; As if you did suppose
None through this *Passion* did offend but those
That murderers be: In truth I thinke that this
I here recite, not principallest is:
For it from other causes doth proceede
Whereas true proper *Cruelty* indeede
Is when a man delights, and longs to see,
Or doe, some deede that's full of *Crueltie*:
Iust such was his that out of a desire
To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire,
Caus'd *Rome* in many places for to flame.
And longing to behold from whence he came,
Ript vp his mothers wombe. A *passive* right
Was also his, that tooke so much delight
For to behold men strangely tortured
That he out of his bounty promised
A large reward to him that could inuent
The cruell'st and vnsuall'st punishment;
Which *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore
The first that made his Brazen Bull to roare:
And like to this are those mens humours to
That vncompel'd, would make no more a doe

To murder, till a Country were vnman'd,
 Then doth a Schoole-boy with a walking wand
 To lop downe Thistles tops. Now these men be
 Passiuely cruell in the high'st degree:
 And though the first rehearsed be not so
 Yet thereto they may very quickly grow?
 Vnlesse they haue oft warning to beware
 Since they already halfe-way entred are:
 Especially the greedy hungry elfe,
 That would for profit gladly damne himselfe:
 For *Auarice* doth harden so the heart,
 In any mischief he may beare a part.
 No crueltie the *Conetons* refraines,
 Murder, nor Treason, so he may haue gaines.
 If that I thought 'twould any thing auail
 Against this *Passion* I could further rail;
 But as it raignes in man experience shewes;
 So that 'tis euill there is none but knowes:
 Wherefore Ile say no more but onely this,
As he is blessed that meeke-hearted is;
So for the Cruell lightly doth attend
A heauy curse, and a most fearefull end.

OF IOY.

SATYR. 15.

OF all the *Passions* handled hitherto
 With this that followes I had least to doe:

And

And yet by some small tryals I haue had,
'Tis better I perceiue then being sad:
Yea, 'twere the greatest blessing that might be,
Wer't of it selfe, and from all cumbrance free:
But seldome 'tis or neuer; 'cause that such
Is our estate; as if that *Fate* did grutch
The vse of simples; we almost can finde
Nothing to pleasure vs in it owne kinde:
Neuer could any man as yet obtaine
Ioy, but there follow'd eyther shame or paine.
And he no question that's allowed most,
Doth dearly pay for what is quickly lost.
But now the reason why mens *Ioy* so soone
Is chang'd to sorrow; Is because there's none,
Or very few, that doe their gladnesse found
Vpon a solid, firme, substantiall ground:
But on such subiects as no meruaile tho
It doth receiue so quicke an ouerthrow,
And hath so sharpe a farewell: For, one ioyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or some such like toys,
And when they sayle (as how can they last long?)
Their mirth is finish't, they must change their song.
Some in their *Honour* all their ioy doe place,
But let them take good heede; for if disgrace
Adde the least motion vnto *Fortunes* Wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little ioy they feele.
Take but away his substance, you destroy
The miserable rich-mens onely ioy.
And soone by sickenesse that delight's defac't
Which man in beautie, or in strength hath plac't:

Yea

Yea, all our *Joy* in transitory things
They being lost, at last a sorrow brings :
And therefore I wish men to make their choice,
Of that wherein 'twere fit for to reioyce,
And not in things so friuolous and vaine,
They must repent them for their *Joy* againe.
Some doe so firmly settle their delight
On things vnworthy, that they are e'en quite
Bereft of vnderstanding, when they see
They must of them againe deprived be :
But oh you men (that haue your better parts,
Of an immortall frame) awake your hearts,
And from delight in drosse and clay remoue
Your *Joyes*, and place them vpon things aboue :
So shall you still haue cause for to reioyce,
And not with sorrow thus repent your choyce.
Another fault I in mans *Joy* espie
Which I'll illustrate by this Similie;
Looke how those men that being calm'd at Sea,
And forc't the leasure of the windes to stay,
Halfe staru'd for food, once cast vpon some shore
Where of prouision they are seru'd with store :
I say, looke how those men, by taking in
To their weake stomackes that haue fasting bin
A little food, doe then beginne to faint;
And 'cause their pallates they doe not acquaint
With a spare dyet, (although it wholsome be)
Through former want and their infirmitie
It workes their bane : Right so it fares in this,
For he that alway in some sorrow is,

And

And tost vpon the boysterous Seas of care
If for his comfort he be landed there
Where *Joy* abounds; his heart (where none hath bin
Full many a day before) receiues it in
So out of measure; that it euen makes
The Soule vnquiet, and thereby he takes
A surfer; whose strong violence is such,
The body faints, or is indanger'd much.
I neede not stand on proofes for this I trow,
Since there be many by experience know
At sodaine telling of some newes that's good
Diuers haue sencelesse and amazed stood.
Yea, bin so rauisht with the *Joy* they tooke
That they haue e'en their liues and all forsook.
Though flesh be fraile, me thinkes if eu'ry man
Would strue to curbe his nature what he can;
Armes of resistance they might better weild,
And not so basely to their *Passions* yeeld:
Yea, it befits not him that ought to be
At all poynts fenc't with Magnanimitie,
To suffer any mischiefe to annoy
His minde, through eyther too much *care* or *Joy*;
But let these *Passions* of each other borrow,
He may be sad with Mirth, and glad with Sorrow,
Much I might speake more (some perhaps will say,)
But here my *Muse* is now resolu'd to stay:
Yet if hereafter I haue *Joy* in store,
If it be needfull, I will tell you more.

OF SORROW.

SATYR. 16.

OF this sad *Passion* I may knowledge take,
And well say some-what for acquaintance sake,
I heare it is complain'd vpon of many,
Yet I dare say it seldome hurteth any,
Excepting those by whom 'tis entertain'd,
And such indeed haue with iust cause complain'd :
For whilst they keepe it, they shall neuer rest,
'Tis so vntam'd and troublesome a guest :
Yet such a guest, though he his host diseases,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.
Yet if that man would vse the meanes he might,
Sure by degrees he might out-weare it quite;
Yea, 'tis his part and dutie. For should he
That must on earth *Iehonah's Viceroy* be ?
Should he to whom his Soueraigne Lord hath giuen
A Countenance for to behold the Heauen ?
Should he, I say, blot out this manly grace,
And groueling turne to earth his blubber'd face ?
It were a shame : yet more shall he that saith
He is a Christian, and seemes t'haue faith,
For losse of Friends; when there's no remedy,
Be passionate in such extremity,
That childish teares not onely stains his face,
(Which may be borne withall in such a case)

But

But also raues, growes furious, and extends
His griefe past Reasons limits; who commends
A man for that? say, is it any lesse
Then to deny by deede what words professe?
For who would thinke which sees how he bewayles
The losse of breath that in a moment fayles,
That he beleeuces, but rather thinke 'tis vaine
To hope or trust the flesh shall rise againe;
Or that there were as holy Scripture saith
Any reward for them that die in faith.

It's a plaize token of a misbeliefe, (griefe:
When *Christians* so o'erwhelme themselves with
And therefore though I doe not discommend
The moderate bewayling of a friend;
I wish the extreame hereof men might dispise,
Least they doe their Profession scandalize.
Beside, though as I seem'd to say before,
Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,
Because it hurts but those that enterraine it,
Yet were it good if all men could refraine it;
For it not onely makes mans visage be
Wried, deform'd, and wrinckled as we see,
Himselfe exiling from the common eye
To vex and grieue alone, he knowes not why;
But also brings diseases, with his death,
By the vnusually stopping of his breath.
It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hinders his commoditie:
For who for dealing in attayres is fit
Vnlesse with good will he attendeth it.

And howsoe'er it seeme, yet surely this
As farre from vertue as bad pleasure is;
For as through one we to much euill runne,
So many good things th'other leaues vndone:
I wonder that this *Passion* should touch
The hearts of men to make them grieue so much
As many doe, for present miseries;
Hauethey no feeling of felicities
That are to come? If that they be in paine,
Let hope giue ease: it will not alwayes raine,
Calmes doe the roughest stormes that are attend,
And th'longest night that is will haue an end.
But 'tis still bad thou saist, tak't patiently,
An age is nothing to eternitie,
Thy time's not here: Enuie not though that some
Seeme to thee happy; their bad day's to come,
And if thou knew'st the grieve they must sustaine,
Thou would'st not thinke so hardly of thy paine.
I must confesse 'twas once a fault of mine
At euery misaduenture to repine;
I sought preferment, and it fled me still,
Whereat I grieu'd, and thought my fortune ill;
I vext to see some in prosperitie
Deride and scoffe at my aduersitie;
But since aduis'd, and weighing in my minde
The course of things, I soone beganne to finde
The vainenesse of them; Those I saw of late
In blisse, (as I thought) scorning my estate,
I see now ebbing, and the once-full-tide
That ouer-flow'd the lofty banckes of pride

Hath left them like the sand-shore, bare and dry,
 And almost in as poore a case as I.
 Besides, I view'd my daies, now gone and past,
 And how my fortunes from the first to th'last
 Were link't together; I obseru'd, I say
 Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,
 That memory could keepe; yet found I none,
 Nor one thing in my life that was alone:
 But still it either did depend on some
 That was already passed, or to come;
 Yea, the most childish, idle trifling thing
 That seemed no Necessitie to bring;
 In that hath the Beginnings oft beene hid,
 Of some the waighriest things that ere I did:
 But chiefly to abate the excessive ioying
 In worldly things; and to prevent th'annoying
 Of any sorrow, this I noted thence,
 (And euer-since haue made it a defence
 For both these passions) I haue truely seene,
 That those things wherewith I haue ioyed beene
 Highly delighted, and the dearest lou'd,
 Euen those very things haue often prou'd
 My cheefest Care: And I haue found againe,
 That which I deem'd my greatest losse, or paine,
 And wherewithall I haue beene most anoid,
 And should haue deem'd a blessing to auoid;
 That which my heart hath ak't for; and wherein
 I thought me most vnhappy; that hath bin
 The ground of my best ioyes: For which cause, I
 Aduise all men that are in misery

To stand vnmoūd, for why they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no :

They ought not for to murmur nor to pine
At any thing shall please the powers Deuine
Tolay vpon them: for my minde is this,
Each sorrow is an entrance into Blisse;

*And that the greatest pleasure we attaine
Is but a Signe of some insuing Paine.*

But to be plainer, this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe or loy* :
But there are some base-minded dunghill elues,
That sorrow not for any but themselues,
Or if they doe t'is onely for the losse
Of some old crest-falne Iade; But that's a crosse
Past bearing; be it but a rotten sheepe,
Or two stale egges, they will such yelling keepe,
As if thereby had perished a brood

In which consisted halfe the kingdomes good:

But I intreat them since it must befall,

They would be patient; who can doe withall?

And also let them of much griefe beware;

For there's small ods betweene the same and Care:

And they haue heard (I need not tell them that)

'Tis an old saying, *Care will kill a Cat.*

Let them take heart then chiefly since they see

None liue but sometime they must loosers be,

Which is an eate: for I haue heard them tell,

With mates they care not, if they goe to hell.

But in good earnest now let vs not runne,

Willingly hereinto as we haue done;

Rather

CONCLVSION.

Rather auoid it as a hurtfull foe,
That can effe. & nought but our ouerthrow :
And yet instead receiue into our breast,
An *honest mirth*, which is a better guest :
And whatso're our former grieve hath bin,
Let vs nere sorrow more, but for our *Sinne* :
Thus with this *Passion* end the rest will I,
Because it ends not till our *End* is nigh.

THE CONCLVSION.

THUS haue I labour'd some effects to show,
That doe from mens abused *Passions* flow ;
Which from example of old ages past,
And wise-mens sayings, I might more haue grac't :
But that I am resolu'd to tye my *Rimes*
As much as may be to the present *Times* ;
Also I might amongst these here haue tolde
The bodies *Passions* ; as *Hunger*, *Calde*,
Heat, *Thirst*, and such like ; but their force is seene,
And most men haue sufficient carefull beene
For to preuent them ; they last not so long,
Nor are by much so violent and strong
Or dangerous as these : but if men knew,
Or with the eyes of *Reason* would o're view
These soule-bred maladies, as sure they ought
They would with greater diligence haue sought

CONCLUSION.

The cure of them, then of such slight diseases,
The which their bodies and no more displeases :
But now the reason men disturbed are,
For the most part with such preposterous Care
Is this; through their corrupted iudgement they
Doe onely on things seene depend and stay;
Which being most apparant to the sense,
So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,
And blinds her that she hath no power to see
The better things that more subsisting be;
When if they could conceiue but halfe so well
The Soules estate, they'd labour to expell
All these corruptions, that may cause her woe,
All those seill *Passions* that molest her so:
But some men haue in this opinion stood,
That euery passion's naturall and good;
Indeed *Philosophers* the same doe call
A motion of the soule that's naturall;
And in some sort we may not be afraid
For to vphold as much as they haue said :
But thus we must distinguish on it then,
And make a two-fold *Passion* in men,
Of which, one sort vnto the best aspires,
And that alone, things merely good desires,
Therein reioycing; moderate, and weake
In operation, and the truth to speake;
We haue it rather by Gods *Inspiration*,
Then bred within vs at our *Generation*:
The other as th'eff.cts thereof doe shew,
Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;

CONCLUSION.

For it is head-strong, rash, insatiate,
Wondrous disordred, and immoderate,
Of which kinde these are, whereof I haue spoken,
And they are oft the cause mens sleeps are broken;
That 'tis which makes them raue, or grieue, or ioy
So out of measure for a trifling toy;
Yea that 'tis onely makes them oft so tealie,
Their friends seeme troublesome, their beds vnealie;
And lastly, these are the occasions still
Of all misfortunes, and of euery ill;
Th' effects they doe produce we also see
Contrary to their expectations be;
For he that hopes or lookes for to attaine
Great *Ioy* and *Pleasure* haps on grieve and paine:
But by what meanes may men these passions kill?
Sure not by the procuring of their will,
As some imagine. For first it may be
A thing that's not in possibilitie
For to be reacht vnto. But say it were,
Will the *Ambitious-minded-man* forbear
To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No, he will rather still
Encrease that passion which first he had,
Or fall into some other that's as bad;
For altring the Condition or Estate
The soules vexation doth no more abate
Then changing roomes or beds doth ease his paines
That hath a *Fewer*; since the Cause remaines
Still in himselfe: But how and which way then
May these Diseases be recur'd in men?

CONCLUSION.

Why by *Philosophy*, *Counsell* and *Reason*,
These being well appli'd in their due season,
May doe much good. Else seeke the *Cause* whence rise
These hurtfull and pernicious maladies.
Let them consider That, and so they may
Cut off th'effect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasions finde,
He tell them, 'tis a basenitie of the minde;
Or else a false Opinion that's in some
Of *Good* or *Evill* present or to come.
Respecting good things thus: They doe desire,
And are too vehemently set on fire
With courting what seemes so; Or annoying
Themselves with an excessive over-joying
In the obtayning. In regard of ill,
They are oppressed with some sorrow still;
So that we see if men would goe about
To change their mindes and driue that basnes out
Through Magnanimitie, (and note well this,
That Passion but some false Opinion is,
Fram'd by the will, and drawne by the direction
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection.)
Me thinks they might by Reasons helpe confound
The former errors, that haue tane such ground
In their weake Hearts; and learne for to esteeme
That which doth eyther good or euill seeme,
(And in their soules such perturbation wrought)
As things not good nor ill; and that which ought
(Being vnworthy) neyther to molest
Nor breed such Passions in their carefull breast.

CONCLVSION.

By these and other such like meanes as these
The wise *Philosophers* in elder dayes
Kept out those Furies, and 'twere now a shame,
If that we *Christians* could not doe the same:
Hauing besides those helps whereon they staid
A certaine promise of a better ayd,
If wee'le but aske it: Let's demand it then,
To rid these euils from our soules agen.
If that we feele them yet not stirring in vs,
Let vs preuent them ere by force they win vs:
For 'tis more easie (euery one doth know)
For to keepe out, then to expell a foe:
If any thinke I from my purpose swerue,
'Cause my intent was chiefly to *observe*
And not to *teach*; let them not blame me tho;
For who can see his friends lie sicke, and know
Which way to cure them? But you'le say my skill
Cannot instruct you: yet may my good-will
Be worth accepting, and the other neyther,
A thing to be reiected altogether:
For, I haue seene when in a knowne disease
Doctors with all their Art could giue no ease
To their weake Patient; a Country-Dame
Hath with a home-made medicine cur'd the same:
And why not I in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
Being well vs'd it helps, for I haue tride it:
Thus much for that; but still there doth remaine
Some obseruations yet for to explaine;
I haue not done, for I am further task't
And there's more Humors yet to be vnmask't,

CONCLUSION.

Wherein because I will not step astray
Nor swerue from *Truth* a iot beside the way,
Ile say no more (least men should seeme belide)
Then what my owne experience hath espide ;
And then if any frowne, (as sure they dare not)
So I speake *truth*, let them frowne still I care not :
But if my *Muse* you should to saucy finde,
Sometime to leaue her *Notes*, and speake her minde,
As oft she doth, when she but haps to see
How *vaine* or *weake*, or *fickle* most men be ;
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of the good-will
I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill :
Which when I see, my purpos'd Course I breake,
Because, indeed, I am compel'd to speake :
Yet thinke not, though I some-where bitter be,
I count my selfe from all those Vices free :
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne
That here with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the first Booke.

THE
SECOND
BOOK.

OF
THE VANITIE
Inconstancie, Weake-
nesse, and Presump-
tion of Men.

I met Mr. [unclear]

[unclear] [unclear]

I met

Mr. Lincenby his

Feb 10 18 11



PRECATIO.

THou that Createdst all things in a weeke,
Great G O D: whose favour I doe onely seeke,
E'en thou by whose sweet inspiration,
I undertooke this obseruation;
Oh graunt I pray, since thou hast dain'd to show
Thy Seruant that which thousands doe not know,
That this my noting of mans hum'rous Passion
May worke within M E such an alteration,
I may be for my past offences sorry,
And leade a life to thy eternall glory.
Let not Ambition nor foule Desire,
Nor Hate, nor Enuy set my heart on fire,
Reuenge, nor Choller, no nor Iealousie;
And keepe me from Despaire and Crueltie,
Fond Hope expell; and I beseech thee blesse
My soule from Feare and too-much Heauinesse.
But giue me speciall grace to shun the vice
That is so common, beastly Auarice:
Yea, grant me power I not onely know
But flye those euils that from Passion flow.
Moreover now inspire my soule with Art,
And grant me thy assistance to impart

PRECATIO.

*The rest of mens ill customes yet remayning,
And his vaine humours; that by my explaining
They may perceine how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading and at last forsake them :
So let my Muse in this and things to come,
Sing to thy gloxy, Lord, or else be dumbe.*

THE



THE SECOND BOOKE.
Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie,
VWeaknes, and Presumption
of M E N.

OF VANITIE.

SATYR. I.

MY *Muse*, that now hath done the best she can
To blaze corrupted Passion bred in man,
Goes further here; and meanes for to vndoe
Another knot of ills hee's prone vnto;
From which as out of the maine root there growes
All whatsoeuer euill *Mankinde* knowes,
With thousands of bad *humors*, of which some
(Such as to minde by obseruation come;
As also such as are the proper crimes
Of these vngodly and disorder'd *times*.)
She meanes to treat of: the chiefe heads be these
(Consider of them *Reader* if thou please)

First,

First, wanton and light-headed Vanitie:
Next, that Camelion-like Inconstancie:
Then, miserable Weaknesse: lastly, this
Damned Presumption, that o'er daring is.
But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
May speake to purpose with sinceritie,
Lord I beseech thee helpe me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine;
I haue begunne in thee this my endeavour,
And constancie I craue for to perseuer;
Also my Knowledge I confesse is weake,
Yet through thy strength and truth I hope to breake
These mires of sinne, from which mankinde, kept vnder,
Must be let loose (like beds of Eeles by thunder)
Then that I may mans pride the better see,
From all Presumption Lord deliuer me.
Likewise disperse the foggy mist of sinne,
That to my purpose hath an hind'rance bin,
And th'euill by thy wisdom I perceiue,
Lord, let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue;
That being free my selfe, I may not coldly
Taxe others faults, but reprehend them boldly.
So hauing for this good assistance praid,
My Muse goes forward trusting to thine ayd,
To guide me in the Wildernesse of Sinne.
Great VANITIES Suruey: for being in,
I see now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander:
It is a Labyrinth so full of wayes,
And seemes so endlesse if my Penne once strays,

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
That knoweth not which way to row to land;
When all alone in some close misty day,
Farre from the *Hauen* he hath lost his way,
Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*,
As turne vnto the wished *Shore* againe;
So I doe feare least this may carry me
Into an Ocean where no Sea-markes be:
Because what way so e'er my course I bend
There *Vanitie* I see without all end;
Which hath not vnder her subiection gain'd
Such things alone as are on earth contain'd,
Or vnderneath the Orbes of Ayre and Fire,
But reaches farther, and encroaches higher,
According to his meaning, who said plaine,
That all things vnderneath the Sunne were vaine:
But now I thinke it may a question be,
Whether the *Sunne*, the *Moone* and *Starres* be free:
For sometimes false predictions they impart,
Or are belyed by abused Art:
But of *Man* onely here my Muse must tel's
Who is by much more vaine then all things els.
For, *Vanitie* his reason overswayes
Not onely on some certaine Months or Dayes;
But is at all times in him resident,
As if it were his proper accident;
Neyther doth age, in which he groweth on
Any thing lessen the proportion
Of *Vanities* he had, but in the stead
Of some reiected follies, there succeed

Others as bad : for we perceiue when boyes,
Begin to Man, (asham'd of childish toyes)
These then leaue off their former idle chat,
And foolish games; but what's the cause of that ?
For being ill ? No; rather they contemne
Those bad things, as not bad enough for them.
And as one poore, playes first for poynts and pins,
Once growing rich, leaues that, and then begins
To venture Crownes, dislikes not gaming tho
He shun the first game as not fit enough
For his estate; So young men doe forsake
The rope-ripe trickes, that their first age did take
Chiefe pleasure in; not 'cause they wicked deem them,
But being men they thinke 'twill not beleeue them;
Then *Hounds & Hawkes, & Whores* are their delight;
Quarrels and Brawles doe fit their humors right;
Disorder'd meetings, drunken Reuellings,
Consuming Dice, and lavish Banquettings,
Proud-costly Roabes, this is the young-mans *Wayne,*
The which his Elder doth dislike againe :
Not since ill neyther; but because his yeares
Him vnto other *Vanities* endearers;
As Selfe-conceit, much Care for worldly pelfe,
Heaping up what he ne'er enioyes himselfe;
Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,
Be it his weale or woe, to haue his will.
Extreamely louing lies, and giuen to prate,
Yet making shew as if he both did hate :
Yea, old men boast of what they did in youth,
Which none disproving, we must take for truth :

And

And thousands more or else they are beside,
Each age is pester'd with; and yet beside
Vanie's proper vnto each degree,
Millions of thousands I suppose there be.
Princes haue these, *They very basely can*
Suffer themselves that haue the rule of man
To be o'reborne by Villaines; so instead
Of Kings they stand, when they are slaues indeed.
By bloud and wrong a heauenly Crowne they'le danger
T'assure their State here (often to a stranger.)
They quickly yeeld vnto the Battaries
Of slye insinuating flatteries,
Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,
And far too credulous of that they heare:
So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing
Consisted all the Office of a King.
But if herein my harmeles halting Rimes,
Were onely ti'de vnto this Place and Times,
And should of none but of my Soueraigne tell,
Spight of her heart she could not speake but well;
For (I suppose) the Truth I must confesse
That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbord lesse
Then IAMES hath done; vnlesse corrupted stories
Rob's former ages of deserued Glories.
If any say to sooth, I now deuise
His heart I know will tell his tongue he lies;
For did I not thinke true what here I sing,
I'de not wrong Iustice for to please the King.
Great men are vaine to, *In much seeking Fames,*
With Nimrod and his Mates; they raise their names

By building Babels ; yea and they suppose,
Honor consists in Titles and in shewes.
They Thraſo-like in Parasites delight,
That doe in presence claw, in absence bite.
They use their Pleasures not as pleasures now,
Or Recreations as 'twere fit ; but how ?
'Tis all their care, their chiefe and onely ioy,
In satisfying which they doe employ
Both wealth and wit and all. If they would take
Something in hand for recreations sake,
They are with pleasures so o'recloyd we see,
It must be that which their affaires should be :
A wondrous Vanitie ! And their Care
Is for rich rayment and the Curiousst fare ;
Pampring their flesh when all is but in vaine,
For Dust it was and shall to Dust againe.
Then since their evils we seeme not to see,
In vaine they thinke that they well thought of be ;
Tush, men their lewdnes cease for to repeat,
Why? cause th'are faultles ? no because th'are great :
But for their vices though now none dare shew them,
Vnlesse they mend another age shall know them ;
And therefore if they count their Honors deare,
Let them be Good, as well as Great men heare ;
Let them leaue Vanitie and not suppose
The World will euer blinded be with shewes,
For that great mighty Peere that died so lately,
Erewhile was mighty, powerfull and stately,
He was most croutcht vnto and oft implor'd,
Yea almost like a Demi-God ador'd ;

He onely (as my selfe haue heard some prate,)
Was the vpholder of the *Brittaine* State;
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbor'd in his little braine,
And had he liu'd (if all be true men say)
He might haue well beene *Pater Patrie*.
But now alas hee's gone, and all his Fame
You see's not able to preserue his name
From foule Reproach; but each one breaks his mind
Which shewes though they winkt they were not blind:
In spite of all his Greatnes, 'tis well knowne
That store of Rimes, and Libels now are sowne
In his disgrace: But I heare diuers say
That they are slanders, (then the more knaues they
That were the Authors) but if so it be,
He were from those vilde imputations free;
If that his Verrue's paid with such a curse,
What shall they looke for that are ten times worse?
Well Nobles Ile the Court ere long suruay,
And if I finde among you such a stray
Through Vanitie or Pride; vnlesse it be
Into some small faults through infirmitie,
If there be no man that dare taxe you for't,
My Muse shall doe it e'ne to make me sport,
For though she keepe but a plaine hobling forme,
Shee shall haue wit enough to make you storme.
I will not spare you thus, till death do fet yee,
But rub you whilst you are alique to fret yee.
Yet doe not thinke I meane to blaze your shame,
In scattered Libels, that shall want a name.

So; I hate that : Ile tell the illes you doe,
And put my name for witnesse thereunto.
Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magistratum*,
And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*,
Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile
You were best hang or clap me into Iaile
To stay my tongue ; so much you may doe to me,
And that's the worst I know that you can doe me.
But whither runnes my ouer-sawcy Pen ?

Ther's Vanity, besides in *Noblemen*.

The *Gentleman*, for some repute but Vaine,
Beyond his power ostentimes doth straine ;
Our *Yeomen* to that neuer armes haue borne
To Gentillize it makes themselues a scorne ;
But their Gaine's enuy, with a greater charge ;
Yet of these fooles the Catalogue is large,
Then ere that lesson be halfe taken forth,
They must ad Knight-hood or t'is nothing worth :
Mony may get it, therefore many sue it,
Although with shame and beggery they rue it.

And Credit they expect in vaine thereby,
For it turnes rather to their infamy ;
Because it is bestowne without deserts,
And yet in troth our Knights haue done their parts.
For most haue well deseru'd it; but as how ?

Brauely in field, e'en in a field at Plow.

But why looke we in meere *Humanitie*
For that which fauors not of *Vanitie*,
Since *Diuine* matters cannot quite be free,
But with the same must oft corrupted be ?

Divines, strive not so much for to impart
The truest *Doctrines* as to shew their *Art*: (sound
They grace their speech more with vaine words for
Then with graue sayings, needfull and profound;
But tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of shame,
And in my iudgement highly merits blame,
To paint o're that whole Beautie's neuer fuller
Then when it shines forth in its proper Colour.
Against they strive what *Ceremonies* fit
And best becomes the *Church*, meane while omit
More weighty matters; who that's wise would stand
Like many wrangling spirits in this Land,
Vpon such idle Questions as they know;
'Tis no great matter on which side they goe?
And such as best in my conceit befits
None but vnquiet and *seditions wits*.
Here's my *Opinion*: be they not the chiefe
Grounds of Religion, or the same *Beliefe*
Saluation comes by, that men goe about
By their inuentions for to bring in doubt,
So't be not that they touch, (as sure they dare not)
Let all the rest goe which way 'twill I care not.
Haue not our *Lawyers* many vaine delays,
Vnnecessary *Writs* and idle staies
For to prolong mens suites? when they might foile
The party faulty e'en with halfe that quoile,
They'l for their Fee relate some pretty tale,
Like the wise story of old *Iack i'th vale*,
Which (if they once haue thorowly begun)
Vndoe them quite that tarry til't be done.

Jack Doe, Dick Roe, with whom y'ad ne're to doe,
Thei'le bring to helpe your cause and God knowes
And for your benefit they can affoord (who
Many a foolish sencelesse idle word,
Which they I know will not account as vaine,
Since that 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Besides as I suppose their lawes they pen'd,
In their old *Pedlers French* ynto this end
The *Vulgar* should no further knowledge reach,
Then what shall please their *Masterships* to teach?
Or else they haue the selfe-same policie
As the Professors of damn'd *Papistry*,
Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd,
Least that their knauish trickes should be reueal'd,
What can they not in our owne language finde,
Words of sufficient force t'expresse their minde?
That cannot be denied, but tis a trouble,
So easily to counterfeit and double
In a knowne *Tongue*, when th'other but a few
Can vnderstand, but that obstreperous *Crew*.
These make the lawes almost of none effect,
Their courses are so wonderous indirect,
To them they fauour, they delayes can grant,
Though *Iustice* her due expedition want.
Sometimes vpon one matter we may see
That sundry *Iudgements* shall pronounced be;
Now there's a *motion* granted, next day crost,
So fee and labour's to no purpose lost:
And still the *Clyent* shall be so deluded (cluded;
That when he hopes al's done there's nought con-
Nay,

Nay, though we heare the vtmost sentence past,
Which by all course of Law should be the last,
Why then, I say, (though all seeme wholly ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be suspended:
And for some trifle, to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in question by a *Writ of Error*.
So that the right oft yeelds vnto the stronger,
When poore mens purses can hold out no longer.
Oh miserable state! what should we say?
May not the *Countrey* thinke themselues a prey
These *Rauens* liue on? May we not suppose,
By their *delays*, and some such trickes as those,
They practise onely for to cheat and gull;
And on our ruines fill their gorges full?
Yes questionlesse; for they Themselues doe raise
Vnto this height on other mens decayes,
Not their owne *Vertues*; Oh though't be too late,
Yet let me wish that we had kept the State
And simple *Innocence* we once retain'd,
For then we had not of this ill complain'd,
Nor yet those mouers of sedition knowne,
(Now to a many-headed monster growne.)
But since that time is past, we may complaine,
Yet must nere looke to see those dayes againe:
We haue good *Lawes*, but they to, seeme in vaine,
Since they according to each *Lawyers* braine,
May be now wrested to and fro to make
The matter good that he doth vndertake;
I'll say it plainly; and yet not belye them,
Ther's few but *rich-men* can haue *istice* by them.

And pray you iudge now, is not that Law vaine,
Which when it is enacted to restraine,
Some *priviledge* or *custome* that hath stood
As a great hinderance to the publike good
Should of it *Vertue* be so slightly gul'd,
As by a *licence* to be disantild?
Moreouer there be some too much to blame,
Or *poenall lawes* are onely lawes in vaine,
Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright
And not for execution of the right:
And I may liken them vnto those *log ges*,
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *frogges*;
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
That we doe tremble to commit an error,
But in a day or two they are so still,
For ought I see, we may doe what we will,
Vnlesse that we be *poore*: or some despight vs,
Then peradventure they'le goe neere to fright vs
A twelue month after; if so long they last,
Twenty to one then all the fury's past.
Did you but note it you would much admire,
To see how strictly *Iustices* inquire,
On dayes of sitting, what Abuses raigne,
How those they threat that slackly doe complaine,
How they will raile and fume, and chafe, and storme
As if all euils they would quite reforme
Within a moment; But things *violent*
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*,
Nor is their *zeale*; for surely (God amend it)
One wise twelue houres will begin and end it.

But

But why are they so earnest then? oh know
That the small *Springs* within the dales below
Glide gently on, vntill a *Land-flood* fills
Their emptie *Channels* from the higher *Hills*;
But then they'le swell vntill they can discharge
Their *Burthens* in some *Plaine* to runne at large:
So these low *Magistrates* would gladly sleepe,
And their owne easie crooked *Channels* keepe;
But when that any *Streame* of *Iustice* showers
And comes downe to them from the *Higher Powers*,
Then peradventure they'le grow big a day,
And *Iustice* shall haue course the nearest way:
Yet in a little space she must be faine
To runne within their winding *Bankes* againe.
Some falsely haue affirmed *Iustice* blinde,
Yet I am sure she knowes how to finde,
(If that she be disposed for to looke)
Who giues her day-workes by her *Counting-booke*.
Nay, she knowes *Capon, Turkey, Goose* or *Swan*,
And thee I warrant from another Man
What ere thou be. But whilst she sees so plaine,
It is no wonder we haue *Laves* in vaine.
Also when *Officers* doe vndertake
Their Charge at first: *Lord*, what a quile they make!
A *Drunkard* cannot with his capring feete
Cut out *Indentures*, as he walkes the streete,
But hee's straight stock't for't, or for his offence,
By fining to the poore he must dispencc.
Then those perhaps that slackly doe frequent
Gods diuine Service, somewhat shall be shent;

And

And many other goodly deedes they'le doe,
But these grow quickly weary of them to.
Againe, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,
Which threatens, on the paine of *Confiscation*
That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay
Within ten miles oth' *Court* from such a day,
Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding meant, that some
Should daily to the *Presence-Chamber* come,
And shroud within a *ferlong* on't or two;
Some *Great-ones* may; and so I hope they doe,
And by their owne *Authoritie* no doubt,
May keepe the rest from danger thereabout.
Pish, they at such a matter will but scoffe
'Cause they know surely how to put it off.
Yet Ile not say, it is in vaine: for why?
The *Printer's* sometime set on worke thereby:
And 'tis moreouer for our satisfaction,
Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.
But oh you noble *English Senators*,
Our *Kingdomes Guard*, and *Princes Counsellors*
How can you see your labours so mis-vs'd?
Or brooke, to haue your *Soueraigne* so abus'd?
Doe you suppose that it deserues no blame,
To make a *Scar-crow* of the *Regall Name*?
And to erect it on some common *stall*,
For to be gaz'd on, to no end at all?
Respect it more; and vse it not for course
Or fashions sake; but shew it hath some force.
Plucke out those *Vipers* that for feare of harme
Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme:

D'ye not perceiue their Rings? No danger feare yee?
Oh 'tis apparant, let them not shroud neere yee:
For if you doe, 'tis doubtleffe the *Conclusion*,
If God preuent not will be your *Confusion*.
Yet all (for ought I see) should still remaine,
Were there not some, who (out of zeale to *Gain*,
More then *Religion*, or their Countries weale,)
Their scurvy base conditions doe reueale,
In begging, and in rising of some few;
But they their owne corruptions rather shew
Then redresse any. More I here could vter,
But I me thinks, already heare some mutter,
As if I should be sure of *Romes great Curse*:
But then I'me sure I shall be ne'er the worse.
Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curse, ban and spare not,
I'll sit at home and *laugh*; because I care not.
But why doe I of *Laves* alone complaine,
Since all Man deales in, is in some sort vaine?
Religion is with *Ceremonies* stult,
And with *Vaine-glory* and *Presumption* pult.
Now our *Almes-deedes* and gifts of *Charitie*
Are done for *shew* and with *hypocrisie*.
Yea, al's made *vaine*, for if you would but view
Our *Vniuersities*. Indeepe 'tis true,
There you may yet see, how that heretofore
In better dayes hath beene erected store
Of *Pallaces*; (whose curious build are still
A faire remembrance of the worke-mens skill)
Which, least that *knowledge* in the land should fade,
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,

That

That there the *Muses* shelter'd from the rages
Of former, present, and succeeding ages
Might safely liue, and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hospitalitie.

'Tis also true, there wants not to sustaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine
Such as desire *knowledge*, there's enough;
The worthy *Founders* haue provided so,
But of these profits now why make they stay?
Best sel't, or let some Courtier beg't away.

For publike Gifts are turn'd to priuate vses,
Faيرة Colledges are full of foule abuses.
And their Reuenues I account as vaine,
Because they lazy *Dunces* doe maintaine,
Who to themselues doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witlesse Senioritie.

Such as saue *Beard* (with reuerence be it spoken)
Of profound learning haue nor marke nor token.
Good *Founders* dreaming not of these Abuses,
Gauē them at first to charitable vses;

But we finde now all alter'd, and the dues,
The which by right vpon desert ensues,
Like *Offices in Court*, are bought and sould
And places may be had: but how? for *gold*:
There, as else-where, they now are growne so bad,
Without *Quid dabis* nothing can be had,

'Tis strange to see what *Auarice* can doe:
But are the *Muses* taken with it to?

Oh no! for they esteeme such gaine a losse,
And their high Spirits scorne such earthly droisse.

How then? there are some *Cormorants* crept in,
 Who in their youth pretended to haue bin
 Addicted vnto *knowledge*: when alas,
 'Tis well seene, since that all their purpose was
 To snort in ease; augmenting still their store,
 Till they grow wealthy and their houses poore;
 Foule *Droanes*, whose voices must be hir'd with mony,
 Steruing the *Bees*, while they deuoure the hony.
 But oh you Birds of *Athens* cleare your *Hals*,
 And driue those lazy *Hornets* from your *Stals*.
 Through them it is men thinke you couctous,
 They make your groues and walks grow scandalous.
 But how will you discerne them? Marry thus,
 Since they haue made themselues notorious
 Ile point them out; and though their heads they
 As *Venus* did *Aeneas* in a cloud, (shroud
 Ile so vnmaske them, if their eares they show
 You shall be able to say, there they goe.
 First note them; there are some by Bribes and Fees,
 Can soone passe thorough two or three *Degrees*:
 And if they sue for ought are not deni'd it,
 When better *Students* must be put beside it.
 Then there be others, who their nests to fether
 Can keepe in office nineteene yeeres together;
 Enforcing many vnto penury,
 To haue wherewith to feede their *luxury*.
 Note you not some at fiftie winters study
 That haue their wits so thin and braines so muddy
 They must procure of other men to doe
 The exercises they were cal'd vnto?

And

And sit there not of *Dunces* pretty store,
From Sunne to Sunne at euery *Trades-mans* doore ?
Huge fat *Curmudgeons* ? tell me, I thinke no,
Doe *Commons* of Three-halfe-pence feede them so ?
Or can such *Puffes* so Humberkinlike set
Into a *Pulpit* once in seauen yeere get ?
Sure if they doe, their memorie's so weake,
When they come there they know not what to speak.
Nor are they halfe so fit, if 't came to prooffe,
To serue for *Pastors* as to hang at *Roofe*.
It is no meruaile then, that blockish rout
Retaine their places, and keepe betters out,
For no good *Patron* that doth Conscience make
Will vnto them the charge of soules betake:
Because if such the Flocke of Christ should keepe,
No question they would make but *Carrion Sheepe*.
Then they must stay, yet in their stay they'le be
A plague vnto the *Vniuersitie* :
For ouer and about the mischiefes nam'd,
The *vice* for which the younger sort is blam'd,
They are most guilty of; for forc't to tarry,
Through want; and by their Lawes forbid to marry,
Thence springs it that the *Townes-men* are reputed,
Thus by a common voyce to be *cornuted* :
For I haue knowne that such haue daily beene
Where yonger Schollers neuer durst be seene.
And all (vnlesse that they haue eyes like *Moles*)
May see those *Foxes* vse the *Badgers holes*.
Nor hath their lewdnesse in that action staid,
But on the place a fouler *blemish* laid.

Which

Which here indeede I doe forbear to name,
Least it be to the place I loue, a shame;
And for because I feare some spitefull Mates
May taxe them with it that such dealing hates,
Brought in by them; for who is so impure,
But he that liueth like an *Epicure* ?
Oh *Muses* seeke in time to roote these weedes
That marre you *Gardens*, and corrupt your seedes.
And you that are appoynted *Visitors*,
Who ought for to be strict *Inquisitors*,
To search the foule abuses of these *Times*
And see them punisht; Oh ! let these my *Rimes*
Moue you for to reforme this villanie;
Or let the hate of damned periuie
Stirre vp your zeale these euils to restraine,
It not for loue of *good*, for feare of *paine*.
Which else (though you set light as at your heele)
As sure as *God* is iust, your soules shall feelee.
Doe you not see now all the wondrous Cost
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainely lost;
The *Lands*, *Renuenues*, *Customes*, *Charters*, *Rents*,
Which they haue left for diuers good intents
Vainely imployed? see the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd stands at the dore,
And may not enter, whilst the golden *Assse*
Is quietly admitted for to passe,
And shroud himselfe within those sacred *gates*,
Which wer't not for commoditie, he hates.
You sacred *Genij* that did once attend
Those well deuoted *Patrons* to their end;

Although

Although your bodies be entoomb'd in clay,
Since you suruiue, because you liue for aye;
Looke downe on your abused gifts and see
What oddes twixt th'vse and your good meanings be;
Come and behold how the laborious sits
Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits;
And that but when a double *gaunday* haps,
Full glad alas at other times with *scras*;
While that the lazy *Dunce* on dainties feedes;
Oh come (I say) if you respect your deedes,
And fright them with some gastly visions thence,
They may haue more remorse for their offence.
If I could take on me some monstrous forme,
I'de eyther make them their bad liues reforme,
Or hare them quicke to hell: But I am vaine
Thus for to inuocate, or to complaine,
Because I doubt this fault will ne'er be mended
Vntill all euill with the world be ended.
Learning is vaine to, or so made at least,
Consider it, I speake it not in iest;
Doe wee not see that those who haue consum'd
Halfe a mans age in *Schooles*, and haue assum'd
Degrees of Art, and hourelly ouer-looke
Many a lease, many a wise-mans Booke;
Still studying to know; *fellows* that can
As they themselues thinke, put downe any man
That dares of *Predicables* to dispute,
Yea, such as can to, if neede be, refute
Knowne Truths; and that in *Metaphisicall*,
Much more I thinke in matters *Naturall*,

Seeme greatly read. Doe we not see I say
That these from studie being tane away,
For some employments in the *Publike weale*,
A man would be ashamed to reueale
Their simple carriage? sooner they'le speak *Treason*,
Then any thing that shall be law, or *Reason*.
Aske their opinions but of this or that,
They'le tell a Tale, they scarcely know of what;
And at the last you must be well apaid;
With *This the Poet*, or *This Tully said*;
So other mens opinions shall be showne,
But very seldome any of their owne:
What is't to heape vp a great multitude
Of words and sayings, like a *Chaos* rude,
For to be able fort to bring in *Plato*,
Great *Aristotle*, with the wise man *Cato*;
And diuers more, yet like a blockish *Elfe*,
Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
As if it were all well and he had paid it,
If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it*.
Then by their actions, who gather can
They haue more knowledge then another man?
Since they doe worse absurdities commit,
Then those that seeme their *Juniors* in wit;
As if they thought it were enough to know,
And not with knowledge vnto practise goe.
Those may be learned and of learning prate,
But for affaires of *Country* or of *State*
In my conceit they are as farre vnfit
As *fooles* and *mad-men* that haue lost their wit;

And notwithstanding all their studious paine,
I count their learning and their *Knowledge* vaine.
But thinke not I hold *Knowledge* vaine to be,
Or that all in the *Uniuersitie*
Mispent their Times; vnfitting men to deale
About employments of the *Common-weale*.
No; for I euer this accompt did make,
That there are those know best to vndertake
Great *Offices*; and surely such as haue
Both knowledge and des. : yet shall they saue
But their owne credits: Th'other who are knowne
To haue no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the *Schools*,
Are worse by much ods then *vnlearned Fooles*.
Now thou that wouldst know rightly these mens
Goe but a while and talke with *Coryate* (state
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,
And say with me that *Learning's somewhere vaine*.
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where *now-despised-Virtue* should haue grace,
She were *vaine* too, and those that lou'd her best
Were to be counted *vaine* aboue the rest.
For they be sure, of these worldly Crosse.
And whosoere gaine, theirs must be the losses,
Iustice is wanting so; for if that men
Commit an ill, the *Law* giues smart, but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed 'tis hard,
There's no *Law* heere that giues them a Reward.
Nay if a man by wrong suspicion be
Brought vnto any wofull misery,

If he be wrakt and tortur'd so that Death
May pleasure him by stopping of his breath :
And if at last by proofes it doth appeare,
That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes saue,
But shall no other satisfaction haue,
Yea, and he must be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *Innocent* :
Whereof he would full glad haueridden bin,
To scape the torments they had plung'd him in;
Tis meere *Iniustice*; And I say againe
For to be *vertuous* in this age 'twere vaine;
But that it one day shall rewarded be,
By heauens *chast iustice* with eternitie.
I will not heere take paines for to reueale
The vaine trades crept into our *Common-weale* :
Onely Ile say, and so I thinke will any,
Would there were lesse, for such there be too many.
But I must needlesly shew their Sympathy,
VVho make their treasures and felicitie
Of things meere friuolous, As *Honour, Strength,*
Pleasure, and Wealth, & Beauty, which at length,
Yea in short time, must Fade, *Titles* wrong plac't
VVithout desert, are not alone disgrac't,
And loose that reputation of their owne,
But shame them too, on whom they are bestowne.
VVhat *Noblenesse* of *Birth* but meereley *vaine*,
Vnlesse that in the *linage* there remaine
Some noble *quality*? which in them bred,
They haue deriu'd from predecessors dead?

What's Honor? but e'ne Smoke and Idle *fame*?
 A thing consisting onely in a *name*?
 Which if you take away then you take all,
 (For *Alexanders* glory was not small,)

Yet were he namelesse, what would then remaine,
 For to inherit *Honour* for his paine,
 Since that his best part from the earth is fled,
 And rother, though remayning here, now dead?
 Then if that *Honour* doe aduantage bring
 To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling
 Vnto the name: who Care or Paines would take,
 If he be wise, such *Trophies* for to make
 Vnto the same, which may inioyed be
 By many thousand other men, whilst he
 Rots; and which three mens *vertues*, I'll maintaine,
 Grace not so much as one mans vice shall staine?
 Wer't onely for a *name*, that men did well,
 And strove in *vertues* others to excell,
 What good had *Simon* the *Apostle* gain'd
 More then the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?
 And how should we giue each of them his *fame*
 Who liuing, being two, had but one name?
 Were outward *Honour* all that *vertue* got,
 He were a wise-man that esteem'd it not.
 But shee's the bodies comfort till it die,
 And soules *Companion* to eternitie.
Vulgar *Repute*, what is thereby acquired?
 Why is't so glorious, and so much desired?
 But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,
 That haue prefer'd it before their *content*.

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous,
Extreamely foolish, or ridiculous,
That any man should stand in greater feare
What they doe vnto other men appeare
Then their owne *consciēces*; or striv; (poore elues,
To seeme to other, *Gods*, when to themselues
Th'are worse then *Diuels*; why, I say, should they
With vaine repute be so much borne away?
And why boast men of *strength* that lasts no longer?
And seeing the brute creatures are farre stronger?
A woman may blinde *Sampson* with her charmes,
And little *Dauid* slay a man at armes,
For *God* doth make, as holy Scriptures speake,
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.
Then some are vane in *pleasures*, like to him
Who for because he in delights would swira,
In these his dayes, to please his five brute senses,
Made twenty hundred crowns one nights expences
I onely cease for to declare his name,
Least he should hap to vant vpon the same.
But why in *Beauty* should men glory so?
As well we may perceiue there's many do;
Since 'tis no better then a fading flower,
That flourishes, and withers in an hower?
It could not saue the good King *Davids* sonne;
From being iustly by his foes vndone;
Nay ther's scarce any that enioy the same
Can keepe vnto themselues an honest *name.*
We see moreouer men vaine-glorious grow,
In *building* and *apparrell*; al's for show;

And yet the *Prince* that's gorgioust in array;
 Must lie as naked as his *Groom* in clay.
 And though that men to build so curious be,
 How worthy of contempt it is we see,
 In that th'*arch-King* of Heauen, earth and all,
 Vvas very well contented with a *Stall*.
 VVhat minde are they in who suppose to raise
 By such a *vanity* an endlesse praise?
 VVhen as they daily see by obseruation,
Time vterly decayes the strong *Foundation*.
 VVhere are those wondrous high *Pyramides*,
 That were a limred at in former dayes?
 And of those huge *Colessi* what remaynes?
 (which to erect now were an endlesse paines)
 Nothing almost; no scarce his name that spent
 The paine and cost of such a *Monument*:
 If that be so, how much more *vanity*,
 Is it to hope for fames eternity, (mending
 By such sleight trifles whose ground-worke needs
 Before the rooffe be brought vnto an ending?
 Againe some thinke how e're their liues they spend
 Yet if they can attaine to in the end
 A glorious *Funerall*, and be inter'd
 VVith idle pompe and show, or be prefer'd
 In a bald *Sermon*, for some one good deed
 They did the *Common-wealth* for their owne need,
 Or by their owne, or friends procurement haue
 On their vnworthy scarce-deserued *grau*
 A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke al's well;
 Alas poore silly men! what can they tell

How long 'twill stand, before't be razed downe?
But say it bide awhile, what faire renowne
Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be?
VVhat can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee?
Preferue thy fame? I know it cannot passe
The wondrous *Heape* that once erected was,
And yet e'ne at this day doth now remaine
Not farre from *Sarum* on the *Westerne* plaine,
Yet who can say directly, (or what story
Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
That was first founded? or by whom? or why?
And if a Deed of such great wonder die,
Dost thou suppose by a few Carued stones,
Scarcely enough to couer all thy bones
To be *immortall*? If thou long to liue
After thy death, why then let *Virtue* giue
And adde that liuing glory to thy name;
Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
And it shall last; for she knowes how to place it:
Nor *time*, nor *Enuy* shall haue power to race it.
I say endeuour to be vertuous heere,
So shall thy sacred *memory* be deere
To those that liue, and whil'st thy Body lies,
Entomb'd on earth, thy Soule shall mount the *skies*.
But if in pleasure thou hast liued long,
And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong:
VVhen that the *euill day* shall come to end thee,
The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee,
Thy soule shall pay for't, and the selfe-same *Graine*
Thou for thy *Honour* didst suppose to haue

Shall be thy *shame*; for those that trauell by it
Shall often curse it, yea deride, desre it;
And to each other say, *There doth he lie,*
That acted such, or such a villany.

Then why should gay cloathes be delighted in,
Since they are but a badge of our first sinne?
And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions,
We borrow now a dayes from sundry *Nations*.
Some, but a few, in Irish trouzes goe,
And they must make it with a *codpeece* too,
Some (as the fashion they best like) haue chose
The *spruce diminutive neat French-mans* hose
Another lik't it once but now hee'll chop,
Or chang't as we say for the *Switzers* stop;
And cause sometimes the fashions we disdain
Of *Italy, France, Netherland* and *Spaine*,
Wee le fetch them farther yet, for by your leaues
We haue *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeues,
Polonian shoes, with diuers far-fetcht trifles,
Such as the wandring *English* gallant rifles
Strange *Countries* for; Besides our *Taylors* know,
How best to set apparrell out for show.
It either shall be gathered, sticht, or lac't,
Else plated, printed, iag'd, or cut and rac't,
Or any way, according to your will,
For we haue now a dayes learn'd much vaine skill:
But note you when these *geu-games* once be made,
And that this cunning *Maister* of his Trade
Must bring it home. Then lies all the iest,
To see when the poore slaue hath done his best

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
 He can set right what Nature crooked made)
 When he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
 Whom he wold please; when he hath brusht & pickt
 E'ne till he sweat againe: Yet (though he spies
 Scarfe any fault) *You Rogue the Gallant* cries.

*A plague confound thee; looke here how this sits,
 Zounds 'tis a mile too wide; where were thy wits?
 See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,
 'Sbloud I could finde in heart to knock thee for't.*

Then for the faults behind he lookes in glasse,
 Straight raues againe and calls his *Taylor Ass,*
Villaine, and all the *Court-like* names he can,
Why I'le be indg'd (saies he) *here by my man*

*If my left shoulder seeme yet in his sight,
 For all this bumbast halfe so big's the right.*

How is he seru'd? This day he should haue went
 With such a *Lord* or *Lady* into *Kent*:

To *Hampton-Court* to morrow comes the *Queene*,
 And there should he with certaine friends haue bin,
 Now he shall faile. Villaine goe straight & mend it
 And see with all the speed you can, you send it:

Or by my sword the *Gallant* sweares he will (*Bill*
 Make thee to wait twise twelue-months vvith thy
 If e're he pay thee. Then the other takes it,

Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs, and shakes it,
 Lets it lye still an houre or so, and then

As if 'twere alter'd beares it backe againe;
 Then 'tis so fit, our *Gallants* cannot tell
 That e're he had *Apparell* made so well.

Ere-while, saies he, faith I was anger'd fore,
Why could'st thou not haue done it thus afore:
With many gentle speeches in amends,
And so these two *vaine fooles* grow quickly friends.
What shall I say of our *superfluous fare*?
Our beastly, *vaine*, and too excessiue care
To please the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely rootes and hearbs, doe now exceed
The *Persian* Kings for dainties; In those coates
A man would thinke they liu'd with *Hay and Oates*,
The *diet* they are growne vnto of late
Excels the Feasts that men of high estate
Had in times past, for there's both flesh and fish,
With many a dainty new deuised dish.
For bread they can compare with Lords or Knights,
For they haue raueld; manchet, browne and white,
Of finest Wheat: Their drinks are good and stale,
For Perry, Cider, Mead, *Mosbeglin*, Ale,
Or Beere they haue great plenty of; but then
This cannot serue the richer sort of men.
They with all sorts of forraine *Wines* are sped;
Their Cellers are oft fraught with *white and red*,
Be't *French, Italian, Spanish*, if they craue it:
Nay *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may haue it,
Cate pument, Vernage, if they doe desire,
Or *Romney, Bastard, Capricke, Oley, Tire,*
Muscadell, Malmssey, Clarey, what they will;
Both head and belly each may haue their fill.
Then if their stomacks doe disdain to eate,
Beefe, Mutton, Lambe, or such like Butchers meate;

If that they cannot feed on *Capon, Swan,*
Ducke, Goose, or common household Poultry; than
 Their store-house will not very often faile,
 To yeeld them *Partrich, Pheasant, Plover, Quale,*
 Or any dainty fowle that may delight
 Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.
 So they are pamper'd whilst the poore man sterues,
 Yet there's not all, for *Custards, Tarts, Conserues,*
 Must follow to; And yet they are no let
 For *Suckets, March-panes,* nor for *Marmalets.*
Fruit, Florentines, sweet sugar meats and spice,
 With many another idle fond deuise,
 Such as I cannot name, nor care to know;
 And then besides the tast 'tis made for show,
 For they must haue it colour'd, gilded, Printed,
 With shapes of *Beasts & Fowles, cut, pincht, indented,*
 So idely that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
 That men are foolish and exceeding vaine,
 And howsoe'er they of *Religion* boast,
 Their belly is the God they honour most.
 But see whereto this dainty time hath brought vs,
 The time hath beene that if a *Famine* caught vs,
 And left vs neither, *Sheepe,* nor *Oxe,* nor *Corne,*
 Yet vnto such a diet were we borne,
 Were we not in our *Townes* kept in byth' foe,
 The woods and fields had yeelded vs enough
 To content *Nature:* And then in our needs
 Had we found either *leaves,* or *grasse,* or *weeds,*
 We could haue liu'd, as now at this day can.
 Many a fellow-subiect *Irish-man,*

But in this age, if onely *Wheat* doe rise
To any extraordinary prize:
Of if that we haue *Cheese* or *Butter* scant,
Though almost nothing else that is, we want;
Lord how we murmur, grumble, fret and pine,
As if we would vpbraid the powers Diuine?
Yea, we prouoke *God*, as sometime the *Jewes*
Did *Moses*; and with vs it is no newes.
But you that are so like to sterue in plenties,
Because you are a little bar'd your dainties,
Leaue off your *Luxury*, let me entreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* shali be great;
When *Soule* nor *Body* neither, shall haue food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of scarfitie: yet here there came
No want this twenty ages, worth the name
Of *Famine*; but our gentle *God* hath bin,
Exceeding mercifull vnto our sin.
Wheat at ten shillings, makes no dearth of bread,
Like theirs; where once (we read) an *Asses head*
Cost foure-score siluer peeces; where *Doues dong*
Was highly priz'd: and mothers eat their yong;
There *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not:
If we can fast with *Ninive* we shall not.
But truely much I feare the same, vnlesse
We doe leaue off our gluttonous excelsse,
For though we quaffe and swill much time away,
Yet three set-*Meales* will scarce suffice a day
To satisfie our lust; whereas but one,
Suffis'd our predecessours, sometime none.

It were a worke too tedious to quote
 The sundry vanities that we may note
 Sprung from this *Greedinesse*, as our *Long-sitting*,
 A custome rather in my minde befitting
 Pagans and Epicures, then honest men.
 But 'tis a vse now common growne; and then
 This *Foolery* we haue; we nothing deeme
 Worthy of our desire, or esteeme,
 Saue that which we haue either dearely bought,
 Or far-away from forraine kingdomes brought:
 Yea notwithstanding here in this our land,
 Those things be better, and more neere at hand:
 Yet we out of an idle humour are
 Much more affected to all *Forraine* ware
 Then to our owne: although the same be best:
 So that this vainenesse doth not onely rest
 In meates, and in apparrell; but 'tis showne
 In many things; we least affect our owne.
 Our home-made *Cloth*, now *quoddam est inanis*,
 We are for *Serges* and *Perpetuanum*;
 With other stufte, as *Crow* graine, *Chambliss*, *Rash*,
 And such like new deuised forraine trash.
 Yeathough our natie Country-men excell
 In any Trade, we like them not so well
 As we doe strangers: (and in very deed)
 I thinke for vaine inuentions they exceed.
 And then moreouer when we do not want
 Any good wholesome *hearbe*, or *fruit*, or *plant*,
 That may be necessarie, fit or good,
 Either to serue for *Phisick* or for food,

Yet those we leaue, as if we did abhorre them,
And send to seeke in other *Kingdomes* for them.
So while we onely make our vse of them,
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,
What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?
Why send we for them to those Countries thus?
'Twas planted there for them and not for vs:
What though it help them of diseases there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different, for ought that I can gather,
Here't may not help our griefes, but poison's rather.
My selfe haue heard some *Trauellers* to say,
That which will salue their wounds within a day,
That of the farthest *Easterne Countries* be,
Will not recure an *English-man* in three.
Then sure if we should vse that medicine heere,
It would not help nor cure vs in a yeere.
Trust me I thinke, this ouer-much respecting
Of *Forraine Compounds*, and the still neglecting
Of our owne *Simples* is the cause that we
So little better for our *Phisicke* be;
Some in their writings praise *Tobacco* much,
Perhaps the vertue of it may be such
As they haue said, where first the simple grew,
But if it be replanted here a new,
From it owne soile where natures hand did place it,
I dare not with those properties to grace it
Which there it had; nor can the *Vertue* bide
When 'tis transported to our Region, dri'd.

Yet almost 'tis a wonder to behold,
How generally now both yong and old
Suck on that forraine *weede*: for so they vse it,
Or rather (to speake right) so they abuse it,
In too oft taking, that a man would thinke
It were more needfull then their *meate* or *drinke*:
But what's their reason? doe not aske them why,
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Vnlesse't be this: So they haue seene some doe
Forsooth, and therefore they must vse it too.
Nay, wonder not; The *Sunne* lights not a *Nation*
That more addicteth *Apish imitation*
Then doe we *English*: Should a stranger come
And weare his doublet fastned to his Bumme,
Pluck gloues on's feet, & put his hands in's shoes,
And weare his Rings and Jewels on his toes.
And come so tired to our *English* Court,
Attended in some strange preposterous sort;
Most of our *Courtiers* would make much ado,
But they would get into that fashion too.
For when they did but happen for to see,
Those that with *Rhume* a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round Masticke patch,
Their fondnesse I perceiu'd, some time to catch
That for a *Fashion*. Nay, we cannot name
That thing so full of *Barbarisme* and *shame*
That they le not imitate: witnelle this *smoake*,
Which though at first it was enough to choake
Or stifle vp the sence; though 'twere vnpleasing
In taste and fauour, oftentimes diseasing

The

The takers bodies ; yet like men halfe mad,
Not knowing neither what effect it had,
Onely because a *rude* and *savage Nation*, (fashion;
Took't for some vnkowne neede ; thei'le mak't a
Alas what profit *England* at thy neede
Hast thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weede* ?
What hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,
Or hath it brought thee more encrease of wealth ?
It dries superfluous moistures ; doth't ? indeed
Tane with discretion it may stand in steed,
And surely it deserues to be excus'd,
Being with honest moderation vs'd.
But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
That first did tak't in way of *complement* :
For now it is as common at each meeting,
As how d' yee, or, God saue yee, for a greeting ;
He's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burn'd pipes, Tobacco, and his *Tinder-boxe* :
And therefore there be some who scarce abide it,
Yet alwaies will for company prouide it ;
With whom (though they alone the same eschew)
Thei'le take it till they *sneet*, and *cough*, and *sne*.
Me thinkes they may as well since this thei'le doe,
At all their meetings take *Purgations* too.
There's not a *Tinker, Cobler, Shepherd* now
Or *Rascall Ragamuffin* that knowes how
In a blinde *Ale-house* for to drinke a pot,
Or swagger kindely if he haue it not :
You shall haue some among them will not sticke,
To sweare that they are for *Tobacco sicke* ;

When

When by their ragged outsides you would gather
It were for want of bread and victuals rather;
And so I tak't: But now if you deny,
Th' *Affecting forraine drugs, a Vanity,*
Yet you, I hope will grant, (because 'tis plaine)
The vsing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine:
I meane in those that daily *sit and smoake*
Alehouse and *Tauerne*, till the windowes roake,
And you must yeeld if euer; *Quod nunc sumus,*
E'ne as the old verse sayes, *flos. scenum, fumus.*
Some vainely much acquaintance seek to get;
And often in a strangers cause will sweate;
When none (vnlesse some one for raritie)
Will to their *Kinne* shew loue or charitie.
The loue of *men* some strue for to attaine,
And they haue iust their labour for their paine.
For what's the fauour or the loue of *Men*?
Athing long getting and soone lost agen,
For *him* I know whose company hath seem'd,
In my poore iudgement to be so esteem'd
By many, that in ihow he hath appear'd
To be more neerely to their *soules* indear'd
Then their owne *brothers*: And sure for the time;
(But that *inconstancie* a humane crime)
He hath beene so; For when he hath departed,
As if his *absence* inwardly had smarted;
Out of their *eyes* full oft against their vwill,
I haue seene *sorrow* looke, and *teares* to trill.
And yet againe hath my *experience* seene,
The selfe-same *man* that hath so made of been,

Euen of those men he hath beene so respected,
After some absence either much neglected,
Wholly forgotten, or they so estranged,
As if their loue and *good conceit* were changed,
Which hauing found, I weighed well the end,
And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.
Also me thinkes it makes me pretty sport,
To note the *Vainenesse* of the greater sort:
How full of *Congees, curtesies, and greetings,*
Embracements, and kind words they be at meetings,
Or else what *Ademorandums* past betweene,
Of great good turnes that nere perhaps haue been,
What *commendations,* and *ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good prosperitie.
When howsoeuer they their malice smother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To see me well, hee's glad at heart, one cries,
When 'tis well knowne that in his heart he lies,
Another bids me welcome to my face,
When he would leaue my preface for my place.
Yea and to sweare it too he will not tremble,
Although he knowes, I know he doth dissemble:
Which in my iudgement is a *Vantie*
Too full of shamelesse grosse absurdity,
And I much wonder men delight to spend
Time that's so precious to so little end.
As to consum't in idle *Complement,*
And not so much as to a good intent;
Crouching and kneeling, when each peasant knowes
Much curtesie, much craft, the Prouerbe goes.

A quality befeeming men I deem't
 For to be *Courteous*, and I much esteem't,
 Yet sure without good meaning tis vnfit,
 And extreame *vaine* when men are cloyd with it.
 When some mans *Table*'s furnished with store
 Of *Dainties*, that a *Prince* can haue no more,
 Hee'le bid you welcome, *though that by your cheare*
It doth not (as hee'le say himselfe) *appeare*,
 And yet he sees and knowes well that his *Bordes*,
 Haue what the *Water, Earth*, and *Ayre* affordes:
 With *pray'd' yee eate, I drinke r' yee, nay be merry*
 And such like words; I oft haue beene as weary
 To *thanke*, to *pledge*, and say *I doe not spare*,
 As ere was *Sonimers* of his trotting Mare:
 But now I thinke of this, I'll without ieasting
 Tell one absurditie, I'ue seene in feasting
 Amongst my Countrymen; when one intends
 For to be merry, he bids home his friends,
 And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
 That they may well perceiue they welcome are;
 Yea, hee would haue them frolick, and 'tis good,
 A signe of *loue* and honest *neighbourhood*,
 But then with all he oftentimes inuites, (knights
 Some lofty *Statesmen* or proud neighbouring
 Who all their merriment doth ouerthrow,
 Because they looke for *reuerence* you know,
 And he must be a slave vnto that guest,
 Contenting him, though hee displease the rest.
 Now that's his fault, were I as he, my *Boord*
 Should neuer entertaine that *Knight* or *Lord*

In way of feasting ; that allow'd not *me*
To be as merry and as blith as *he* ;
Or that through his disdain would thinke amisse,
To beare some iests of mine as I beare his ; (ting
For who but fooles would while their guest is bai-
Stand with bare heads like *Alehouse-keepers*, waiting
(As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
In their owne houses? while they dominering
Say what they list ; be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'l merry be :
At least let them be such as can abide,
To lay *Superiority* aside.
Moreouer (if thy haue the prouidence
To bid their *friends* & keep these *mar-feasts* thence)
They are too lauish and doe much deuize,
How they the *appetite* may best suffice.
But 'tis a signe their vnderstanding's weake,
And they haue small good matter for to speake ;
It shoues a shallow *pate* and muddy *braine*,
When men haue no discourse to entertaine
Their friends withall, but *whiffes of smoake or drinke*,
Or *curious fare* ; as if that they did thinke
They could not shew their honest loue, vnlesse
They did abound in gluttonous *excesse*,
But there be many *greedy-guts* indeed,
That will finde fault vnlesse their *cates* exceed.
Such *Socrates* shewes how to answer best,
Who hauing for his friends prepar'd a feast,
And hearing one to discommend his store
Tolde him directly, *friend*, there needs no more ;

For be they vertuous here's enoug h for such,
If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much.
A fitter answer we can neuer finde
For such nice gluttons; differing in mainde
From certaine deere and learned *friends* of mine,
Whom, when I late requested for to dine
Or sup with me one night; would not agree,
Vnlesse I drest that they appointed me:
I will say I, and not a bit beside,
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to prouide
One dish, no more, vve loue not him that crams,
And let our *second course* be *Epigrams*. (laughing,
Well, that they had with more good mirth and
Then those that had their dainties, & their quaffing.
Who can declare that *Vanitie* man shewes,
In hearing and reporting *idle newes*?
The foolish tales, and lies that he doth faine,
Are more then any numbers can containe.
And now I thinke on that same *lying euill*,
A mischief first inuented by the *Diuell*,
I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why,
Men should delight so in that *Vanitie*.
It is not onely vicious and base,
But also doth their credits quite deface.
And *truth* out of their mouths is mis-esteem'd
Because, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd.
I meane not any falshood to maintaine,
No though they be *officious*, or for *gaine*.
Yet worst like them, who their wits doe bend
To inuent tales vnto no other end,

But for to finde the company some talke, (walke
And cause they loue to heare their owne tongues
Some I haue knowne (iudge of their *Vanitie*)
They haue tolde tales to their owne infamy,
And yet vntrue; 'tis like they haue small care
Of others credits when they will not spare
To wrong *themselves*: Another crew belide
Among these *lyars* I haue also spide,
Who, as it may appeare, doe like so well
Strange newes, and matters past beleefe to tell,
That notwithstanding they doe surely know
It makes not onely modest eares to glow,
But that 'tis knowne they lie, yet still they dare
Gainst *Truth, their owne, & all mens knowledge* swear:
Yea, when they may as well, and speake as right.
Swear that each man is blind, & all Crowes white.
Oh too presumptuous and lewd offence,
Sprung from a brazen, *bellish* impudence!
Then there's a number too, that doe suppose,
All that beyond their *little reason* growes
Is surely false; And vainely doe vpholde
That all reports which *Trauelers* vnfolde
Of forraine lands, are lies, because they see
No such strange things in their owne *parish* be;
If that I may not terme such fellowes *vaine*,
I'll say th'are *dull* and of a shallow *braine*,
And him I count no wise man, that imparts
To men of such base misconceiuing hearts
Any rare matter, for their brutish wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.

For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
Ignorance onely is true wisdomes foe.

Then thou art vaine that wilt vouchsafe to spend
Thy breath, with witleffe *fooles* for to contend

In *weighty matters*; when it is well knowne

They'le like of no opinions but their owne:

Euer disabling what thou doest recite,

Yea notwithstanding it be ne're so right.

And be their owne case false, and all amisse,

They'le proue it true: How? Thus: *Because it is.*

So if there be no more *wise men* in place,

Thou bear'st the shame, & they'le haue al the grace.

And yet the mischief hath not there an end,

For tell me, you that euer did contend

With such; is not their wayward *disputation*

A meere confusion and a strong vexation?

I know 'tis so; for I my selfe haue tride it,

And since that time could neuer yet abide it;

But let those follow *Vanity* together

With *purblind ignorance*; and I'le send thither

To keepe them company, those that take pleasure

In tedious discourse; they be at leasure, (walke

And those that loue to heare their owne tongues

Or still seeke out occasion for to talke

Shall not stray from them: Yet I haue beheld

More *Vanities* which must not be conceal'd:

As foolish *wishes*: Many a *silly Ass*

Couers those things that cannot come to passe.

Another that in wishing is as heedlesse,

Desires some trifling bables which are needlesse.

Nay, I haue heard, without regard of shame
Such beastly *wishes* as I blush to name,
What damn'd infernall *curses* can each brother
In euery *angry fit* wish one another?
When such as these their iesting words theile make
A Poxe, a Pestilence, and a Murraine take yee. (ye
Which if the *Lord* should in his iustice send them,
Their owne *vaine wishes* would e're long time end
Some *free-borne* men I haue obserued too (them)
Who are thought wise, yet very vainly doe.
These, as if they lackt troubles of their owne
For other men are slaues and drudges growne.
I taxe not such as honestly haue stood
In the maintayning a poore neighbours good,
But rather those who are so out of measure
Giuen to be for other men at leasure:
That they can finde almost no time to bee
Employd about their owne commoditie.
Others there are, more knauish and as vaine,
Who seeming carefull of anothers gaine,
Intrude themselues into their actions; when
'Tis not for any good they wish the men,
But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,
In each mans *boat* they loue to haue an *oare*.
'Tis good men looke to their affaires; but yet,
I hold it for a *vaine* thing, and vnfit
They should be vexed with such extreame care
In following them as I perceiue they are:
For vnto me it seemes, the *greatest part*,
Take busines not in hand now, but in heart.

What

What meane our wealthy *Vsurars* to hoord
 More vp for *others* then they can affoord
 Vnto *themselves*? whereas they doe not know
 Whether it shall be for a friend or foe.
 Sure such me thinks should be deseruedly,
 Recorded for their sottish *Vanity*.
 Now as these too well, of the *world* doe deeme,
 So others make thereof too small esteeme:
 As of a thing whose vse were of no weight,
 But both are led away with *vaine conceit*.
 Then some mans care is, that when this life ends,
 Hedying, may be buried with his *friends*.
 As if he fear'd his *foes* had not forgotten
 To do him mischief though their bones were rotten
Others extreemely are distempered
 To thinke what men will doe when they be dead;
 And vainely sit, (More wit God one day send)
 Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
 For worthlesse matters some are wondrous sad,
 Whom if I call not vaine, I must tearme mad.
 If that their *noses* bleed some certaine drops,
 And then againe vpon the suddaine stops:
 Or if the babling fowle we call a *Jay*,
 A *Squirrel*, or a *Hare*, but crosse the way:
 Or if the *salt* fall toward them at table,
 Or any such like superstitious bable,
 Their mirth is spoild, because they hold it true
 That some mischance must there-vpon ensue.
 But I doe know no little numbers be
 Seduced with this foolish *Vanity*:

And

And questionlesse although I discommend it,
There wants not some that stoutly will defend it;
But all their prooffe is onely this I know;
By daily triall they doe finde it so.

Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,
To see if they will trust to *superstition*

More then to him, doth willingly supply
What they so look't for by their *Angury*.

Then some for to be deemed men of State,
Of nothing but the *Court-affaires* doe prate,

If they but come amongst vs *Country-men*,
Lord what *Magnificoes* they will be then.

Yea though they blow but the *Kings Organ-Bellows*,
We must suppose them *Earles* and *Barons* fellowes

Or else we wrong them: 'Twas my chance to light
In a friends house, where one of these that night

Tooke vp his lodging; At the first I deem'd him
A man of some great place, and so esteem'd him;

And he tooke me for some soft *Country gull*,
Thinking my wit (as tis indeed) but dull,

But I perceiu'd his pride, I must confesse,
And seem'd as if I had a great deale lesse.

I made him more fine *congees* by a score
Then ere he had at *Court* in's life before,

The *worship*, and the *honour* too I gaue him,
But from the charge of either I dare saue him.

Yet my high tearmes so pleas'd the *Courtiers* vaine,
That vp he rips me newes of *France* and *Spaine*,

Of *Germany*, of *Denmarke*, and of *Sweed*;
And he had *French* store, thereof I tooke heed,

Then

it;

mes,

ves

ght

t

m

;

ine,

hen

Then next he tels me all their life at Court,
Relates *St. Georges* shoves and *Christmas* sport,
With such like talke; which I in shew desir'd,
And (as if I had neuer seen't before) admir'd:
Which he perceiuing falls for to deuise
More *strange reports*, and tels me sundry lyes,
Which still I wondred at; and in his talke
I noted though his tongue did euer walke
He neuer spake of others then the best,
For *Earles*, and *Lords*, and *Ladies* were the least
I heard him mentioning; when sure the foole,
Is but some seruant to the *Groome o'th stools*.
But howsoeuer, for this once he passes,
To shew the *Nature* of his fellow-*Asses*:
I am affraid 'twill be to little end,
If I should words and pretious leasure spend
To tell our *Gallants*, what vaine friuolous
Discourse they haue, and how ridiculous
They are at *meetings*; I haue beene for *laughter*,
Often beholding to them a weeke after:
And trust me I'le not giue a *cue* so soone
To see an *Ape*, a *Monkey*, or *Baboone*
Play his forc't trickes; as I would giue a *tester*,
To come and view them and their apish gesture,
When they are either frolick in their *Cans*,
Or courting of their light-heel'd *Curtezans*:
They thinke themselues fine men, I know they do,
What will they giue me and I'le thinke so to;
And yet I shall not sure, doe what I can,
They haue so little in them that is man.

For

For my *few yeeres* hath noted many fruits
Produced in fine silkes and fatten sutes
Worth obseruation : I could recite,
Their braue behauour in their Mistres sight :
But sure thei'le nere endure't ; they cannot do't ;
Yet if I list now I could force them to't,
But I spare them ; they are beholding to me,
And may (perhaps) as great a fauour doe me :
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold
Nor keepe in all their *vanities* vtold :
At least one humorous tricke I must not misse,
Which lately I obseru'd ; and that was this :
Two *Lads*, of late, disposed to be merry,
Met at a Towne not farre from *Canterbury*. (stay,
Where though their busines scarce would let them
They'd frolicke out a night, and then away ;
So there they sup't and slept, where I let passe
To tell their mirth in what good fashion 'twas :
But (as I heard) the *Parish clocke* strucke one,
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done :
And then they went to bed, where I dare say
They'd more deuotion for to sleepe then pray.
Next morneth'one awaking suddenly vpstart,
And lightly gert out such a boystrous —
It wak't his *fellow* ; who surpriz'd with wonder,
Leapt vp amaz'd, and swore he heard it thunder :
And whether there was a storme or no, 'twas sed,
The *Chamber-pot* ore-flow'd and drown'd the bed.
Then hauing prai'd a *Curse* or two, th'one rises,
Yea, of his businesse with himselfe deuises,

And there-vpon like a *considerate man*,
 Swears he will thence with all the speed he can;
Come prethee rise (quoth he) *and let's be gone,*
Why goe (quoth th' other) *I will come anon.*
Zounds harke, I thinke the clock strikes eight, why when?
Oh soone enough to breake my fast by ten.
 Then *Chamberlaine* one calls aloud, *dost heare?*
Come bring vs vp a double Iugge of Beere.
 So either hauing drunke a good carouse,
 Downe come the Gallants to discharge the house;
 But taking leaue, oh what d'ye thinke they mist?
 Their *Hostesse* (pretty woman must be kist)
 Then vp she's cal'd, and in her night attire,
 Downe claps she on a stoole before the fire;
 Where hauing bid her welcome from her nest,
Come, say (quoth he) *what Wine is't you like best?*
Truely (quoth she) *I vse to drinke no wine,*
Yet your best morning's draught is Muscadine:
 With that the *Drauer's* cal'd to fill a quart,
 (Oh! 'tis a wholesome liquour next the hart,)
 And hauing drunk it, whilst their heads were steady
 They bad the *Hostler* make their *Horses* ready:
Nay (quoth the *Hostesse*) *what needs all this hast?*
Infaith you shall not goe till dinner's past;
I haue a dish prepared for the none's
A rich Potato Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Tea, and a bit, which, Gallants, I protest,
I will not part with vnto euery guest;
 With that the *Punies* laid aside their cloakes,
 The glasses walke, and the *Tobacco* smoakes,

Till dinner comes, with which whē they are fraught
To get on horse-backe by and by tis naught.
As having sup't 'tis good to walke a mile,
So after dinner men must sit a while.
But what? will they sit idle, 'twere a shame?
Reach them the Tables, they must play a game:
Yet set them by againe, for now I thinke
They know not when to leaue, thei'le rather drinke
A health or two, to some especiall friend,
And then ifaith they meane to make an end;
Then one calls *Drawer*, he cries *What d'ye lacke?*
Rogue bring vs up a Gallon more of Sacke, (more,
When that's turn'd vp, *Zounds* one will drinke no
But bids the Hostler bring his horse to dore:
The fellow might performe it without stay,
For why? they had beene bridl'd vp all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
On went their cloakes; but first of all their swords;
But stepping out of dore their *Hostesse* meetes them,
And with a full-fild boule demurely greetes them.
This was her pint, but thei'l giue her the tother,
Which drew the third down, and the third another;
Vntill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,
Their bodies scarce could sit vp right in h saddle.
Then for to settle their vnsteady braine,
They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe;
At which they suckt so long, they thought no more
Of the poore Iades, which they left ty'd at dore.
Till that the *Sunne* declin'd vnto the West, (best
Then starting vp th'one swore hee thought 'twere
That

That they went thence; and to his fellow said;
Come we shall be benighted I'me affraid,
What if we be (quoth tother) by this light,
I know the time when I haue rode all night.
By twelue a clocke I'll be at home I vow,
Yet Hostesse, by this kisse, I'll sup with you.
 And so they did, but after supper th'one
 Hastens the other that they may be gone;
Nay be aduised (quoth his copesmate) harke,
Let's stay all night for it growes pestlence darke.
I marry (quoth the Host) perswaded be,
There's many Murthers now I promise ye.
Ple bid my seruants to shut up the gate,
No guest shall goe out of my house so late.
No surely (quoth their Hostesse) by St. Anne,
You may be mischief, stay and make a man.
 Well, the'll be rul'd for once, but sweare the'll goe
 The following morning ere the Cock doe crow,
 Introth at farthest, ere the day giues light;
 Then hauing kist their Hostesse ouer-night,
 To bed againe these roysteriing yongsters went,
 Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
 But when the *Morne* her turne againe did take,
 And that it grew high time for them to wake:
 Then vp they busteld and began to lay
 The fault from one to t'other, of their stay.
For this (the first said) we may thanke your sloth,
(But I thinke therein they were guilty both)
Nay (quoth the other) might you haue your will
You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing still.

*Who I (quoth he) I weigh it not two chips,
I could not get you from my Hostesses lips.
You doe me wrong (said th' other) for I sweare,
I seldome toucht them, but you still hung there.
To beare the burthen he grew discontent,
And swore he would not drinke before he went.
But call'd, Our horses Ostler quickly, and our wands,
And for a Tapster water for our hands:
(Quoth t' other) youle be ruled I thinke?
Præthee let me intreat thee for to drinke,
Before thou wash; Our fathers that were wise,
Were wont to say, Tis wholesome for the eyes.
Well he will drinke, yet but a draught at most,
That must be spiced with a nut-browne toft.
But then 'twere good they had a bit beside,
For they considered they had farre to ride.
So he that would not drinke, a late for hast,
Is now content to stay and breake his fast.
Which e're 'twere ended, vp their Host was got,
And then the drunkard needs must haue his pot,
And so he had: but I commend my cozen,
The Cuckolds one Can, cost the fooles a dozen.
But then perceiuing they began to stay;
Quoth Guts; My bullies, harkeye, what d'ye say?
Can you this morning on a rasher feed?
Oh yes say they, that's Kingly meat indeed;
They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere,
Quickly drew downe a dozen more of beere;
Which being drunk, they had got out of Towne,
But that their Hostesse was now new come downe,*

With

With whom they spent ere they could get away
In kissing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And fve times as I heard they tooke the paine,
To get on horsebacke and come off againe,
But at the last iust as the clocke stroke two,
They were the sixt time hors't with much adoe :
But then, (as 'tis the *drunkards* vse) they sate
Tipling some houre and halfe at gate :
So that the night drew on a pace and then,
Thither came riding other Gentlemen, (showne
And meant to lodge there ; they had friendship
T'other were stale *Guests* and their mony flowne,
Their honest *Host* for all their large expence,
And former kindnesse, quickly got him thence :
Yea their sweet *hostesse* that so worthy deem'd them,
Slunk out of sight, as if she nought esteem'd them.
And as most will, except a very few,
She left her old *Guls* to enter league with new ;
Who at their parting thought for to haue kist her,
But were so drunken that they neuer mist her :
For there they quaff so long they did not know,
Which way, nor whether, nor yet when to goe.
That some suppose, yea and they thinke so still,
Their horses brought them thence against their wil.
For if so bee their beasts had wanted wit,
(To come themselues, the *fooles* had been t' ere yet
If you 'twas made by, read with discontent. (ment
You are to blame ; none knowes by whom 'twas
There is no cause you should dislike my *Rime*.
That learns you wit against another time.

When others are thus vaine, could you forbear it?
And note the follies in't, and not forswear it?
As kind's your *Hofteffe* seemes, yet this is plaine,
Sheel'e flout, and vse the next as well for gaine.
Now what doe you vnto these Gallants say,
Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?
It may be they will frowne at this, to see't,
And I am very sorry for't; but yet,
One *humour* more which I haue noted vaine,
For to be told of, they must not disdaine.
It may annoy them if they doe not mend it,
Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it,
'Tis this; they too much of their valour vaunt,
And so extreame for vaine glory haunt
That for to get themselues a valiant name,
Or peraduenture halfe an houres fame
They'le hazard life and limbe, yea soule and all,
Rather then in their brauery they'le let fall
That *vaine Repute*: Oh silly sencelesse men!
What will the breath of fame auaille you, when
You lye in dust and molded vp in clay?
Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day
In some poore *village* where your bodies lye,
To all the earth besides your fame shall die,
And it may be whereas you looke for glory,
You shall but serue for to make vp the story (you
Of haire-brain'd fools; & so, (howsoere some deem
Men that haue vnderstanding will esteeme you.
But yet there is a crew that much annoyes
The *Common-weale*, some call them *Roaring-Boyes*;
London

London doth harbour many at this time,
And now I thinke their *Order's* in the *Prime*
And flourishing estate. Diuers are proud
To be one of that *Brotherhood* allow'd;
And reason too, for why they are indeed
No common fellowes, but they all exceed,
They doe; but oh! Now wherein is it thinke ye?
In *villames*; for these be they will drinke ye
From morne till night, from night till morne again,
Emptying themselues like *Conduits*, and remaine
Ready for more still: Earth drinks not the showers
Faster then their infernall throat deuoures
Wine and strong liquors: These be they will sweare
As if they would the veile of heauen teare,
And compell *God* to heare their blasphemy:
These are the *Patrons* of all *villany*:
Whoores Champions, deceit and *trechery*
With the most loathsome vice of *lechery*
Is all their practise. *Thunder* when it roares,
Ioynd with the raging waues that beat the shoares,
Together with the winds most rude intrusion.
Make not a noyse more full of mad confusion,
Then do these hel-hounds where they vsf. to houe
Or make their most vnciuill *rendenouze*:
For a more Godlesse crew there cannot well
Be pickt out of the boundlesse pit of *hell*.
Yet these base fellowes (whose lewdnesse I confesse
I cannot finde words able to expresse)
Are great mens darlings. (As some vnderstand)
The absoluteft *Gallants* in this land,

And onely men of spirit of our time;
 But this opinion's but a vulgar crime;
 For they which vnderstanding haue, see plaine,
 That these and all their favorites are vaine.
 And sure 'twere good if such were forc't to giue
 A strict account by whom and how they liue.
 Thus haue I brought to light as wel's I can,
 Some of the *Vanities* I haue seene in man.
 But I doe feare in taking so much paine,
 I haue but showne my selfe to be most vaine;
 Because I haue spent time, and reprehended
 That which will ne're the sooner be amended;
 But yet there's hope it may, and therefore I
 Say thus much more; that this foule *Vanity*
 Consisteth not alone in *words* and *workes*,
 It hath tane roote within, and also lurkes
 About the heart; and if it there be sought,
 I know it also may be found in *thought*.
 And that it is makes one man lit and plot,
 What is by trafficke with *Virginea* got.
 VWhat it may cost to furnish him a fleet,
 That shall with all the *Spanish Navy* meete,
 Or how he may by Art or practise finde
 A nearer passage to the *Easterne Inde*.
 VWhen as perhaps (poore foule) besides his coate,
 He is not worth a *Portsmouth* passage boate,
 Nor neuer meanes to trauell so much *sea*,
 As from *High-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.
 Another wood-cocke is as fondly vaine,
 ' to no purpose doth molest his braine,

To studie, if he were a *Nobleman*,
VVhat kinde of carriage would besit him than :
How, and in what set words he would complaine
Of the Abuses that he now sees raigne :
VVhere he would make his place of Residence,
How he would keepe his house with Prouidence,
And yet what plenty daily at his doe
Should be distributed vnto the poore.
VVhat certaine *Sheepe*, and *Oxen* should be slaine,
And what prouision weekly to maintaine
His *Lordly* port ; How many *seruing-men*
He meant to keepe, and peraduenture then
What pleasure he will haue ; as hawks and hounds ;
VVhat game he will preferue about his grounds :
Or else he falls to cast what profits cleare,
His gifts and bribes will come to in a yeare :
How hee'le put off his hat, cause people than
Shall say he is a *coureous Noble-man*.

Then vpon this againe he falls to plot,
How when that he the people loue had got,
If that the King and all his kindred dye,
And if none may be found for to supply
That *Regall* office, the respect they beare him,
Vnto that *Princely dignity* my reare him :
Then doe his thoughts, on that estate so feed,
That he forgets qu re what he is indeed.

And if a man could hit so iust a time
To come vpon him when his thought's in *Prime*,
And giue him vnawares a sodaine knocke,
Conceit his vnderstanding so would locke,

Lib.2. *INCONSTANCY.* Satyr.2.

That I suppose because it stands with reason,
He would goe neere hand for to call out *Treason* :
For oftentimes mens harts are so annoid (imploid,
VVith those vaine thoughts whereon they are
That for a time they so forgetfull grow,
Nor what they are, nor where, they doe not know:
But now since you may see there doth remaine,
Nothing in man but in some sort is *vaine* ;
And since I must be driuen to confesse,
His *vanities* are great and number-lesse,
Ile goe no farther in this large *Sarney*,
For feare Discourse should carry me away ;
And peraduenture so I may become
Lesse pleasing, and more tedious to some ;
VVhich to auoyd, though I no End espie,
Yet heare I end to treat of *Vanity*.

OF INCONSTANCY.

SATYR. 2.

YEt there's another property in men
That meanes to set my *Muse* to worke agen;
Inconstancy : and that no other is,
(Vnlesse I vnderstand the same amisse,)

But an unsetled humour of the minde,
Which so unstable is it cannot finde,
By any study, that Opinion
Of which it dares to be resolu'd on,
'Tis meere Irresolution and Estranging
From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing.
But since this vice I meane for to detect,
Women I know will earnestly expect
To be sore raild on ; but ile gently vse them,
Because I see their consciences accuse them,
And notwithstanding they deserue much blame.
Yet ile not taxe them by their proper name;
So they will thinke I also meane them, when
I vse no more, but this bare name of Men :
And though their faults I seeme not to vpbraid,
Cause nothing of them is directly said,
Yet they I hope will nere the more disdain
To be thought fickle, proud, and weake and vaine,
But now for men ; whereas I did complaine
He both in Deed and Word, and Thought was vaine:
So I in this (I see) the like may doo,
*Since he in all these is *inconstant* too.*
And first it is a wonder for to see
His actions, how mutable they be ;
He labours now, and's altogether set
*Vpon the *World*, how he much wealth may get;*
Vpon a sodaine, then he thinkes to mend it,
Hee's in a humour then he meanes to spend it:
*Sometime he is consenting with the *Duell*,*
And ready to doe any act that's euill.

Lib.2. *INCONSTANCY.* Satyr.2.

The which, perhaps, repenting, some diuine
 Or heavenly matter doth his thoughts refine.
 So that he is resolu'd to spend that day,
 In reading what *Gods* holy Prophets say;
 VWhich in his minde it may be worketh so,
 He leaues it, and will to a *Sermon* goe;
 VWhere by the way a Bill he doth espie,
 VWhich shewes there's acted some new *Comedie*.
 Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
 There's nothing that shall hinder his intent,
 But ere he to the *Theater* can come,
 He heares perhaps the sounding of a *Drum*:
 Thereat he leaues both *Stage-play* and *Denotion*,
 And will forsooth goe see some idle motion;
 Ere he gets in his rouling wandring eyes,
 Beholds some *Fencer* prest to play his prize.
 Faith then there is no remedy hee'll see't;
 But e're he can get halfe-way o're the street
 Some very neere acquaintance doth salute him,
 VWho for a miser would perhaps repute him
 Vnlesse he kindly offer to bestow
 The *Wine* or *Beere* at least, before he goe?
 VVell then he will; but while they doe deuise,
 VWhat wine to haue, perhaps they heare the cries
 And howling which the eager *Mastiffes* make,
 VWhen they behold a *Bull* or *Beare* at stake.
 Oh, on a sodaine then they will be gone,
 They'll see that first and come and drinke anon,
 But iust as he out of the *Tauerne* peepes,
 Some gallant *Lasse* along before him sweepes:
 VVhose

Whose youthfull brow adorn'd with beaury trim
 And *lonely making* doth so ravisht him,
 As if that he were bound for to attend,
 He leaues Play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, & Friend.
 By which we see his minde doth alwayes varie,
 And seldome constant on one Subiect tarie.
 But still that thing with most desire is sought,
 Which happens for to be the last in *thought*.
 One while he likes best of the *Country sport*,
 Anon preferres the pleasure of the *Court*.
 Another while his minde is all in *Spaine*,
 Then beyond *Nilus*, and straight here againe.
 Now he thinks highly of a *single life*,
 And hateth *Marriage*, as full of strife:
 And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,
 He's glad to make a *Ioynture* of his land,
 And woo with much intreaty to obtaine
 A *wife*, which he did but of late disdaine.
 One while he zealously professeth *Christ*,
 But shortly he becomes an *Atheist*.
 In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
 Among the cursed Pagans can implore
 A *Carued stone*; In *Rome* he hath profest
 The worship of that *Antichristian Beast*;
 And yet in *England* here with vs he grants
 No sound *Religion* but the *Protestants*,
 And not alone according to the place,
 Can these *Camelions* alter thus their case;
 But for a shift themselues they doe apply,
 To answer both the *Time* and *Company*.

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

Gallants shall finde them *formall*, young men *wilde*,
Plaine men shall thinke them *simple*, old men *milde*.
And for the time with *Edward* they will be,
(He warrant) *Protestants*, as well as he.

And when his Sister *Mary* comes to Raigne,
They can be *Papists* easily againe.

Nay I doe feare me, though we haue had teaching,
And almost threescore yeares the *Gospels* preaching
Vnconstant mankinde is so prone to ill,

(And to be changing hath so good a will)

Too many both of old men and of youth
Might soone be drawne for to forsake the Truth,
Let vs but note, and t'will be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be.

Sometime the same we doe with *Trophees* raise,
That we did but a while before dispraise:

Nor can we alway in one passion keepe,
But often for one thing *reioyce* and *weepe*.

Is't not a signe of humane ficklenesse,
And a true note of our vnsetlednesse,

When not alone some one, or two, or few,
But a great number, a selected Crew,

Pickt out of all estates, and they the wisest,
The vnderstandingst, yea, and the precisest

Of a whole Empire, and when theſe (I say)
Haue argu'd *pro & con*, from day to day,

From weeke to weeke to haue (perhaps) enacted
One *Law* or *Statute*, yet when all's compacted,

And euery thing seemes clearly done and ended
Then to haue something in't to be amended?

Yea

Yea and when this is done, and the *Records*
Fram'd in their plain'st and most effectuall words,
T'expresse their meaning, and they think it plaine:
Yet at next reading 'tis dislik'd againe.

This yeare they make a Law, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the text;
Either by taking from, or adding to,
And so they haue an endlesse worke to do.
But some may tell me that thus stands the case,
They must haue both respect to *Time* and *Place*,
And that no *Law* deuise'd by humane wit,
Can be for euery place and season fit:

All which I yeeld for truth indeed; but then,
We must confesse't a misery in men,
That he (*Camelion-like*) must haue a mind,
With euery object vnto change inclin'd.

I might speake of the ficklenesse I see
In mens *Externall fortunes* for to be:

For this day he hath friends, to morrow none,
Now he hath wealth, and in an houre 'tis gone;
Some in their youth there be haue all things store,
And yet doe often liue till they are poore.

Againe, there's some in youth at beggers States;
Become in age for to be Potentates.

Some are of Kings made slaues, and Kings againe,
Whilst other with the contrary complaine,

For poore *Eumenes* of a Potters sonne,
By fickle *fortunes* helpe, a Kingdome wonne;
But for him such a dyet did prouide,
That shortly after he of hunger dy'd.

Lib.2. **INCONSTANCY** - Satyr.2.

I many such examples might inferre,
 But that would wast moretime and make me erre
 From my intent, who purpose to relate,
 The sickienesse of man, not his estate.
 Moreouer, he's a Creature knowes not how,
 To doe an act which he shall long allow,
 Or thinke of well himselfe; he cannot tell,
 What he would haue, nor what he would not, well.
 For peraduenture he is now content,
 To doe what he will in an houre repent:
 He does, and vndoes what he did before,
 Is discontented, and with no man more
 Then with himselfe; In word he's fickle to,
 For he will promise what he'll neuer do.
 If that he tels me he will be in *Pauls*,
 I'll goe looke for him in the *Temple-Hals*,
 For soonest to that place resort doth he,
 Whereas he saies or sweares he will not be.
 Oh! had there beene in words a constant trust,
 I needed not to haue done as now I must;
 I should haue had no cause to haue bewail'd
 That which I once thought wold haue neuer fail'd:
 But since 'tis thus, at nothing more I greeue,
 Then that *unconstant words* made me beleue.
 Were promises worth trust, what needed than,
 Such written contracts betweene *Man* and *Man*?
 And wherefore should they make so much ado,
 To haue both *hands and seales* to witnesse too?
 Vnlesse it be for proofes to make it plain,
 Their words are both *inconstant, false, and vaine.*

To morrow he will earnestly gaine-say,
 What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day :
 Yea truly he's so wauering and vniust,
 That scarce a word of his deserueth trust.
 But as a creature of all good forlorne, (sworne
 Sweares what's deni'd and straight denies what's
 That I suppose, in troth and doe not mock,
 He's fit for nothing but a *Weather-cock*.
 Then that same thought that's likeliest to remaine,
 Another that's vnlike puts't out againe.
 For *Appetite*, not reason, guides him still,
 Which makes him so inconstant in his *Will*.
 Had he a sute at first but made of *leather*,
 And cloathes enough to keepe away the weather
 'Twere all his wish ; well so let vs grant,
 And ten to one he something else will want.
 But sweares that he for more would neuer care,
 Then to be able to haue cloath to weare ;
 Which if he get, then would he very faine,
 Reach to haue *silkes*, for cloath he saith is plaine ;
 And so his wishes seldome would haue stay,
 Vntill that he hath wisht for all he may.
 But though from this infirmity there's no man
 That I can well except, it is so common ;
 Yet surely I most properly may call't
 Or team't to be the common peoples fault :
 Thinke not I wrong them, for if it may not be
 A fault for to digresse, you soone should see
 Their nature and condition ; for I hate it :
 And now I thinke vpon't I will relate it.

Tax me who list (I care not) here Ile breake
 My course a while; I may not chuse but speake;
 Something, I say my *Muse* of them must tell,
 She cannot beare it any farther well.
 And yet expect not all, for I'll but shew
 Of many-hundred-thousand-faults, a few.
 And to be brieft: *The vulgar are a rude*
A strange-inconstant-hare-brain'd-multitude:
Borne too and fro with every idle passion,
Or by opinion led beside all fashion,
They still desire newes, and to a song,
Or a bald Tale they'll listen all day long.
Scone weary of a good thing; and they try
To all reports how they may adde a lye;
Like that of Scoggins Crowes: and with them still,
Custom hath borne most sway and ever will:
And good or bad, what their fore-fathers did,
They'll put in practise to (else God forbid.)
They are seditious and much given to range
In their opinions, and desiring change,
For if their Country be tirmoyl'd with warre,
They thinke that peace is more commodious farre,
If they be quiet they would very faine
Begin to set the warres abroad againe;
I well remember when an Irish presse,
Had made a Parish but a man the lesse,
Lord what a hurly burly there was than!
These warres (say they) hath cost vs many a man,
The Countrey is impoverish'd by't and we
Rob'd of our Husbands and our Children be;

ake;
1,

still,

With many lamentations: But now peace
 Hath made Bellonaes anger for to cease,
 Their euer discontented natures grutch,
 And thinke this happy peace we haue too much,
 Yea and their wisedomes beare vs now in hand,
 That it is warres that doth enrich the Land:
 But what are these? not men of any merit,
 That speake it from a bold and daring spirit,
 But lightly some faine-hearted brauing momes,
 That rather had be hang'd at their owne homes:
 Then for their Countries welfare for to stay,
 The brunt of one piteht battell but a day;
 Or such as would distract with feare become,
 To heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.
 They cannot keepe a meane (a naughty crime)
 Nor neuer are contented with the time.
 But better like the state they haue beene in,
 Although the present hath the better bin;
 E'ne as the Iewes, that loathing Manna, fine
 Would be in Egypt at their flesh againe,
 Though they were there in bondage; so doe these
 Wish for the world as in Queene Maries dayes;
 Wish all the blindnesse and the trumperie,
 That was expeld the Land with Poperie;
 Why? things were cheape, and 'twas a goodly meny
 When we had foure and twenty eggs a penny.
 But sure they ate them stale for want of wit,
 And that hath made them adle-headed yet.
 Then this (moreouer) I haue in them scene,
 They alwayes to the good haue enuious beene,

With

Milde

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

A Wilde men they reckon foolcs, and doe uphold
 Him to be valiant that is ouer-bold:
 When he with wise-men is and euer was
 Counted no better then a desperate Alle.
 He that doth trust vnto their loue, shall finde
 Tis more vncoustant then the wauering winde,
 Which since my time a man that many knew
 Relying on it, at his death found true.
 Then they haue oft vntankefully withstood
 Those that haue laboured for the common-good,
 And being basely minded euermore,
 Seeke lesse the publick then the priuate store.
 More ouer such a Prince as yet was neuer,
 Of whom the people could speake well of euer.
 Nor can a man a Gouvernement inuent them
 How good soeuer that shall long content them.
 Their honesty as I doe plainly finde
 Is not the disposition of their minde:
 But they are forc't vnto the same through feare,
 As in those villaines it may well appeare,
 Who haueing found some vile vngodly cause,
 If there be any meanes to wrest the Lawes,
 By trickes or shifts to make the matter goe
 As they would haue it, all is well enow:
 Although the wrong and iniurie they proffer,
 Be to app. want for a lew to offer.
 They know not iustice; and oft causelesse hate,
 Or wheret hey should not are compassionate,
 As at an execution I haue seene,
 Where Mal efactors haue rewarded beene,

According to desert ; before they know,
If he accused, guilty be or no,
They on report, this hasty censure gine ;
He is a villaine and unfit to line :
But when he is once arraign'd and found
Guilty by Law ; and heavily led bound
Unto the Scaffold, then they doe relent,
And pittie his deserved punishment.
 Those that will now braue gallant men be deem'd,
 And with the *Common* people be esteem'd,
 Let them turne *back-sters* ; as they walke the street,
 Quarrell, and fight with euey one they meet ;
 Learne a *welsh* Song to scoffe the *Brutish* blond,
 Or breake a *iest* on *Scotsmen*, that's as good ; (them
 Or if they would that *fooles* should much admire
 They should be *Ing glers* if I might desire them :
 But if they want such feates for to be glorious
 Make *Ballets* and they shall become *notorious*.
 Yet this is nothing : if they looke for fame,
 And meane to haue an euerlasting name
 Amongst the *Vulgar*, let them seeke for gaine
 With *Ward* the *Pirat* on the boisterous *Maine*,
 Or else well mounted keepe themselves on land,
 And bid our wealthy trauellers to stand,
 Emptying their full cram'd bags ; for that's a tricke
 Which sometimes wan renoune to cutting *Dicke*.
 But some may tell me, though that such,
 It doth not goe against their conscience much :
 And though there's boldnes showne in such a case,
 Yet to be Tost at Tyburn's a disgrace,

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

No, 'tis their credit, for the people then
 Will say, 'tis pittie, *they were proper men.*
 With many such like humors base and naught,
 I doe perceiue the common people fraught:
 Then by th'opinion of some it seemes,
 How much the *Vulgar* sort of men esteemes
 Of *Art* or *learning*: Certaine *neighbouring swaines*,
 (That thinke none wise-men but whose *wisedome*
 Where *knowledge*, be it morall or diuine, (gaines
 Is valued as an *Orient-pearle* with swine)
 Meeting me in an euening in my walke,
 Being gone past me, thus began their talke.
 First, an old *(huff*, whose rooffe I dare be bolde,
 Hath bacon hang's in't aboue fīue yeares olde;
 Said; *That's his senné that's owner of the grounds*
That on this pleasant beechy A'ountaines bounds;
D'ye marke me neighbors? This same yong mans vather
(Had a bin my sonne chad a hand him rather)
Assoone as he perzeau'd the little voole
Could creepe about the house putten to schoole,
Whither he went not now and then a spurt,
As't had beene good to keepe him from the durt;
Nor yet at leasure times, (that's my zomes stint)
Vor then indeed there had beene reason in't,
But vor continuance and beyond all zesse
A held him too't sixe dayes a weeke, no lesse,
That by S. Anne it was a great presumption
It brought him not his end with a Consumption:
And then besides he was not so content,
To putten there whereas our children went:

To learne the Horne-booke, and the Abcee through,
 No that he thought not learning halfe enough,
 But he must seeke the Country all about,
 Where hee might finde a better Teacher out.
 And then he buyes him (now a pips befall it)
 A vlapping Booke, I know not what they call it,
 Tis Latine all, thus it begins: In speech,
 And that's in English, Boy, beware your breech;
 One day my Dicke a lease out with him brought,
 Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught,
 And to his Mother and my selfe did read it,
 But we indeede did so extreamely dread it,
 We gaue him charge no more thereon to looke,
 Vor weare it had beene of a coniuring Booke;
 If that you thinke I iest goe aske my wife,
 If ere she heard such gibbrish in her life.
 But when he yong had cond the same by heart,
 And of a meny moe the better part:
 He went to Oxford, where he did remaine
 Some certaine yeeres, whence hee's returnd againe:
 Now who can tell (it in my stomack stickes)
 And I doe weare he has some Oxford trickes.
 But if it be so: would he had nere come hether,
 Vor we shall still be sure of blustering weather.
 To what end comes his paines and vathers cost?
 Th'ones charges, and the tothers labour lost;
 I warrant he so long a learning went,
 That he almost a brothers portion spent,
 And now it nought anaales him: by this holly,
 I binke all learning in the world a folly,

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2

*And them I take to be the veriest vooles,
That all their life time doe frequent the schooles,
Goe aske him now, and see if all his wits
Can tell you when a barly season hits;
When Meddowes must be left to spring, when mowne,
When Wheate, or tares, or rye, or pease be sowne.
He knowes it not, nor when 'tis meet to fold,
How to manure the ground that's wet or cold :
What Lands are fit for Pasture, what for Corne,
Or how to hearten what is ouer-worne.
Nay; he scarce knowes a Gelding from a Mare,
A Barrow from a Sow, nor takes he care
Of such like things as these; he knowes not whether
There be a difference twixt the Ewe and Weather,
Can he resolve you? (No nor many more)
If Cowes doe want their upper teeth before;
Nay I durst pawne a groat he cannot tell,
How many legges a Sheepe hath very well.
Is't not a wise man thinke yee? By the Masse,
Cham glad at heart my Zonnes not such an Ass,
Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almost as any of vs heare.
And neighbours: yet I'le tell you more; my Dicke,
Hath very pretty skill in Arsemetricke.
Can cast accounts, writes his name, & Dunces daughter
Taught him to spell the hardest words it h zauter.
And yet the Boy Ile warrant yee knowes how,
As well as you or I, to hold the Plow,
And this I noted in the vrchen euer,
Bid him to take a Booke he had as lether,*

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY Satyr.2.

*All day haue drawne a Harrow; truth is so,
 I li't it well although I made no shew;
 Vor to my comfort I did plainly see,
 That he hereafter would not bookish be,
 Then when that hauing nought at home to doe,
 I sometime forct him to the schoole to goe,
 You would haue greend in heart to heare him whine,
 And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,
 I yet remember; and what tricks the Mome,
 Would haue inuented for to stay at home
 You would haue wondred: But 'tis such another,
 A has a wit in all the world likes Mother;
 Yet once a month, although it greenes vs than,
 Hele looke you in a booke doe what we can;
 That Mother, Sister, Brother, all we foure,
 Can scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre,
 But oft I thinke he does it more of spight,
 To anger vs then any true delight:
 Vor why? his Mother thinkes as others doe,
 And I am halfe of that opinion too,
 Although a little learning be not bad,
 Those that are bookish are the soonest mad.
 And therefore since much wit makes vooles of many,
 Chil take an order mine shall ne're haue any.
 Byr Lady you'r the wiser (quoth the rest)
 The course you take in our conceit's the best,
 Your Zonne may liue in any place it h land,
 By his industrious and laborious hand,
 Whilst he (but that his parents are his stay)
 Hath not the meane, to keepe himselfe a day,*

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

His study to our sight no pleasure giues,
 Nor meanes, nor profit, and thereby he liues
 So little thing the better, none needs doubt it,
 He might haue beene a happier man without it.
 For though he now can speake a little better,
 It is not words you know will free the debter.
 Thus some whose speeches shew well what they be,
 For want of matter fell to talke of me:
 Of whom, though somthing they haue said be true
 Yet since instead of giuing *Art* her due,
 They haue disgrast it; Notwithstanding I
 Haue not the knowledge that these *Dolts* enuy,
 Or can so much without incurring blame,
 As take vnto my selfe a *Schollers* name;
 Yet now my reputation for to saue,
 Since I must make account of that I haue,
 Ile let you know though they so lightly deeme it,
 What gaine's in *knowledge*, and how I esteeme it;
 As often as I call to minde the Blisse,
 That in my little *Knowledge* heaped is;
 The many comforts, of all which the least
 More ioyes my heart then can be well exprest.
 How happy then thinke I are thy whose soules
 More *Wisedome* by a thousand parts inrowles;
 Whose vnderstanding-hearts are so diuine
 They can perceiue a *million* more then mine?
 Such haue content indeed: And who that's *man*
 And should know reason is so sencelesse than
 To spurne at *Knowledge*, *Art*, or *Learning*; when
 That onely shewes they are the race of *men*?

And

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY Satyr.2.

And what may I then of those *Peasants* deeme,
The which of vvisdome make so small esteeme,
But that indeed such *blockish sencelesse logs*,
Sprang from those *clownes Latona* turn'd to *frogs*?
Alas, suppose they nothing can be got
By precious stones, cause *swine* esteeme them not?
Or doe they thinke, because they cannot vse it,
That those which may haue *Knowledge* will refuse
Well, if their shallow *coxcombs* can containe (it?
A reason when it's told them I'll explaine
How that same little *Knowledge* I haue got,
Much pleasures me, though they perceiue it not:
For first thereby (though none can here attaine
For to renew their first estate againe)
Apart reuiues (although it be but small)
Of that I lost by my first *Fathers* fall,
And makes me *Man*, which was before (at least)
As haplesse, if not more, then is the *beast*,
That reason wants; for his condition still,
Remaines according to his *Makers* vwill.
They neuer dreame of that, and then by this,
I finde vvhath *godly*, and vvhath *euill* is;
That knowing both, I may the best ensue,
And, as I ought, the worser part eschew;
Then I haue learn't to count that drosse but vaine,
For vvhich such *Bores* consume themselves vwith
I can endure discontentments, crosses, (paine:
Be *louiall* in vvant, and smile at losses :
Keepe vnder *Passions*, stop those insurrections
Rais'd in my *Microcosmus* by affections :

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

Be nothing grieved for *adversitie*,
 Nor nere the prouder for *prosperitie*.
 How to respect my friend I partly know,
 And in like manner how to vse my *foe*.
 I can see others lay their *soules* to pawne,
 Looke vpon *Great-men*, and yet scorne to fawne:
 Am still content, and dare whilst God giues grace,
 E'ne looke my grimme *fortunes* in the face.
 I feare mens *censures* as the char-coale sparks,
 Or as I doe a toothlesse *dog* that barks;
 Th'one frights children, th'other threats to burne,
 But sparks will die, and brawling curs returne.
 Yea I haue learn't that still my care shall be,
Ass for him, that cares a *straw* for me. (sures?
 Now what would men haue more? are these no plea-
 Or doe they not deserue the name of treasures?
 Sure yes; and he that hath good *learning* store,
 Shall finde these in't, besides a thousand more.
 O! but our *Chuffs* think these delights but course,
 If we compare them to their *Hobby-horse*:
 And they belecue not any pleasure can
 Make them so merry as *Maid-marrion*.
 Nor is the *Lawyer* prouder of his fee,
 Then these will of a *Cuckoo Lordship* bee:
 Though their sweet *Ladies* make them father that
 Some other at their *Whitson ales* begat;
 But he whose carriage is of so good note
 To be thought worthy of their *Lords* *fooles* coat.
 That's a great credit, for because that he
 Is euer thought the wisest man to be.

But

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

But as there's vertue where the *Diuels* preciseſt,
 So ther's much knowledge where a *fool's* the wiſeſt.
 But what meane I? let earth content theſe moles,
 And their high'ſt pleaſure be their *Summer-poles*,
 About the which I leaue them for to dance,
 And much good do't them with their *ignorance*.
 So this I hope will ſerue for to declare,
 How rude theſe *vulgar* ſort of people are.
 But here-vpon there's ſome may queſtion make,
 Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take
 Such men as theſe; To whom I anſwere, no,
 For let them hereby vnderſtand and know,
 I doe not meane theſe meaner ſort alone,
Trades-men or *Labourers*; but euery one,
 Be he *Eſquire*, *Knight*, *Baron*, *Earle*, or more,
 Yet if he haue not learn'd of *Vertues* lore,
 But followes *vulgar* Paſſions then e'ne he,
 Amongſt the *vulgar* ſhall for one man be. (him,
 And the poore Groome, that he thinks ſhould adore
 Shall for his *Vertue* be preferd before him.
 For though the world doth ſuch men much deſpiſe,
 They ſeeme moſt noble in a wiſe-mans eyes.
 And notwithstanding ſome doe nobleſt deeme
 Such as are ſprung of great and high eſteeme,
 And thoſe to whom the Country doth afford
 The title of a *Marquis* or a *Lord*,
 Though 'twere atchieued by their Fathers merits,
 And themſelues men but of dunghill ſpirits;
Cowards or *fooles*; (And ſuch as euer be
 Prating or boaiſting of their *Pedigree*).

When

Lib.2. INCONSTANT. Satyr.2.

When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
Vnto the noble house from whence they came.
Yet these (I say) vnlesse that they haue wit,
To guide the *Common-wealth*, as it is fit
They should ; And as their good fore-fathers did,
How ere their faults may seeme by Greatnesse hid,
They shall appeare ; And the poore *Yeomans* sonne,
Whose proper vertue hath true honour wonne,
Be plac't aboute him : But *Nobilitie*
That comes by birth hath most antiquitie
Some thinke ; and tother (if at all
They yeeld as noble) they an vpstart call,
But I say rather no, his *Noblenesse*
That's rais'd by *Vertue* hath most *worthinesse*
And is most ancient ; for it is the same,
By which all Great men first obtain'd their *Fame* ;
So then I hope'twill not offend the *Court*,
That I count some there with the *Vulgar sort*,
And outset others ; yet some thinke me bold,
Because there's few that these opinions hold.
But shall I care what others thinke or say ?
There is a path besides the beaten way ;
Yea and a safer, for here's *Christs Instruction*,
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
And truely no opinions deceiue
Sooner then those the *Vulgar sort* receiue,
And therefore he that would indeed be wise,
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
And shun their presence ; for we haue bin taught,
Diseases in a presse are quickly caught.

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2.

Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,
 And spare to scourge the *Vulgar* with thy rime,
 If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,
 They may passe ouer this, and doe no wrong.
 But in my former matter to proceed;
 Who (being mans Race) is so much freed
 From ficklenesse, that he is sure to finde
 Himselfe to morrow in that very minde
 He's in to day? though he not onely know
 No reason wherefore he should not be so,
 But also though he plainly doe perceiue
 Much cause he should not that opinion leaue:
 May no man doe it? who then iustly can
 Be forced to relye, or trust in *Man*,
 Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
 That by himselfe, *himselfe* deceiued is?
 Who is so sottish as to build Saluation
 On such a feeble tottering foundation
 As *Man*? who is't that hauing a respect
 To his soules safety, will so much neglect
 That precious assurance, as to lay
 His confidence on that false peece of clay
 Which being fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
 Then letters written in the *sand*, or *dust*?
 Doe they not see those they haue soundest deem'd,
 And for their constants *writers* still esteem'd,
 All wauering in assertions? yea but looke
 And you shall finde in one and the same booke
 Such contradiction in *Opinion*,
 As shewes their thoughts are scarce at *Union*.

Where

Lib. 2. **INCONSTANCY.** Satyr. 2.

Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwayes in his sayings resolute ?
There's none ; I by my *owne* experience speake,
I haue a feeling that we men are *weake*,
Whereon much musing, makes me inly mourne,
And grieue at heart, that I a man was borne.
(Yet here-vpon I doe desire that no man,
Would gather that I long to be a woman,)
Alas ! how often had I good Intendments ments
And with my whole heart vow'd and sworn amend-
Yea purpos'd that, wherein I once thought neuer
Vnconstancie should let me to perseuer ?
And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
I am oft alter'd ere my selfe knowes how :
But therefore since it is not I alone,
Or any certaine number that is knowne,
To be vn-stable ; but e'ne all that be ;
Since none I say) is from this frailty free,
Let vs confesse it all, and all implore
Our *uere repenting God*, that *euermore*
Remaines the same, we may be (as we ought)
More certaine both in *word*, and *deede*, and *thought* :
That he will keepe vs from *Inconstancie*,
Yea from all damned, lewd *Apostasie* ;
But howsoeuer our affections change
And we in slight opinions hap to range ;
Yet, pray his *Truth* in vs be so ingraued,
Continuing to the end we may be saued.

OF VVEAKNES.

SATYR.3.

BVt oh looke here ; for I haue surely found
 The *maine* chieferoot, the very spring & ground
 Of our *Inconstancie*. It is not *chance*
 That so dis-ables our perseuerance :
 But a base *Weaknesse*, which to terme aright,
Is meerely a priuation of that might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which should be in those limbs and minds of our :
 We boast of strength ; but tell me, can our daies
 Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules* ?
 Can all the world, (and that is large enough)
 A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* shew ?
 Haue we a Champion strong enough to weild
 This Buckler ? or Sir *Aiax* seauen-fold-Shield ?
 I thinke we haue not : (but I durst so grant,
 There be some liuing shall with *Aiax* vaunt.)
 Nay, now in these daies it is doubted much,
 Whether that any former age had such
 As these fore-named ; but indeed our faith
 Binds vs to credit, that as *Scripture* saith
 There was a *Sampson*, who could fright whole hosts,
 And rent downe *Azaths* barred gates and posts,
 Whose mighty Arms vnarm'd could bring to passe,
 E'ne with the rotten *iaw-bone* of an Ase,

A thousands ruine; and yet 'twill be long
Ere he shall thereby proue that *Man* is strong.
For first, the strength he seem'd to haue, was known
To be the *Spiru of God*, and not his owne:
And then his proper weaknesse did appeare,
When after his braue act he had wel-neare
Beene dead for thirst; whereas if he in spight
Of *Nature* had beene able by his might
Out of this little *Stony-rocke* to wring,
To quench his present thirst, some flowing Spring,
As did a *Stronger one*: or if his power
Could haue compell'd the melting *clouds* to shower
For present need, such plenteous drops of raine,
He might haue had no cause for to complaine,
Or craue more aide. Sure then we might at length,
Be brought for to belecue that *Men* had strength;
But ne're till then. He's mighty that can make
The *Heauens*, *Earth*, and *Hell* with's breath to shake:
That in his spheare the *Suns* swift course can stop,
And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.
He that with ease this *massie globe* can rowle,
And wrap vp *Heauen* like a parchment scrowle;
He that for no *disease* or *paine* will droope,
Nor vnto any plague *infernall* stoope:
He that can *meat*, and *drinke*, and *sleepe* refraine,
Or hath the power to *dye*, and *rise* againe,
He's *strong* indeed; but he that can but teare
Or rent in two a *Lyon*, or a *Beare*,
Or doe some such like act, and then goe lye
Himselfe ore-come by some *infirmite*,

How ere with vants he seemes his deeds to grace,
He is both *miserable, weake, and base.*

What *Creature* is there borne so weake as *Man*,
And so vn-able? tell me, he that can.

Or if that they could number'd be by any,
Count his diseases and what hath so many?

Or else what creature is there if he be

In bone and flesh of the same quantity

So fraile as *man*? or that can worse sustaine

Hunger, or thirst, or cold, or heat, or paine?

Sure none; and yet in Histories we finde,

Till *Luxurie* had weakened thus mankind,

They were much stronger; could endure the *heat*,

Travell a long time without *drinke* or *meat*,

And their best *dainty* was no costlier thing

Then a *wild-root*, or water from the *Spring*.

With which small Commons *Nature* was content;

Yea in our Climate, people naked went;

And yet no question felt as little cold,

As *we*, wrapt vp in halfe a dozen fold.

They had no wall-coats, night-caps for their heads,

Nor downy pillowes, nor soft feather-beds,

They *scorn'd* as much to haue such things about

As *we* in this age *scorne* to be without them. (them,

Their heads some stone bare vp: their brawny sides,

With ease the hardnesse of the earth abides.

Gluttonous fare that so the pallat pleases,

Nere filld their bodies full of foule diseases:

Nor any pleasing liquors with excess,

Made them grow weak through *beastly drunkennesse*.

No

No lust-prouoking meates made them vnchaste,
Nor vnto *carnall copulation* haste.

For I am in the minde they ne're requir'd it,
Till *Nature*, come to her full strength, desir'd it:
And that it is alone which made them be
More stout, more strong, and brauer men then we.
It was a noble care, in them indeed: but how
Are we become such *Dwarfes* and *Pigmies* now?
How are our limbs so weake and feeble growne?
I thinke I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne,
Nice tender breeding, which we well might spare,
Much drunkennesse and our *luxurious fare*:
Which addes not strength, as some doe vainely say,
But rather takes both strength, and health away.
Yet chiefly this same *imbecility*,
Comes by too soone and frequent *venery*.
A beardless *Boy* now cannot keepe his bed,
Vnlesse that he be of his *Night-geere* sped,
And many *Giglets* I haue married scene,
Ere they (forsooth) could reach *elementeene*.
Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne so weake,
For now they'r matching brats ere they can speake;
And though we yet say that the men are stronger,
Yet he (I thinke) that liues but so much longer,
The reuolution of an age to see,
Will say that men the weaker vessels be.
But now our strength of body, which indeed
Deserues no more respect then doth a Reed,
Is not the strength of which I meant to speake,
For we are yet another way too weake.

Our minds haue lost their magnanimitie,
And are so feebled through infirmitie;
That either to be resolute we care not,
Or else because of some base *fear* we dare not:
Where can we finde almost a man so hardy,
Who through his weaknesse is not sometime tardy
To speake the truth? or to declare his minde,
Though he doe many iust occasions finde?
He'll wink at's friends offence, and passe it blindly,
Least (peraduenture) he should tak't vnkindly.
And if it be a Great-man that offends,
Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
And i'll admire him; Nay wee'll rather now
Bend our endeaour and our studie how
To *sooth* and *faine*; or to their lewdnesse tell
That all they doe (be't nere so bad) is well.
Their very lookes and presence we so feare,
As if that they some monstrous *Cyclops* were,
Which makes them worse. But howsoe're they trust
Vnto their *might*, i'll tell them (for I must)
Although they threaten, and can slanders make
Of iust reproofes, my heart shall neuer quake
To informe their *Honours*, thus 'tis censur'd by men,
If they be *Great-ones*, *Tanto maius crimen*:
One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defend it,
Because he heares another discommend it;
Yea diuers follow *Vertues* waies but coldly,
Because they dare not doe a good thing boldly:
And doe we not perceiue that many a man
Fearing for to be tearm'd a *Puritan*,

Simply neglects the meanes of his saluation,
Much hazarding thereby his soules damnation?
Some cannot well endure this or that;
Others distempred with I know not what
Shew an exceeding frailty: Few can brooke
With any patience, that men should looke (them,
Into their Actions; and though they should loue
They rather hate them for't that do reprove them.
Is there a man so strong, that he forbearcs
Choller or *Fury*, when by chance he heares
Himselfe reuil'd, reproched and disgrac'd?
If there be such a one, he shall be plac'd
Amongst the *Worthies*, with the formost three:
For in my iudgement, none more worthy be
To haue renowne for strength, then those that can
On their rebellious *Passions* play the man.
This *Weakenesse* I doe also finde in men,
They know not their owne happinesse till then;
When they haue lost it: And they doe esteeme
Men for their *wealth*, and them blessed deeme
That are most rich; supposing no man more
Accursed or vnhappy then the poore.
Some basely doe condemne each strange report
To be vntrue, because it doth not sort
With their weake reasons. Some gaine will be
Astonished at euery nouelty.
But too much wondring doth discouer plaine
Where ignorance and frailty both remaine.
Is it not weakenesse when some petty losses
Some hindrance in preferment, or such crosses,

Shall

Shall make men griebe? Is it not weakenesse when
Adversitie shall so disquiet men
 That they should not with patience sustaine,
 Or vndergoe a little crosse and paine?
 Yes questionles it is; or were they strong, (wrong
 They would so arme themselves gainst grieve and
 That no disastrous, or ill hap should fright them
 Though *Fortune* did the worst she can to spight the
 Nor would they those, as the vnworthiest deeme,
 To whom dame *Fortune* doth most froward seeme;
 But rather such as all their life time be,
 In quiet state and from disturbance free:
 For she oft giues what their base longing craues,
 Because she scornest to vex dejected slaues:
 I haue knowne *braue men*, braue at least in shew,
 (And in this age now that is braue enow)
 That in appearance for bold champions past,
 And yet haue basely yeelded at the last:
 Besides there's many who thought scorne to droop
 By *Fortunes* power haue beene made to stoop,
 And with discredit shamefully left vndone,
 What they with honour at the first begun;
 And their *weake hearts* (which frailty I much hate)
 Dejected, haue growne base with their estate.
 VWhereas (me thinks) the minde should neuer be
 Subiect to *Fortunes* frownes nor tyranny.
 But here through weaknes, some offence may take,
 That I of *Fortune* should recitall make:
 For they by *Fortune* say there's nothing done
 But all things are both ended and begunne

By Gods appointment. I confesse indeed
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed
In the respect of whom I cannot say
Ought comes by Chance; respecting vs I may.
So they are answer'd; But how can men be
So ouer-borne with this infirmitie?
As those who are in euery matter led,
By *Parasites* and *Apes*: where is their head?
I meane their will, their treason, and their sence,
What is become of their intelligence?
How ist that they haue such a partiall care,
They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare
Come from the tongue of some flie sycophant,
But for because they strength of iudgement want?
Those that themselues to flatterers invre,
I haue perceiued basely to endure
For to be plainely soothed, mock't and flouted
Made coxcombs to their faces, yet not doubted
That they were highly reuerenc't, respected,
And by those fauning *Parasites affected*,
And why forsooth? they often heare them prate
In commendations of their happy state;
Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wise, courteous, strong, and beautifull to see,
When if the eye of reason were not lockt
They plainly might perceiue that they were mockt.
For what ist else, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any?
This frailty also merits to be blam'd
When fearefull of reproach we are asham'd,

Our *ignorance* in those things to explaine,
 Wherein, 'twere fit more knowledge to attaine.
 'Tis weaknesse also when a *bargaine's* bought,
 For to dispraise the penniworth, as nought,
 And tell what might haue beene, or fondly prate
 Of Counsell, when he sees it is too late;
 Nor is it any lesse to seeke to stay
 Him that we know doth hasten on his way,
 Or be importunate for that which will
 Be nothing for our good, yet others ill:
 Also, to be afraid for to gainsay
 VVhat men doe know vntrue, or to delay
 The right of any matter to declare,
 Because they feare they vnbeleued are:
 For notwithstanding Truth doth oft bring blame,
 It may be freely spoken without *shame*.
 Diuers more waies, of which I needs must speake,
 Ther's many men doe shew themselves but *weake*:
 In some but lately I obserued this,
 And must needs say their naturr euill is;
 If friends to them haue any kindnesse showne,
 Or *entertainments* willingly bestowne,
 That they confesse they are indebted for it,
 Yet such is their condition (I abhorre it)
 If that those friends doe hap to take the paine,
 To come sometime and visit them againe,
 In meere good will, because these weake ones see
 They cannot then so well provided be
 To bid them welcome as their loues require,
 (Though more thē loue their loues did ne're desire)

A foolish *Shame* so blinds them that they shall
(for giuing them too much) haue naught at all;
Yea for because they want excessiue fare, (care,
Or some such things for which their friends nere
(Though by their will it otherwise had beene)
They neither will be knowne at home nor seene.
Which doth not onely shew impietie,
But lindereth loue, and barres societie.
Yet now the greatest weaknesse that I finde,
To be in man, is ignorance of minde,
It makes a poore man hee's scarce good for ought
If rich men haue it, they are worse then nought.
For hauing riches store, and wanting might,
Or strength of minde to vse the same aright,
Tis arrogancies and ambitious fuell,
It makes them *Couetous, Inconstant, Cruell*;
Intemperate, Unjust, and wondrous heady,
Yea in their actions rude, and so vnsteady
They cannot follow any sound direction,
But are still carried with a wilde affection,
This is their nature: (it is quickly noted)
If they to honour be by hap remoted
Then they grow insolent, beyond all reason,
Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treason:
Or any villany, that followes those
Who doe the summe of happinesse repose
In worldly glory: But if *Fortune* frowne,
And from her sickle wheele once cast them downe,
Then their dejected hearts againe grow base,
They are impatient of their present case:

Raue or run mad, and can do nought poore elues,
 Vnlesse it be goe hang or drowne themselues.
 Moreouer the same weaknesse that proceeds
 From ignorance, this mischiefe also breeds ;
 It makes men well conceited of their will,
 Which they will follow be it neere so ill,
 And they thinke all things needs must fall out bad
 Wherein their wise aduise may not be had.
 But heere's the hell : to them all Counsell's vaine,
 Cause they all others wisdom doe disdain,
 And wholly on their owne deuises rest,
 As men perswaded that their owne are best :
 But as all such are weake, e'ne so I say
 Is euery one that rashly doth repay
 Vengeance in anger ; Or that's malecontent
 Off ; or oft moued and impatient :
 Or those that iudge of Counsels by th'euent,
 Or that perswade themselues, if their intent
 Be good and honest, that it doth not skill
 If that the matter of it selfe be ill ;
 Which were it true, then *Dauid* might complaine,
 That *Uzzah* for his good intent was slaine.
 Others againe thinke Superstitious Rites
 To be the seruice in which God delights.
 But since I'm forst my minde of them to speake,
 I must needs say their iudgements are but weake :
 The like I must of them who disesteeme
 All forraine customes, and do onely deeme
 Their owne praise-worthy ; As also such as doe
 Thinke those things best they cannot reach vnto ;

Yet in the vulgar this weake humor's bred,
They'le sooner be with idle customes led,
Or fond opinions (such as they haue store)
Then learne of reason or of vertues lore;
We thinke that we are strong, but what alas
Is there that our great might can bring to passe?
Since though we thereto bend e'ne all our will,
We neyther can be *good* nor wholly ill.
God giues vs needfull blessings for to vse them,
Which wanting power to doe we oft abuse them:
Some hold them wise and vertuous that professe,
An *heremitall* solitarinesse:
But it proceeds from *imbecillity*
And for because through *Non-ability*,
Those things they cannot well endure to doe;
Which they indeed should be inu'd vnto:
Besides, *they* wrong their *Country*, and their *friends*:
For *man* (saith *Tully*) 'sborne to other ends
Then for to please himselfe; a part to haue
The *Common-weale* doth looke, and parents craue
A part; so doth his *friends*; then deales he well
That closely mew'd vp in a carelesse *Cell*
Keepes all himselfe; and for a little ease,
Can in his *Conscience* finde to rob all these?
I say hee's weake, and so againe I must,
But adde withall, hees slothfull and vniust:
Then as hee's vaine that precious time doth spend
In fond and idle pleasure to no end:
So are those *weake*, that with contempt, disdain
All *pleasure* and *delights* on earth as vaine;

And

And though they would be *zealous* thought, & wise
 I shall but count them foolishly precise;
 For *Man* hath cares, and pleasures mixt with-all
 Are needfull: yea both *inst* and *naturall*.
 We are no *Angels* that our recreation,
 Should consist onely in meere *contemplation*:
 But we haue bodies too, of whose due pleasure,
 The *soules* must finde sometimes to be at leasure
 For to participate; but in this kinde,
 Though some find fault, we are not much behinde.
 Then 'tis through humane weaknes, when that we
 Of a good-turne will soone forgetfull be,
 And readier to reuenge a small offence,
 Then for that good to make a recompence,
 And so 'tis also when that we eschew,
 Or shunne them vnto whom from vs is due
 Both loue and mony; this because their owne;
 Th'other cause friendship at our need was showne:
 But 'tis well seene there's many so abhor
 To be in presence with their *Creditor*, (friend,
 That (thanklesse elues) though hee be still their
 They rather would desire to see his end:
 He's weake to, that's not able to withstand
 Any vnlawfull or vniust demand,
 As well as he that knowes not to denie,
Seruing-mens kindnesse, or *Pot-curtisie*.
 Some simple fellowes, cause that *silken-fooles*)
 (That had their bringing-vp in *Bacchus Schooles*)
 In show of loue, but daine to drinke vnto them,
 Thinke presently they such a fauour doe them

That

That though they feele their stomack wel-nigh sick
Yet if to pledge these kinde-ones they should stick,
Or for a draught or two, or three refuse them, (them
They think in conscience they should much abuse
Nay there be some, and wise men you would think
That are not able to refuse their drinke, (be sure
Through this their weaknesse; though that they
'Tis more then their weake stomacks can endure,
And why? oh 'tis the health of some great *Peere*
His *Masters*, or his *Friend*, he counteth deere;
What then? if that the party vertuous be,
He'le not esteeme of such a foolery;
If not, who er't be, this is my minde still,
A straw for's loue, his friendship, or good will.
Some muse to see those that haue knowledge gain'd
And to *Degrees of Art in Schooles* attain'd,
Should haue opinion stuff with heresie,
And in their actions such *simplicitie*
As many haue; At first, without a pause,
As meere a Boy as I may tell the cause:
Is't not the reason, their acquired parts,
And knowledge they haue reacht vnto by *Arts*,
Is growne a *match* too great, and farre vnfit,
For to be ioyned with their *naturall wit*?
'Tis so; and they instead of rightfull vsing
Draw from their learning errors, by abusing.
Plaine Reason should, and euery man that's wise
Knowes, though that *Learning* be a dainty prize,
Yet if that *Fate* with such a weakling place it,
Who hath no helpes of *Nature* for to grace it,

Or one, whose proper *knowledge* is so small
He is beholding to his *Booke* for all;
It onely breeds, (vnlesse it be some *Treasons*)
Crippl'd-*Opinions*, and prodigious-*Reasons*,
Which being fauour'd brings in the *Conclusion*
Publike *Dissentions*, or their owne *Confusion*.
For I may liken Learning to a *Shield*,
With a strong *Armor*, *Lying* in a field:
Readie for any man that hath the Wit
To take it vp and arme himselfe with it:
Now if he be a man of strength and might,
That happens on that furniture to light
He may doe wonders; As offend his foe,
And keepe himselfe and his from ouerthrow.
But if a weake and feeble man should take
These instruments of *Mars*; what would they make
For his aduantage? Surely I should gather
They would goe neere to ouerthrow him rather:
For they would loade him so, a man more strong
Although he be vnarm'd, may doe him wrong.
So he, that is depriu'd of *Natures* gifts,
With all his *Learning*, maketh harder shifts
Through his owne *weakenes*, & incurs more shames,
Then many that want *Art* to write their *Names*.
We haue some Fellowes that would scorne to be
Term'd *weake* I know, especially by *me*,
Because they see that my vngentle *Fate*,
Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate*;
Yet whatsoeuer they will say vnto it,
For all their scorning I am like to doe it.

And

And to be briefe they are no *simple fooles*,
But such as haue yauld *Ergo* in the *Schooles*,
Who being by some men of *worship* thought
Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
And learn'd enough, for that they are allowd
The name of Teachers; whereof growing proud,
Because (perhaps) they heare that now and then
They are admired at by the *Serning-men*;
Or else by reason something they haue said,
Hath beene applauded by the *Chamber-maid*;
They there-vpon suppose that no man may
Hold any thing for truth but what they say:
And in discourse their tongues so much will walke,
You may not here a man of reason talke;
They are halfe *Preachers*, if your question be
Of matters that concerne *Diuinitie*;
If it be law; I'le warrant they'le out-face
A dozen *Ploydens* to maintaine their case:
But if be of *Physicke* you contend,
Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may send
For their opinion; nay, they dare professe lette:
Knowledge in all things, though there's none know
Now I should wonder they preuail'd so much
Did not the *Common-people* fauour such;
But they are knowne although their verdict passes
Proud *Dogmatists*, & selfe-conceited *Asses*; (them)
Whom I may tearme (though I cannot out-scold
Weake simple fooles, and those that doe uphold them:
Moreouer some, (but foolishly precise,
And in my iudgement, far more weake then wise,)
Misiudge

Misiudge of *Poetry*, as if the same
 Did worthily deserue reproach and blame;
 If any Booke in *verse* they hap to spie,
Oh, out upon't, away, profane they crie;
Burn't, reade it not, for sure it doth containe
Nothing but fables of a lying braine;
 All-else take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
 The out-side of thy false-vaine-glorious-futes:
 And to the blinded people makes it plaine,
 The colour, thou so counterfet'st will staine.
 Because we see that men are drunke with wine,
 Shall we contemne the liquor of the Vine?
 And since there's some that doe this *Art* misuse,
 Wilt therefore thou the *Art* it selfe abuse?
 'Twere meere iniustice: For *Diuinitie*
 Hath with no Science more affinitie
 Then this; and howsoe're this scruple rose,
Rime hath exprest as sacred things as prose;
 When both in this age and in former time,
Prose hath been ten-times more profane, then *rime*:
 But they say still that *Poetry* is lies.
 And fables; such as idle heads deuise;
 Made to please fooles: but now we may by this
 Perceiue their *weaknesse* plainly what it is:
 Yea, this both *weake* and *ignorant* doth proue them,
 In that thei'le censure things that are about them:
 For, if that worthy *Poets* did not teach,
 A way beyond their dull-conceited reach,
 I thinke their shallow wisedomes would espie,
 A *Parable* did differ from a *lie*,

Yea

Yea, if their Iudgement be not quite bereft;
Or if that they had any reason left,
The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,
Had not vpon so rude a Censure hapt;
But though that kinde of teaching some dispraise,
As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
Yet I dare say because the *Scriptures* show it,
The best e're taught on earth, taught like a *Poet*:
And whereas *Poets* now are counted base,
And in this worth-lesse age in much disgrace;
I of the cause cannot refraine to speake,
And this it is: mens Iudgements are growne weake,
They know not true desert; for if they did
Their well deseruings could not so be hid;
And sure if there be any doth despise
Such as they are; it is cause he enuies
Their worthinesse; and is a secret foe
To euery one that truely learnes to *know*:
For, of all sorts of men here's my beliefe,
The Poet is most worthy and the chiefe:
His *Science* is the absolut'st and best,
And deserues *honour* aboue all the rest;
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by *Art*,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the heart
By *diuine* meanes; and I doe muse men dare,
Twixt it and their professions make compare.
For why should he that's but *Philosopher*,
Geometrician, or *Astrologer*,
Physitian, *Lawyer*, *Rhetorician*,
Historian, *Arithmetician*,

Or some such like; why should he hauing found
 The meanes but by one *Art* to be renown'd
 Compare with him that claimes to haue a part
 And interest almost in euery *Art*?
 And if that men may adde vnto their name,
 By one of these an euerlasting fame,
 How much more should it vnto them befall,
 That haue not onely one of these, but all,
 As Poets haue? for doe but search their works
 And you shall finde within their writing lurks
 All *knowledge*; if they vndertake
 Of *Diuine* matters any speech to make
 You'l thinke them *Doctors*; if they need to tell
 The course of *starres* they seeme for to excell
 Great *Ptolomey*; entend they to perswade,
 You'l thinke that they were *Rhetoricians* made:
 What *Law*, what *Physicke*, or what *Historie*
 Can these not treat of? Nay what *misterie*
 Are they not learn'd in? If of *Trades* they write,
 Haue they not all their tearms and words as right
 As if they had seru'd an *Apprentiship*?
 Can they not name all *toolles* for workmanship?
 We see 'tis true; If once he entreat of *warres*,
 Of cruell bloudy frayes, of wounds, of scarres,
 Why then he speakes so like a *Souldier* there,
 That he hath beene begot in armes thou'lt sweare:
 Againe, he writes so like a *Nauigator*
 As if he had seru'd *Neptune* in the water;
 And thou wouldst thinke he might of trauell make
 As great a volume, as our famous *Drake*?

Old *Proteus*, and *Vertumnus* are but *Apes*,
Compar'd to these, for shifting of their shapes;
There is no humorous *Passion* so strange,
To which they cannot in a moment change:
Note but their *Drammaticks* and you shall see
They'le speake for euery *sex*, for each degree,
And in all causes, as if they had beene,
In euery thing, or at least all things seene.
If need be they can like a *Lawyer* prate,
Or talke more grauely like a man of *State*; (ware,
They'le haue a *Trades-mans* tongue to praise their
And counterfeit him right (but they'le not sweare.)
The curioust *Phylitians* (if they please)
Shall not quoine words to giue their *Patients* ease
So well as they; And if occasion vrge,
They'le *Choller*, yea and *Melancholly* purge
Onely with charmes and words; and yet it shall
Be honest meanes and meere ly naturall:
Are they dispos'd to gossip'r like a woman, (man,
They'le shew their trickes so right, that almost no
But would so thinke them: *Virgins* that are purest
And *Matrons* that make shew to be demurest,
Speake not so like chaste *Cynthia*, as they can,
Nor *Newbery* so like a *Curtizan*;
They'le giue words either fitting for a *Clowne*,
Or such as shall not vnbesee me a *Crowne*;
In shew they will be *chollericke*, *ambitious*,
Desperate, *iealous*, *mad*, or *enuious*;
In *sorrow*, or in any *Passion* be;
But yet remaine still, from all passions free,

Lib.2. WEAKENES. Satyr.3.

For they haue onely to this end exprest them,
 That men may see them plainer, and detest them.
 But some will say that these haue on the stage,
 So painted out the *vices* of this age,
 That it not onely tels that they haue bin
 Experienc't in euery kinde of *sinne*,
 But that it also doth corrupt and show
 How men should act those *sins* they did not know:
 Oh hatefull saying! not pronounc't by *chance*,
 But spew'd out of malicious *Ignorance*;
 Weigh it, and you will eyther thinke these weake,
 Or say that they doe out of enuy speake:
 Can none declare th'effect of *Drunkennes*,
 Vnlesse they vsed such-like beastlinesse?
 Are all men ignorant what comes by *lust*,
 Excepting those that were themselues vniust?
 Or thinke they no man can describe a *sin*?
 But that which *he himselve* hath wallowed in?
 If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,
 But they may also boldly say as well
 They are *apprentices* to euery Trade,
 Of which they finde they haue Descriptions made;
 Or for, because they see them write those things
 That doe belong to Rule best, say th'are *Kings*:
 As though that *sacred Poesie* inspir'd
 No other *knowledge* then might be acquir'd
 By the dull outward *sence*; yes, this is Shee
 That *showes* vs not alone all things that be,
 But by her power layes before our view,
 Such wondrous things as *Nature* neuer knew,

And then whereas they say that men are worse
By reading what these write, 'tis their owne curse;
For is the *flower* faulty cause wee see
The loathsome spider and the painefull Bee
Make diuers vse on't? No it is the same
Vnto the Spider; though she cannot frame
Like sweetnes as the Bee thence, But indeed
I must confesse that this bad age doth breed
Too many that without respect presume
This worthy title on them to assume,
And vnder seru'd; base fellowes, whom meere time
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a *Rime*,
A *Curtaine* Igge, a Libell or a Ballet,
For Fiddlers or some Roagues with staffe and wallet
To sing at doores; men onely wise enough,
Out of some rotten-old-worme-eaten-stuffe
To patch vp a bald witlesse *Comedy*,
And trim it heere and there with *Ribauldry*
Learn'd at a bawdy-house: I say ther's such,
And they can neuer be disgrac't too much,
For though the name of *Poet* such abuses,
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muses*
And dare not sort with them for feare they will
Tumble them headlong downe *Parnassus* hill:
Why then should their vsurping of it wrong
That *Title* which doth not to them belong? (crew
And wherefore should the shame of this lewd
Beride them, vnto whom true honor's due?
It shall not; for how ere they vse the name,
Their works will show how they do merit fame;

And

And though it be disgrac't through ignorance,
The generous will *Poesie* aduance,
As the most Antique *Science* that is found,
And that which hath been the first root & ground
Of euery Art; yea that which onely brings
Content; and hath beene the delight of *Kings*,
Great IAMES our King both loues & liues a Poet,
(His Bookes now extant doe directly show it)
And That shall adde vnto his worthy name,
A better glory, and a greater fame
Then *Britaines Monarchy*; for few but he
I thinke will both a *King* and *Poet* be;
And for the last, although some fooles debase it,
I'me in the mind that *Angels* doe imbrace it:
And though *God* giu't heere but in part to some,
All shall hau't perfect in the *world to come*,
This in defence of *Poesie* to lay
I am compel'd, because that at this day
Weakenesse and *Ignorance* hath wrong'd it sore:
But what need any man therein speake more
Then *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
I haue oft sigh'd; and bewail'd my *Fate*,
That brought me forth so many yeeres too late
To view that *worthy*; And now thinke not you
Oh *Daniel, Draiton, Iohnson, Chapman*, how
I long to see you with your fellow *Peeres*,
Matchlesse *Siluester*, glory of these yeeres:
I hitherto haue onely heard your fames
And know you yet but by your works and names:

The littletime I on the earth haue spent,
Would not allow me any more content :
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'll not disdain my *Youth*,
For know you *Muses Darlings*, Ile not craue
A fellowship amongst you for to haue :
Oh no ! for though my euer willing heart
• Haue vow'd to loue and praise *You* and your *Art*.
And though that I your stile doe now assume,
I doe not, nor I will not so presume ;
I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet* ;
It is not yet deseru'd by me, I know it :
Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,
And be enrould their *Servant*, or their *Friend* ;
And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a *Fellow* (if it please you) take me.
But yet I must not here giue off to speake,
To tell men wherein I haue found them weake,
And chiefly those that cannot brooke to heare
Mention of *Death*, but with much grieve and *Fear*.
For many are not able for to take
That thought into them, but their *soules* will quake,
Poore feeble spirits, would you nere away,
But dwell for euer in a peece of *Clay* ?
What finde you here wherein you doe delight,
Or what's to seeing that is worth the sight ?
What? doth the heauens thy endeauors blesse
And wouldst thou therefore liue for to possesse
The ioy thou hast? seek't not ; perhaps to morrow
Thou'lt wish to haue di'd to day, to scape the sorrow
Thou

Lib.2. WEAKENES. Satyr.3.

Thou then shalt see; for shame take stronger *Hearts*
 And adde more courage to your better *Parts*,
 For *Death's* not to be fear'd, since tis a *Friend*
 That of your *sorrowes* makes a gentle end.
 But here a qualitie I call to minde
 That I amongst the *Common-people* finde,
 This 'tis, a weake one too; when they perceiue
 A friend neare death, and ready for to leaue
 This wretched life; and if they heare him say
 Some parting words, as if he might not stay;
 Nay say not so (these comforters reply)
 Take heart, your time's not come, ye shall not dye;
 What man, and grace of God, you shall be stronger;
 And live no doubt yet, many a fayre day longer.
 Thinke not on *Death*; with many such like words,
 Such as their vnderstanding best affords:
 But where is now become this peoples wit?
 What doth their knowledges esteeme more fit
 Then death to thinke on? chiefly when men be
 About to put off their *Mortalitie*:
 Me thinkes they rather should perswade them then
 Feareleisse to be resolu'd, to die like Men:
 For want of such a resolution stings
 At point of *Death*; and dreadfull horror brings,
 E'ne to the soule; cause wanting preparation
 She lies despairing of her owne *saluation*;
 Yea and moreouer this full well know I,
 Hee that's at any time afraid to dye
 Is in weake case, and whatso're he saith,
 Hath but a wauering and a feeble Faith.

But what need I goe farther to relate
The frailetie I haue seene in *Mans* estate?
Since this I haue already said makes cleere,
That of all *Creatures*, God hath placed here
(Prouided we respect them in their kinde)
We cannot any more vnable finde;
For of our selues we haue not power to speake,
No nor to frame a thought, we are so *weake*.
Against our bodies eu'ry thing preuailes,
And oft our knowledge & our iudgements failes;
Yea if that one mans strength were now no lesse,
Then all men doe in generall possesse;
Or if he had attaind to ten-times more
Then all *Gods* creatures ioynd in one before;
Yet would his power be euen then so small,
When he stands surest, he's but sure to fall;
'Tis onely weakenesse that doth make vs droue,
And vnto *Crosses* and diseases stoue:
That makes vs *Vaine*, *Inconstant*, and *Unsure*,
Vnable any good things to endure:
It brings vs to the seruile base subiection
Of all loose *Passion*, and vntam'd affection:
It leads vs and compels vs oft to stray
Both beside *Truth*, and out of *Reasons* way.
And lastly we, and that because of this
Either doe *Nothing*; or doe all amisse.
Which being so, we may with *Dauid* then,
Confesse that we are rather *Wormes*, then *Men*.

OF PRESUMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

SOft heedlesse *Muse*, thou no aduifementtak'st,
 Wast not of *Ment* that last of all thou spak'st?
 It was: and of the *weakenesse* too of Men;
 Come then with shame now and denie't agen,
 Recant; for so the matter thou didst handle,
 Thou maist be curst for't with *Bell, Booke, & Candle*.
 Is mankinde weake? who then can by their powers
 Into the Ayre hurle Palaces and Towers?
 And with one blast e'ne in a moment make
 Whole *Kingdomes* and braue Monarchies to shake?
 Or what are they that dare for to aspire
 Into *Gods* seat; and if it might be higher:
 That forgiue sinnes as fast as men can doe them,
 And make *Iehouah* be beholding to them?
 I'ue heard of such; what are they? would I wist;
 They can make *Saints* they say of whom they list:
 And being made, aboue the Stars cā seat them (them
 Yea with their own hands make their Gods & eate
 Ha? are they men? How dar'st thou then to speake
 Such *Blasphemy*, to say *mankinde* is weake?
 I tell thee this *Muse*, either *Man* is strong,
 And through thy babling thou hast done him
 Or else beyond his limits he doth erre, (wrong,
 And for *presumption* puts downe *Lucifer*:

R 4

IN

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Ist so? Nay I then prethee *Muse* goe on,
And let vs heare of his *Presumption*:
For I doe know, cause I haue heard him vaunt
That he's a *Creature proud* and *Arrogant*:
And it may be he is not of such might
As he makes show for: but vsurps somes right:
There't goes indeede; for though he be so base
So weake, and in such miserable case,
That I want words of a sufficient worth,
To paint his most abhorred vilenesse forth:
Yet such is also his detested Pride,
That I suppose the *Devill* is belide
By euery man that shall affirme or say
He is more proud: for doe but marke I pray
This *Creature Man*: did *Natures* powerfull King
(*God*, that of nothing framed eu'ry thing)
Mould out of *Clay*; a piece which he had rent
E'ne from the *Earth*, the basest Element:
And whereas he might haue beene made a *Thrall*,
Yea, and the very *Vnderling* of all;
That *God* with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,
And as a *Steward* ouer all things plac't him:
Gaued him a pleasant *Garden* for to till,
And *Leaued* to eate of eu'ry Tree at will,
Onely of one indeed he did deny him,
And peraduenture of that one to try him;
But see his insolence; though *God* did threat
Death if he eate, and though that *God* was great,
And so exceeding *Iust*, that he well knew,
All that he threatned doubtles would ensue:

Though

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Thogh *God* were strōg & could, had mā bin prouder
 (Pore clay-bred *worm*) haue stamp't him into pouders:
 Yet (notwithstanding all this saime) did he
 Presume to tast of that forbidden tree :

A rash beginning, but he sped so ill,
 D' yee thinke he held on this presumption still ?

To heare he had lest that offence 'twere newes ;

But *Cain* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the Iewes,

Shew'd it continued ; and grew much more,

Rather then lesse, then it was before ;

Caine in his murther, and his proud replie ;

Nimrod in that he dar'd to build so high ;

Pharaoh by boldly tempting God, to shew

His sundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow ;

And many waies the last ; but what need I

Recite examples of Antiquitie ?

Or for to taxe old ages for that crime,

Since there was nere a more presumptuous time

Then this that's now ; what dare not men to doe,

If they haue any list or minde thereto ?

Their fellow creatures they doe much contemne,

Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them ;

Yea both the gladsome daies and quiet nights,

Sun, Moone, & Heauen, with those glorious lights,

Which so bespangle that faire azure roose,

They thinke were onely made for their behoofe :

When as alas their poore and weake command

Cannot extend so farre for to withstand

The least Starres force ; and them and their estate,

Sunne, Moone, and Starres too, doe predominate.

Lib.2 PRESUMPTION. Saryr.4.

Before our fall indeed we did excell
All other creatures that on earth did dwell ;
But now I thinke the very worst that be,
Haue iust as much to boast vpon as we.
Our soule's defild ; And therefore if in *sence*
We place our worth and chiefe preheminance,
Tis knowne that there be diuers Creatures then
Will haue the vpper hand ; for they passe men
And though we still presume vpon't, tis vaine ;
To challenge our old Soueraignty againe ;
For when that we from our obedience fell,
All things against vs also did rebell,
Lyons and Beares, and Tigers sought our blood,
The barren earth deni'd to yeeld vs food :
The clouds raign'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
We finde such pleasure in Presumption.
But for because there's some doe scarcely know,
How we doe in that fault offend ; He shew:
First, when that they new worshippings inuent,
And cannot hold themselues so well content
With that which God doth in his word ordaine,
As with inuentions of their owne weake braine,
It seemes they thinke, *their fancies to fulfill*,
Would please him better then to haue his will.
Next I doe reckon them, that ouer-bold,
Gods sacred Legend haue at will contrould,
And mangre his grand-curse some places chang'd,
Added to some, and some againe estrang'd ;
Then those great masters I presumptuous deeme,
That of their knowledge doe so well esteeme,

They

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

They will force others, as the *Papists* doe
 For to allow of their opinions too,
 Yea though it be a meere imagination,
 That neither hath good ground nor iust foundation.
 Some will be prying though they are forbidden
 Into those secrets, God meant should be hidden.
 So doe some students in Astrologic,
 Though they can make a faire Apologie,
 And so doe those that very vainely trie,
 To finde our fortunes by their Palmistrie;
 These doe presume, but much more such as say
At this, or that time, comes the Iudgement day:
 Or such as aske, or dare for to relate
 What God was doing ere he did create
 Heauen and Earth; or where he did abide,
 How and by whom, he then was glorified.
 But those that into such deepe secrets winde,
 A slender profit in their labours finde;
 For to make knowne how highly they offend,
 A desperate madnesse is oft-times their end.
 Yet such their nature is, theile not beware,
 But to be prying further still they dare,
 For sure that longing can no way be staid,
 Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said;
Man, what he is forbidden still desires,
And what he is deny'd of, most requires.
 Rather then many will a man gaine-say, (may
 They dare make bold with God, they thinke they
 Because it seemes they deeme him not so strong,
 Or so well able to reuenge a wrong.

Some

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Some, such great power to themselves assume,
And on their owne strength doe so much presume,
They seldome doe for *Gods* assistance craue,
As if it were a needlesse thing to haue;
Which is the cause that often the conclusion (sion;
Proues their owne shame, their hind'rance & confu-
In *Praying*, men presume, (vnlesse they be,
With eu'ry one in loue and charitie:)
Or if in their Petitions, they desire
Such things as are vnlawfull to require;
Death's their reward, we know, that breake the law;
But neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keepes vs from sinne; a thousand *God-heads* more,
Then *one* we make, and dare for to adore
Our owne hand-works; the Sabbath we disdain,
And dreadlesse take the name of God in vaine:
If but by his *Lords* hand an *Irish* sweare,
To violate that oath he stands in feare;
Least him of both his lands and goods he spoile,
For making him the instrument of guile:
And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,
(Respecting whom, the greatest Lords are base)
Both sweare, and forswear; vsing that great Name
At pleasure, without any feare of blame:
Why should not we as well suppose that he
Who in our hearts would haue no fraud to be,
Will miserable, poore, and naked leaue vs,
Yea, of those Blessings and Estates bereaue vs
We now hold of him, If we thus contemne,
And still abuse his sacred name, and him?

But men secure in wickednesse persist
 As if they could please *God* with what they list;
 If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them*, say,
 And mumble some few Prayers once a day,
 There needs no more; nay surely there be such
 That thinke it is enough; if not too-much:
 But what's their reason? *God* made all the man,
 Why should he haue but part allow'd him than?
 He in their seruice nothing doth delight
 Vnlesse it be with all their strength and might,
 With their whole heart, and soule, and that way to,
 As he appoints them in his word to do:
 Some men there are who hope by honesty,
 By their *Almes-deeds*, and works of *Charity*
 To win *Gods* fauour, and for to obtaine
 Saluation by it; but their hope's in vaine:
 Others there are who for because they haue faith
 For to belecue 'tis true the Scripture saith,
 Since they haue knowledge in *Religion*,
 And make thereof a strict profession;
 Or doe obserue the outward worship duly,
 Doe think that therein they haue pleas'd *God* truly.
 Now these are iust as farre as th' other wide,
 Or they *Gods* worship doe by halfes diuide,
 And for his due which is e'ne All the hart,
 Doe dare presume to offer him a Part;
 But th'one must know he will not pleased be,
 With a Religion that wants honestie:
 And th' other that as little good will do,
 His honest shew's without Religion to;

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

If this be so, (as so it is indeed)
How then will those presumptuous fellowes speed
Who thinke (forsooth) because that once a yeare
They can afford the poore some slender cheare;
Obseruetheir *Country feasts*, or *Common doles*,
And entertaine their Christmas Wassaile boles,
Or else because that for the *Churches* good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* custome stood;
A *Whit-sun-Ale*, or some such goodly motion,
The better to procure young mens deuotion?
What will they doe, I say, that thinke to please
Their mighty God with such vaine things as these?
Sure very ill; for though that they can mone,
And say that *Loue* and *Charity* is gone,
As old folkes doe, because their banquetings,
Their antient-drunken-summer reuealings (ching,
Are out of date; though they can say, through tea-
And since the Gospell hath had open preaching
Men are growne worse; though they can soone espy
A little moat in their owne neighbours eye;
Yea though that they their *Pater noster* can,
And call their honest neighbour *Puritan*;
(How ere they in their owne conceits may smile,
Yet sure they are presumptuous, weake, and vile.
Also in this abominable time
It is amongst vs now a common crime,
To flout and scoffe at those which we doe spie
Willing to shake off humane *Vanitie*;
And those that gladly doe themselues enforce,
Vnto a strict and more religious course

Then

yr.4. Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Then most men doe ; although, they truly know
Nomen are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their *God*; (as though their wisdoms thought)
He might be serued better then he ought,
They count precise and curious more then needs,
They try their sayings, and weigh all their deeds :
A thousand things that they *well* doe shall be
Slightly past ouer, as if none did see,
But one thing ill done, (though the best does ill)
They shall be certaine for to heare of still ;
Yea notwithstanding they can daily smother
Millions of ten-times-greater-faults in other :
Who are so hated or so often blam'd ?
Or so reuil'd, or scorn'd, or so misnam'd ?
To whom doe we now our contentions lay,
Who are so much term'd *Puritans* as they
That feare God most ? But tis no meruile men
Presume so much to wrong his children, when
As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod
They can blaspheme and dare to anger *God*.
Now by these words to some men it may seeme,
That I haue *Puritans* in high esteeme ;
Indeed, if by that name you vnderstand
Those that the vulgar *Atheists* of this land
Doe daily terme so ; that is such as are
Fore-named here ; and haue the greatest care
To know and please their Maker : then 'tis true,
I loue them well ; for loue to such is due :
But if you meane the *busie headed sect*,
The hollow crew, the counterfeite Elect :

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

*Our Dogmatists, and ever-wrangling spirits,
That doe as well contemne good workes, as merits :
If you meane those that make their care seeme great
To get soules food, when 'tis for bodies meat,
Or those all whose Religion doth depend
On this, that they know how to discommend
A May-game, or a Summer-pole desie,
Or shake the head, or else turne up the eye ;
If you meane those, how euer they appeare,
This I say of them (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habit they doe wander,
Yet they are Gods foes and the Churches slander ;
And though they humble be in show to many,
They are as haughty euery way as any.
What neede I here the lewd presumptions tell
Of Papists in these daies ? tis knowne too well :
For them thereof each Peasant now conuinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.
Others I finde to, that doe dare presume,
The Office of a Teacher to assume ;
And being blinde themselves and gone astray,
Take on them to shew other men the way.
Yea some there be, who haue small gifts of spirit,
No kinde of knowledge, and as little merit ;
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction
Yet dare to vndergoe the sacred function
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea, such is their daring,
That (neither for their Charge nor Duty caring)
Instead of giuing good and sound Instruction,
They lead themselves and others to Destruction.*

We reade that *Ieremie* and *Moses* both
 To vndertake their charge were wondrous loth:
 (The greatnes of the same so much appal'd them)
 Yea, though that God himselfe directly cal'd them;
 But our braue Clarkes, as if they did condemne
 The too much bashfull backwardnes of them;
 Or else as if themselues they abler thought;
 Those Diuine Callings haue not onely sought
 Without respect of their Abilitie,
 A *Christian* Conscience or Ciuitie,
 But being of olde *Simon Magus* tribe
 Purchase it often with a hatefull bribe;
 Which shoues that they such places doe desire,
 Not for the good of others, but their hire:
 But *Patrons*, feare yee neyther God nor Hell?
 Dare yee the *Churches* patrimonie sell
 For filthy lucre, in despight of Law
 Sacred or humane? *Pedants*, dare yee? hah!
 Dare yee buy't of them? By Gods help, vnlesse
 This villany ere long haue some redresse,
 Ile finde a meanes, or else let me haue blame,
 To bring some smart, or else eternall shame
 Vpon you for't: It may be you doe sent it,
 But all your policie shall not preuent it.
 What doe you looke for *Hell* and your *Damnation*?
 Well, you shall haue it by impropriation:
 I know now you haue enter'd *Simony*,
 Youle double damne your selues with *Perisurie*.
 For, they as oft together may be seene
 As is the chilling *Feaner* and the *Spleene*.

But oh deare *Countrymen*, be more aduis'd,
 Thinke what *God* is, he may not be dispis'd.
 Could you well weigh his *Iustice* and his power,
 How many *Infinities* it passeth ouer,
 And knew his iudgements, you would not dissemble
 An outward fained reuerence; but tremble
 And shake with horror; you'd not dare to venter
Sanctum Sanctorum so vnfit to enter;
 His *Churches* good you rather would aduance,
 Then rob it thus of her inheritance;
 Or make the same, (as men still vnbeleeuing)
 Like to a house of *Merchandise* and *Theeking*.
 You to whom deedes of former times are knowne
 Marke to what passe this age of ours is growne,
 Euen with vs that strictest seeme to be
 In the professing *Christianitie*;
 You know men haue beene carefull to augment
 The *Churches* portion, and haue beene content
 To adde vnto it out of their estate;
 And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did so hate
 That the meere *Irish*, who seem'd not to care
 For *God* nor *Man*, had the respect to spare
 The *Churches* profits; yea, their heed was such
 That in the time of neede they would not touch
 The knowne prouisions they daily saw
 Stor'd vp in *Churches*: in such feare and awe
 The places held them; though that they did know,
 The things therein belonged to their foe:
 But now the world & mans good nature's chang'd,
 From this opinion most men are estrang'd;

We rob the Church, and what we can attaine
 By *Sacriledge* and *Theft* is our best gaine :
 In paying dues, the refuse of our stocke,
 The barrenest and leanest of our flocke
 Shall serue our *Pastor* ? whom for to deceiue
 Wee thinke no sinne : nay further (by your leaue)
 Men seeke not to impropriate a part
 Vnto themselues; but they can finde in heart
 T'engrosse vp all : which vile *presumption* (tion :
 Hath brought *Church-livings* to a strange Consump-
 And if this strong disease doe not abate,
 'Twill be the poorest member in the *State*;
 No meruaile though in stead of learned *Preachers*
 We haue beene pester'd with such simple Teachers,
 Such poore, mute, tong-tide Readers, as scarce know
 Whether that God made *Adam* first or no :
 Thence it proceedes, and ther's the cause that Place
 And Office at this time incurres disgrace.
 For men of iugement or good dispositions,
 Scorne to be tyed to any base conditions,
 Like to our hungry *Pedants*, who'll engage
 Their soules for any curtold *Vicarage*.
 I say, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
 But such as are of a most seruile spirit,
 That will so wrong the *Church*, as to presume
 Some poore-halfe-demi-Parsonage to assume
 In name of all; no, they had rather quite
 Be put beside the same, then wrong *Gods* right.
 Well, they must entertaine such *Pedants* then,
 Fitter to feed Swine, then the Soules of men :

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

But *Patrons* thinke such best, for ther's no feare
 They will speake any thing they lothe to heare :
 They may run foolishly to their owne damnation
 Without reproofe or any disturbance;
 To let them see their vice they may be bold,
 And yet not stand in doubt to be control'd:
 Those in their houses may keepe priuate Schooles,
 And cyther serue for Iesters or for Fooles,
 And will suppose that they are highly grac't
 Be they but at their *Patrons* table plac't :
 And there if they be call'd but *Priests* in scesse,
 Straight they duck downe, & all their caps come off,
 Supposing it for to be done in kindnesse,
 Which shoves their weakenes & apparant blindnes.
 Moreouer 'tis well knowne that former time
 Held it to be a vilde presumptuous crime
 Such men in sacred Offices to place
 Whom they knew toucht with any foule disgrace:
 Or to allow those whom they did suspect
 To haue an outward bodily defect :
 But be they now not onely crooked, lame,
 Dismember'd, and of the vnshapeliest frame
 That euer *Nature* form'd; though they be blinde
 Not in sight onely, but as well in minde;
 Though they be such, who if they come to shreeuing
 Might confesse murder, whordom, slander, theeuing
 And all damn'd villany; yet these men will be
 Admitted to the *sacred Ministrie*.
 But most of vs doe now disuaine that place,
 Accounting it vnworthy, meane, and base;

Yea,

Yea, like to *Ieroboams* Priests, we see
They of the lowest of the people be:
 And though wee know the *Israelites* allow'd
 God the first-borne for his: wee are so proud,
 Vnlesse they eather doe want shape or wit,
 Or seeme for worldly businesse vnfit:
 Few thinke Gods seruice worthy the bestowing
 Their *Childe* about it; or such durie owing
 Vnto the same; but rather that *Vocation*
 They count a blemish to their reputation.
 But where's your vnderstanding, oh you men?
 Turne from your bruitish dulnes once agen,
 Honour Gods Messengers; for why? tis true
 To them both *Reuerence* and *Honour's* due:
 Thinke what they are, and be not still selfe-minded,
 Suffer not reason to be so much blinded;
 If not for loue that you to *Iustice* beare,
 Yet follow her (although it be) for feare,
 And see that this presumption you amend,
 Or looke some heavy plague shall be your end.
 Then it is also a presumptuous act
 With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact,
 Though ne'er so small: for sinne's a subtle else,
 That by degrees insinuates it selfe
 Into our soules; and in a little space
 Becomes too huge a Monster to displace;
 Yea, it is certaine that one sinne, though small,
 Will make an entrance great enough for all,
 And what is't but presumption to abuse,
 And without feare and reuerence to vse

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Gods sacred Word; yet we that *Christ* professe
Thinke it no fault, or that there's no fault lesse:
Else sure we would not in our common talke,
Let our loose tongues so much at randome walke,
We would not dare our *lests* of that to make,
At vttering whereof the Heauens shake;
For if God had reucal'd his *Gospell* newes,
Tovs, as heretofore vnto the *Jewes*
He did the *Law*; who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through fearefull fiery flames and Thunder.
We would more dread in any euill fashion
To vse that sacred meanes of our saluation,
Our cursed *Pagan* vnbeleeuing foe,
I meane the *Turke*, more reuerence doth show
In those his damn'd erroneous Rites, then we
In the true *Worship*: for, 'tis knowne that hee
Will not so much as touch his *Alcharon*,
That doth containe his false *Religion*
With vnwash't hands, nor till he hath o'er-went
All that his vaine and confus'd rabblement
Of Ceremonies vs'd; much lesse dares looke
On the Contents of that unhallowed Booke:
But we in midst of all our villany,
In our Pot-Conference and Ribaldry,
Irreuerently can the same apply,
As if 'twere some of *Pasquils Letany*.
But soft, my *Muse* in her perambulation
Hath hapt vpon an *Excommunication*:
And though that her *Commission* she wanted, (ted;
Yet she made bold to search wherefore 'twas gran-
Which

Which if you would know to; why it may be
 Some were so pleas'd because they lack't a fee :
 For, had the Officers beene well contented,
 They say the matter might haue beene preuented;
 But you that haue the wisedomes to discerne
 When abuse is; pray tell me, I would learne.
 Misuse wee *Excommunication*?

You know, *It is a Separation*
From God: and, a most fearefull banishment
From the partaking of his Sacrament,
And good mens fellowship; a sad exile,
 (Perhaps for euer, at the least a while)
From the true Church; and (oh most horrid euill)
A giuing of men ouer to the Duell.

And therefore was ordain'd in better times,
 Onely for such who in their haynous crimes
 With hardned obstinacie did persist,
 As may appeare: but now we at our list,
 As if the same but some slight matter were,
 For euery trifle to pronounce it dare;
 And peraduenture to, on such as be
 More honest farre, and better much then we:
 But since my *Muse* hath her endeauiour done,
 To note how men into this fault doe runne;
 I will be bold to let you vnderstand
 One strange *Presumption* noted in our Land,
 Worth the amending; and indeed 'tis this
 Readers pray iudge how dangerous it is;
 We seeing God hath now remoued farre
 From this our *Country* his iust plague of *Warre*,

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

And made vs through his mercy so much blest,
We doe in spite of all our foes yet rest
Exempt from danger: by vs it appeares
Through the great blessing of these quiet yeeres,
Wee are so fearelesse, carelesse, and secure,
In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure,
As if wee did suppose, or heard it said,
Old Mars were strangled, or the Diuell dead,
Else can I not beleue wee would so lightly
Esteeme our safetie, and let passe so slightly
Our former care of *Martiall Discipline,*
For exercises meerely feminine:
Wee would not see our Armes so soild in dust,
Nor our bright blades eate vp with kankerd rust,
As now they be: our Bowes they lye and rot,
Both *Musket* and *Caluer* is forgot,
And we lye open to all forraine dangers
For want of Discipline: 'tis knowne to Strangers,
Though wee'll not see't. Alas, will not our pleasure
Let vs be once in seauen yeeres at leasure
To take a muster, and to giue instruction?
No, rather Pleasure will be our destruction.
For *That* first caus'd the *Law*, that now preuents
And barres the vse of *Powder-instruments*
To be enacted: why? for to preferue
As idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterue
Amids our plenty, so that with their curse
The Land and People might be nothing worse,
Cause for that trifle to the *Realmes* abuse,
The *Hand-gun* hath beene so much out of vse.

Scarfe one in forty, if to prooffe it came,
 Dares or knowes how for to discharge the same.
 Oh valiant English wee are like to hold
 The glory that our fathers had of old.
 But sure I thinke some *undermining hand*,
 That studies for the ruine of the Land,
 Is cause of this, in hope thereby at length
 To weaken ours, and let in forraine strength.
 What, do we thinke 'cause there's a truce with *Spaine*
 That we are safe? Alas, that thought is vaine,
 Our danger's rather more: for while they dar'd
 To proffer wrong, they found vs still prepar'd:
 The profitable feare that we were in
 Preuented danger that might else haue bin.
 But now the cause of former feare is gone,
 We haue not onely let all care alone,
 But also are so drunken with delights,
 And drown'd in pleasure, that our dulle sprites
 Are so o'er-clogd with Luxury, we droope,
 More fit for *Venus* then for *Mars* his troope:
 That if our foes should now so ventrous be,
 For to inuade the Land, vnlesse that we
 With speede amend this error, here's my minde,
 The way to worke our ruine they'll soone finde.
 For iust the *Troians* last nights watch we keepe,
Who then were buried all in wine and sleepe.
 We reade when *Cato* should a *Captaine* chuse
 For the *Pannonian* fight, hee did refuse
 His kint-man *Publius*, 'cause that from the warre
 He often had return'd without a scar,

And

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

And went perfum'd; but if such faults as these
Displeas'd the *Censor*, sure then in our dayes
He scarcely would in Towne or Country finde
A man with vs according to his minde:
Such is our daintinesse. Besides, to strangers
(As if there were no cause to doubt of dangers)
We doe not onely our great riches show,
(A shrewd temptation to allure a foe:)
But we moreouer plainly doe declare
By fond apparrell, too superfluous fare,
Much idlenesse and other wanton parts,
That we haue weake effeminated hearts;
Which being knowne are sure a great perswasion,
Vnto our enemies to make inuasion.
But we doe say, in God's our onely trust,
On him wee doe depend: well, so wee must,
And yet we ought not therefore to disdain
The lawfull meanes, by which he doth ordaine
To worke our safety then, for that's a signe
We rather lou'd to tempt the powers diuine
Then trust vnto them. Worthy *Britaines* then,
Leaue this presumption, once againe be men,
Not weake *Sardanapali*; leaue those toyes
To idle Women, wanton Girles and Boyes:
Vnto your foes I wish you could betake them,
Or vnto any, so you would forsake them.
Let Martialists, that long haue beene disgrac't
Be lou'd againe, and in our fauours plac't:
Count not them Rogues; but rather such as can
So much degenerate themselves from *Man*.

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Intyre and gesture both to womanize.
 Goe call a Parliament, and there deuise
 An Act to haue them whipt now; oh 'twere good,
 A deed well worthy such a noble brood :
 Meane while let's trim our rusty armes, and scour
 Those long vni-vsed well-steeld Blades of our :
 We shall not doe the Spiders any wrong,
 For they haue rent-free held their house-room long
 In *Morians, Helmets, Gauntlets, Bandileres* :
 Displace them thence, they haue had all their yeeres.
 And giue it such a lustre, that the light
 May dimme the *Moone-shine* in a winters night;
 Away with idle *Cithernes, Lutes, and Tabers*,
 Let knockes requite the fiddlers for their labours.
 Bring in the war-like Drum, 'twil Musicke make yee;
 That from your drouisie pleasures will awake yee :
 Or else the hart'ning Trumpet, that from farre
 May sound vnto you all the points of warre :
 Let Dances turne to Marches : you ere long
 May know what doth to Ranckes and Files belong,
 And let your thundring shot so smoke and rore,
 Strangers may tremble to behold the shore,
 And know you sleepe not. But now to what end
 Doe you suppose that I these words doe spend ?
 Beleeue me, I'me not malecontent with Peace;
 Or doe desire this happie time might cease;
 I would not haue you foule *Seditions* make,
 Or any vniust warres to vndertake;
 But I desire you leaue those idle fashions,
 That haue beene the iust fall of many Nations;

 In
 Looke

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Looke well vnto your selues, and not suppose
'Cause ther's a league with *Spaine* you haue no foes:
For if *Warres* euer make this Land complaine,
It will be through some *Truce* it had with *Spaine*.
But here I bid you once againe beware,
Delay not time, but with all speede prepare,
Repayre your Forts againe and man them well,
Place better (*aptaines* in them; I can tell
Some are growne *Conetous*, and there's no trust
To such as they; that vice makes men vniust:
They pocket vp the wages of their men,
And *One* poore Souldier serues alone for *Ten*.
Looke to the *Navy-Royall*, were't well scan'd,
I doubt it will be found but simply man'd:
The *Purfers* study (if some not belie them)
Onely which way they may haue profit by them:
But see vnto it you to whom't belongs,
See the Abuses done, redresse the wrongs:
And oh! renew the forces of this Land;
For there's a fearefull bloody day at hand,
Though not fore-seene, a bloody day for some,
Nor will the same be long before it come.
There is a tempest brewing in the *South*,
A horrid *Vapor* forc't from Hell's owne mouth.
'Tis spread already farre into the *West*,
And now beginnes to gather to the *East*;
When 'tis at full once it will straight come forth
To shoure downe all it Vengeance on the *North*,
But feare not little Ile thy cause is right,
And if thou hast not cast all care off quite,

Nor

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Nor art secure; why by that token then
 Thou shalt driue back that threatning storme agen,
 Through *Gods* assistance for to ruine those,
 By, and amongst whom, first of all it rose:
 But if that still thou carelesse snorting lye
 In thy presuming blinde securitie,
 Take't for a signe, that now thy sinnes are ripe,
 And thou shalt surely feele the death-full stripe
 Of that ensuing ill, vnto thy shame,
 And extirpation of thy former fame.
 But yet I hope this ouer-sight will end
 And we shall this presumptuous fault amend:
 I hope I say, and yet I hope no harmes,
 To see our *English* youth trick't vp in armes;
 And so well train'd, that all their foes shall heare
 No newes from them, but Horror, Death, and Feare,
 Yea, and their march, like *Iehues* King of *Iury*,
 Shall shew they come with *Vengeance, Speed, & Fury*.
 I would we could as easily forsake
 Other *Presumptions*, and that we could take
 But halfe the care and diligence to arme
 Our soules, in danger of a greater harme:
 Would we the holy weapons could assume
 Of *Christian* war-fare, and not still presume
 To leaue our better parts all open so,
 For the aduantage of the greater foe
 Then *Rome* or *Spaine*: oh would we could beginne
 To feele the danger of *Presumptuous sinne*!
 Which soone would be, if we could once be brought
 For to consider with an equall thought,

Our

Our base beginning and infirmitie,
 Our wauering and wondrous miserie :
 And with this wretched poore estate of our,
 Gods infinite and all-sufficient power :
 His *Iustice*, with his hatred vnto ill,
 And threatnings if we disobey his will :
 Or else remember hee did still behold,
 And see vs when we sinn'd : for, who so bold
 Vnlesse depriu'd of grace, then to offend ?
 But it should seeme, we our endeauours bend
 To anger God, for we of sinne complaine,
 Yet with our *will* sinne in his sight againe.
 Say, wer't not a presumption very great,
 If comming to a *King*, one should entreat
 A pardon for some murther, and yet bring
 The bloody blade with which he did that thing
 He would haue mercy for ? & whilst hee's speaking,
 Sheathe it againe, with bloud and gore yet reeking,
 In the Kings Sonne, before his Fathers face ;
 And yet still bide, as if he hop't for grace :
 Should we not thinke him mad ? sure yes : yet we
 Cannot that madnesse in our owne selues see :
 For, we dare come before th'almightie King
 To sue for pardon for our sinnes, yet bring
 The selfe-same bad minde, still conceiuing murther
 Against his children, to prouoke him further :
 And looke what ill is but in thought begun,
 With him's all one as if the same were done.
 It is no maruaile that no humane law
 Can keepe our ouer-daring hearts in awe :

Since

Since that we doe so little dread the rod,
 Of such a powerfull, and so iust a God :
 And if in mans and Gods owne sight we dare
 So fearelesse sinne without respect or care :
 It seemes that we doe little conscience make
 What mischiefes by our selues we vndertake :
 Or thinke it no presumption to commit
 Something alone in our owne sight vnfit;
 Oh grosse and ignorant ! why that's the worst
 Of all presumptions the most accurst
 And fullst of *Danger*. Silly man take heede,
 Doe not before thy selfe an euill deede;
 For when God will forgiue, and man forget,
 Thine owne ill conscience will oppose and set
 Her selfe against thee, tell thee thine offending,
 And keepe thee backe from euer apprehending
 Grace or forgiuenesse; neyther will afford
 The smallest comfort of the sacred word :
 But rather to thy sad remembrance call
 Each saying that may serue to proue thy fall :
 And though that fire wondrous tortures brings
 Vnto the body, yet when Conscience stings,
 Nor fire nor sword, nor hell it selfe can yeeld
 A worser torment; *God* defend and shield
 Me from the like; and giue me grace to feare,
 So that I may preferue my Conscience cleare
 In all my actions : and then I shall be
 In better case a thousand-fold then he
 That vnto wealth and honour hath obtain'd
 With a craz'd *Conscience* that is blur'd and stain'd.

Alas

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Alas how easie wer't to climbe or mount
 To worldly Reputation and Account?
 How soone could I if I had an intention
 For to contriue or plot a damn'd inuention
 Get golden heapes? yea, and so priuily,
 That though 'twere done by craft and villany,
 I by the blinded world would yet be deem'd
 Perhaps more honest; but much more esteem'd
 Then now I am; But *God forbid that I*
 Such base vaine trash and dunghil stuffe should buy
 At such a rate; for there's no Jewell dearer,
 Nor any losse a man can haue goe nearer
 Then peace of *Conscience*; which for to be true,
 The auncient Poets very wisely knew,
 And therefore fain'd their *Furies*, with intent
 For to declare the inward punishment
 Of guilty mindes; which sure they might doe well,
 For there is in them *Diuels*, yea, and Hell,
 With all her torture; what else was the cause
Nero who knew no *God*, nor feared Lawes,
 When hee had kill'd his Mother tooke no rest,
 But thought he saw her comming to molest
 And plague him for't? What made him to surmise
 Hee was still tortur'd in such hellish wise,
 That *Furies* did to his appearance scorch
 His liuing body with a burning torch?
 Was't not his Conscience that had priuie beene
 Vnto the fact? was not the cause within
 His owne bad selfe? If 'twere let's to amending
 Of our presumptuous sinnes, and bold offending,

If neither in regard of God nor men,
 Oh let's for feare of our owne Conscience then,
 Yet there's another thing, which we'r well weigh'd
 Our rash presumption would be somewhat staide.
 The end of life; with the ne're-ending paine
 God for presumptuous sinners doth ordaine,
 Could wee note that, with deaths vncertaine times,
 And how it takes men acting of the crimes
 Euen in the very nicke of their offence,
 And beares them, ere they can repent them, hence
 To such a place where nothing shall appeare,
 But all the Gasty obiects of grimme feare:
 Whereas each sense shall severally sustaine
 The miserable smart of endlesse paine:
 The tender feeling shall in euery part,
 Be subiect to th'intollerable smart
 Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold,
 Tortures beyond conceit, not to be told;
 The dainty mouth, that had the curioust *tast*,
 And of the choyselt cates still made repast,
 Shall be fill'd vp, yea belly, throat and all,
 With filth more loathsome then the bitterest gall:
 The once perfumed *nostrill*, there shall drinke,
 Foule noysome smells: beside the sulphurous stinke
 Of choaking flames; and there the listning eare,
 Fed with the sound of pleasing *Musicke* heare,
 Shall change it for the wofull screeching cry
 Of *damned soules*, that in hels torture lye;
 Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
 Be kept from piercing that amazed sence:

ib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

And then while they shall trembling thinke to flye
 From those amazements that doe seeme so nigh,
 So there the feareful'st objects of the sight,
 Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright;
 For garish formes of foule mishapen fiends,
 And vgly *Bugs* for euermore attends,
 To thwhart each looke. But if this doe not make
 Thy ouer-hearthened heart (oh man) to quake:
 If this relation be too weake to winne,
 Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sinne;
Reader, if this doe no impression leaue,
 So that thou canst not any feare conceiue
 Through this description; thinke vpon't at night
 Soone in thy bed when earth's depriu'd of light:
 I say at mid-night when thou wak'st from sleepe,
 And lonely darkenesse doth in silence keepe
 The Grim-fac't night. And but imagine then
 Thou wert borneall alone to some darke den
 And there set naked; though thou felt no paine,
 Yet seeing no way to get out againe,
 If thou shouldst in that naked lonenesse heare (neare
 Some yelling voyce, or some strange noyse draw
 With threatning; or but calling on thy name:
 Oh with what *Patience* couldst thou bide the same!
 But if withall, thy wandring eyes should marke
 And now and then see peering through the darke
 Some monstrous vilages, or vgly faces,
 Which should make proffer of some rude embraces,
 And sometime seeme as if they would begin
 With griping pawes to seize thy trembling skin;
 Or,

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4

Or, but suppose that in thy Chamber there,
Where cannot be the hundredth part of feare:
(Because to thee the place well knowne will be
And thou must haue wherewith to couer thee)
Yet there I say suppose thou shouldst behold
Nor such grim objects as are heere foretold,
But onely heare the dolefull voyce of men
Complayning in the darke; And now and then
Behold the ghastly shape of friends long dead,
Wrapt in their sheetes as they were buried;
Or else from out thy Chamber floore to rise
A troupe of bony pickt *Anatomies*
Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
That must ere long their bare companion be:
Then thou wouldst feare I know, and thinke on him
Whose might & feareful power thou dost contemne,
Thou wouldst consider better of the feare
And hellish horror I haue mention'd heere.
That Dungeons estate thou wouldst conceiue,
And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leaue;
Thou wouldst not so cast all thy care behinde thee,
But watch thy selfe for feare lest death should finde
Doing some ill; nor wouldst thou thus delay (thee
Times of repentance still from day to day:
But oh! how should I hope that this I plead,
Will worke in them that shall but barely read
What I haue writ? Since I my selfe that know,
And haue some inward feeling of that woe
Forget my selfe; I thought when I shall be
From such, and such like cares and troubles free,

ib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

When will I all my vanities forsake,
 A better course of life Ile vndertake,
 And onely seeke the glory of his name
 By whom I liue; That day ere long time came;
 Then I had other lets; but if that they,
 As I did seeke they might were once away,
 I would indeed my duty better doe:
 Well, so it pleas'd God I ore-past them too;
 Yet something hindred still that I could neuer
 In my intended *Christian* course perseuer.
 But euer found vnto my grieve and sorrow,
 That I was bad to day and worse to morrow:
But oh! thou God that knowst my hearts desire,
Doe not; oh doe not at my hands require
My youthfull sinnes; though that my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often doe preuaile:
Seeing thou knowest the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can;
Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.
 But now, because I haue obseru'd such store,
 I needes must tell a few presumptions more,
 Some in contemning others wisdom, show,
 That they presume themselues doe all things know:
 But that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
 Certaine I am it is the fall of many:
 Others (and they in this kinde to offend,)
 On their owne *memories* too much depend:
 Such I haue heard so confidently speake,
 As if they had no thought that men were weake:

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.

Yea those though twenty men haue all gaine-said
What they affirmed, were not yet afraid
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face
With sundry oathes : such wondrous trust they pla
In their remembrance ; yea my selfe ere now
Haue beene oft-times more rash for to auow
What I thought truth ; then ere Ile be againe :
For what I deem'd to be so sure and plaine,
That I not onely stood in't to my might,
But would haue paun'd my life't had beene the right
That to my shame, I haue my selfe alone,
Found to be false when all the rest were gone,
Which grieu'd me so that Ile nere more rely
Or trust so much to mine owne memory.
But what may I terme those, who for a name,
Or sort to get some vile preposstrous fame ;
Will desperately for the nonce begin,
To put in action some vngodly sinne
That all men loath ; and onely as they say,
For to be talkt of. What are such I pray ?
Presumptuous, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad,
The last I thinke and ten-times more then mad ;
Yet we haue Gallants, and great store of such,
That in their great brauado's care not much
What villanies they doe ; But 'tis their humor
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumor.
And cause they know the vulgar sort do deeme them
Youths of great Spirit, and do much esteeme them,
But amongst wise-men they are sure to gaine
Reprochfull shame and well deseru'd disdain,

lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Yet for to adde some fame vnto this story,
 We will bequeath them *Erostratus* glory.
 Nor haue our old men left that humor yet,
 For though through feeblenesse they are vnfit
 To put in practise their old tricks againe,
 Yet for to shew they like them, and would saine,
 These often with a lie or two recite them,
 And the remembrance doth so much delight them
 That whereas they ought rather to repent,
 And with a grieued heart for to lament
 Their former folly; they with Ioy and Laughter
 Seeme to approoue't in those that shall come after.
 Yet there's a crew the which my *Muse* well knowes,
 To them she here a *Memorandum* owes,
 And yet no Commendations. for they are
 But busie fellows that doe boldly dare
 Take on them in their Comments, for to finde
 The secret meaning of each Authors minde:
 And to apply that in particular
 That should extend to all in generall:
 And in this little Booke perhaps, they can
 Say, here I meant one, there another man;
 And by their names they will not stick to shew them,
 When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.
 So from my honest meaning they will reare them
 A slander for some priuate grudge they beare them.
 But though these are so bold, yet I belecue,
 Or hope at least, no men of wisdome giue
 Credit o my such interpretations,
 That are but false imaginations;

Since

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.

Since each of these what stile so e're he craue,
 Doth show him a presumptuous foole and knaue;
 But heare all you that are quite voyd of care,
 What you presume in: chiefly you that dare,
 Maugre *Gods* threatens, goe forward to fulfill
 Your naughty, rash, vnbridled hare-braine will;
 As if you thought that you your selues made all,
 And that indeed there were no God at all.
 Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,
 That you shall howling sit and cry, alas:
 Curling your births and miserable state,
 With sad repentance when it is too late,
 Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
 Forake your follies, oh forake them then;
 What will you doe else when that seiz'd by death,
 Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath;
 When as you are so weake that you would faine
 But cannot moue your tongues for to complaine?
 What would you doe if then there should appeare
 The Authors of most miserable feare,
 Your guilty Consciences, and there vnroll
 To your remembrances the dreadfull scroll,
 Of your Presumptions? and with all present,
 A vision of th'infernall punishment,
 Prepar'd for such? And if in that bad case,
 You should behold him you esteem'd so base
 Sit with such power, that at each frowne he makes
 The earth doth tremble and the heauen shakes:
 What would you doe? Oh any thing I'me sure,
 No paine there is but you would then endure

16.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

To scape his wrath: if you doe not dispaire,
 Then will you begge, entreat, and promise faire;
 Or any thing, if so it were you might
 Returne to life againe; then you would quite
 Alter your doings; then forsooth you'l be
 A patterne vnto all posterity:
 You would be humble, mecke, deuout and chaste,
 But now there's time, and then it may be past:
 Yet I my selfe haue heard those that haue vow'd
 Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
 A longer time; yea hath vouchsaf't to saue
 And giue them life againe e'ne at the graue:
 And yet haue thes forgot their former paine,
 And turn'd vnto their owne ill wayes againe:
 Which hauing seene, this for vs men I'l speake,
 Not without griefe *though nothing be so weake;*
Yet we are in our owne conceits so tall,
That for presumption we doe out-passe all:
 And if so be that this same hardning sinne
 Doe seaze vpon the heart once, and get in;
 My minde is this 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,
 No not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

EPILO-

EPILOGVS.

SO in some measure I haue now made knowne,
What foule *Abuses Time* to me hath showne,
And what *Man is*: I haue explain'd some Crimes
That I haue noted in these present times.
Then though I haue beene still accounted idle,
This shoues I haue not giuen Time the bridle
To runne away vnmanag'd: But did vse it
Then best; when I seem'd most for to abuse it.
Here sinfull man thou maist behold in part
Thy miserable state, and what thou art:
Thy Passions, thy Vanities here see,
In part I say, for all there cannot be:
Thy Wauerings, and thy Frailties I'ue explain'd,
With thy Presumption, yet nothing sain'd:
If thou hast read it, then I hope thou know'st,
Though thou seem'st bad, thou art worse then thou
And I doe trust, thy wretchednesse espi'de, (show'st
Will quell thy most intollerable pride;
I mus'd a while thou wert so prone to sinning,
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning:
And as the Lord himselfe once said, so still,
Th' imaginations of thy heart are ill:
That's one maine cause; then to performe an euill,
Thou hast the pronenesse of the flesh, the Diuell,
With

EPILOGVS.

With bad examples of his instigation,
 Besides the *worlds* rash approbation :
 But yet would I not haue thee thinke, oh man ?
 That I with *Tymon* the *Athenian*,
 Desire to make thee so much feele thy woe,
 To goe and hang thy selfe; I meane not so,
 Or for to driue thee thereby to despayre,
 'Tis not my purpose, my intent's more fayre :
 This I would haue thee doe, since flesh is fraile,
 And Sathan will be busie to preuaile :
 With heede and care watch ouer thy affection,
 And in thy doings follow this direction.
 First, see if't be thy Flesh that moues thee to
 Those things the which thou art about to doe;
 Next, to consider well it doth behoue thee
 What kinde of men they are that doe approue thee :
 For, true it is, as I haue oft beene taughte,
 What Flesh desires, and most approves, is naught.
 And since to thrust thee forward vnto euill
 Thou hast an ill Heart, proud Flesh, and the Diuell
 With bad example. Learne oh man to season
 Thy heart with sacred thoughts, with truth & reason.
 Thy flesh with labour and with fasting tame,
 And 'twill not be so subiect vnto blame;
 Preuent the Diuels baits and his remptations
 With earnest Prayers and good Meditations :
 And see thou heed to thy companions giu' st,
 Since thou wilt be as those with whom thou liu' st;
 Yea, since thou art so subiect vnto sinne,
 Shunne all occasions that may draw thee in,

EPILOGVS.

So when thy God shall see thou hast a will,
And true desire for to amend what's ill,
Hee will accept it for his Sonnes deare sake,
And thee more willing, and more able make;
Yea, should thy Sinnes more red then Scarlet grow,
Yet hee would make them whiter then the Snow,
Thy now blacke Soule, were it thrice more defil'd,
As innocent as is the new borne childe :
And thy most miserable body, farre
More glorious then is the brightest Starre :
But if thou without care or heed, dost leane
Vnto those lusts of fl:sh that are vncleane,
If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
Quite giuing ouer thy desire vnto them,
They both in soule and body to will make thee
So foule a Leper that God will forsake thee;
His holy Angels and his Saints abhorre thee,
And onely Diuels make entreatie for thee;
Yea, thou must in *Gehynnon* wayle with them,
That are excluded new *Ierusalem*.

The end of the second Booke.



THE SCOVRGE.

MY Muse I purpos'd to haue rested here,
And so she should indeed, but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now suffice
To make men leaue off their iniquities :
Yea, I doe know their negligence so great,
'Tis not enough for to perswade or threat :
And therefore I'me resolued ere I part,
To giue them a remembrance to their smart,
And though full loath, cause their ill natures vrge,
Ile send abroad a Satyr with a scourge,
That to their shame for this Abuse shall strip them,
And being naked in their vices, whip them :
And to be sure of these that are most rash,
Not one shall scape him that deserues a lash,
But some will kicke; now let them kicke & spare not,
So he may come and ierke them well I care not,
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or strong
Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong :
Not in despight, to make reuengefull rumours,
Rather in sport to mocke the worlds base humours :
But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,
'Ile let my whipping-Satyr know his Charge.
First, though he haue but little manners got;
Bred in the woods, where many vse them not :

Yet

N
A
T
Y
A
T
A
N



THE SCOVRGE.

MY Muse I purpos'd to haue rested here,
And so she should indeed, but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now suffice
To make men leaue off their iniquities :
Yea, I doe know their negligence so great,
'Tis not enough for to perswade or threat :
And therefore I'me resolued ere I part,
To giue them a remembrance to their smart,
And though full loath, cause their ill natures vrge,
Ile send abroad a Satyr with a scourge,
That to their shame for this Abuse shall strip them,
And being naked in their vices, whip them :
And to be sure of these that are most rash,
Not one shall scape him that deserues a lash,
But some will kicke; now let them kicke & spare not,
So he may come and ierke them well I care not,
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or strong
Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong :
Not in despight, to make reuengefull rumours,
Rather in sport to mocke the worlds base humours :
But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,
'Ile let my whipping-Satyr know his Charge.
First, though he haue but little manners got;
Bred in the woods, where many vse them not :

Yet

THE SCOURGE.

Yet will I send him to Suruey the Court,
And daunce the *Witch* to make his King some sport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe, thou shalt not be disdain'd;
Loue without merit hath beene entertain'd,
And so may thine; that Progenie's the most,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast,
And that so worthy: ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.
If thou maist get their fauour that be best,
There is no cause why thou should'st feare the rest:
The good will help, but neuer hurt, then care not,
Although the wicked would offend they dare not.
First, lash the Great-ones; but, if thou be wise,
In generall, and doe not speciallize:
Yet, if thou doe, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.
Now peraduenture some will rage or storme;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:
And though their eyes sparke fire, and they looke big
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig;
And tell them plainly, 'tis not all their show,
Can make men thinke them better then they know;
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression;
Though they can now, to get themselves a name,
Build *Babell* vp a new, and quickly frame
Such lofty Pallaces, as if they meant,
To threaten heauen from the batlement.
Who wonders at it? none I thinke: and why?
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I.

Yet

THE SCOVRGE.

Yet *Satyr*, looke, that thou before thou part
Giue them one ierke, to make their Monours smart,
Their stately houses, say, are things but vaine,
An age or two shall rot them downe againe :
And for their vice, if there be none dare show it.
Say, I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then 'tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of stones
Shall make men think the better of their bones;
No, it shall speake their Auarice and Pride,
Which those they scorn'd and wrong'd shall then de-
So let them goe their Soueraigne to attend, (ride.
And those that be not at the best, amend.
Search on for more; but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kinde,
Women or Angels, bad or good; thine eyes
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere some say, no woman will, or can
Wrong him (He warrant) that's an honest man;
For they are good, and surely would be still
Wer't not that men did often make them ill :
Those that are angry with them let them show it,
He say th'are vertuous, for because I know it.
Mens faults I tell, so may hee womens to
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to doe.
These if thou hap to see, I charge thee skip,
And search in euery office with thy whip;
There, there are those that for their priuate store
Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons poore,
Extortion doth maineaine their brauery.
Yet lay not open all their knauery :

But

THE SCOURGE.

But tell them they a new account must bring,
That last perhaps their guiltie soule will sting,
Thou shalt in Court another troope espie,
Such as in show are full of honestie,
Faire tongu'd; but hee that such fine followers wants
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,
Dissembling Villaines. Doe but note them well,
And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.
For plucke away their fain'd fidelitie,
And they are e'en a heape of villanie:
To make them smart these words to them commend,
That beggery and shame shall be their end.
Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court
Some that will ieast to make their betters sport,
But sift them, I durst pawne a brace of testers, (sters:
If truth were knowne they are more fooles then Ie-
And so they are suppos'd, although indeed, (heed,
They are more knaues then fooles; but take thou
Come not within the compasse of their Bable,
Then call them knaues as loud as thou art able;
If thou come thither at some publike show,
As there thou shalt be whether they will or no,
Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
Neere to the place where they the Reuels keepe.
There stand a while vnscene, and doe no more
But note those fellows that doe keepe the doore,
If thou perceiue some, as some will doe them,
Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrell passe,
Giue him a ierk, and tell him hee's an Asse.

But

THE SCOURGE.

But least thou spy what may make thee asham'd,
Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd,
Leaue thou the Court if thy owne ease thou pittie,
And come a while to walke about the Citty,
As soone as there thou entr'est thou shalt meet
Great store of Gallants pacing out the street:
A part from Dice, or Fence, or Dancing come,
And peraduenture from a whore-house some:
These are good-fellowes that will franckly spend,
While Land will last or any man will lend;
And yet to see (more fooles the world had neuer)
They are so proud as if 'twould last for euer;
And though these lightly cannot haue a worse,
Or deadlier sicknes then an empty purse
Which will ensue, yet tell them they must meet
At the King's-bench, the Counter, or the Fleet.
Then step vnto the Lawyers, peraduenture
They'l by some *Writ* command thee not to enter:
Yet feare them not, but looke and thou shalt spy
Vnder their gownes a masse of Knauery.
Pluck off their mask of law that clokes their drifts,
And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts;
But tell them there's a iudge will not be feed,
And that perhaps will make their conscience bleed.
Then tell the Scriueners as thou passest by,
That they were best to leaue their forgery,
Or else, why is't their eares doe scape so well?
The Diuell meanes to beare them whole to hell.
Tell the Phisitions if thou meet with any,
Their Potions & their Drugs haue murther'd many

THE SCOURGE.

For which thou would'st haue laſt, but doſt delay
Because the diuel means himſelf to pay the; (them
But if they'l proue concluſions, bid them then
Try't on themſelues and not on other men:
Deſire the Brokers that they would not yaune
After the forfeit of anothers pawne,
It is their right by law they'le ſay, 'tis true,
And ſo's their ſoule, perhaps, anothers due;
But ſting them if their conſcience quite be fled,
Then ſhall they pay what they haue forfeited:
Entreat the Tailor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft and proue an honeſt man;
If that he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard,
If he be ritch and take the ſame in ſnuſſe
Tell him his ſubſtance is but ſtolen ſtuſſe
And that the Iay would hardly brook the weather,
If eu'ry Bird ſhould take away her feather;
So hauing whipt him, let the Prieſt go ſhrieue him,
And if he haue authority, forgiue him:
Goe warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke
All day at Ale-houſe, and neglect his worke:
And then ſuruey the ware of euery trade,
For much, I tell thee, is deceitfull made,
Which if thou finde I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him goe and mend it.
Oh ſee if thou the Marchant-man canſt finde,
For hee'le be gone at turning of the winde,
Bid him keep touch, or tell his worſhip how
His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough,
Deſire

THE SCOURGE.

Desire him too if he doe trauaile thither (hither;
Where Conscience is, that he would bring some
Here's little; some will haue it; if none will,
He shall gaine by it though he keepe it still;
If he bring none, 'twere Charitie, I thinke,
To pray some storme might make his vessel sink:
Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit
Hath bin in both the Owner and the freight;
Yea note them well, & thou shalt finde their Books
Are gins for Wood-cocks, made like tenter-hooks:
Well they are rich, the Marchant wealth obtaines,
And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines;
Yet least his wealth may hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee, tell him this aloud
To make him smart, *that whilst he like a mome,*
Playes fast abroad, his Wife playes loose at home:
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth holde out
But he or his become a Banquerout:
Now to thy rest, tis night; but here approaches
A troupe with torches hurried in their Coaches;
Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shoreditch, or for Clarkē-well:
Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull sportfull recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back
With Marrow-Pies, Potato-roots and Sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a Luxurious course by art:
Goe stop the horses quickly, least thou misse,
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,

THE SCOURGE.

Yet will I send him to Suruey the Court,
And daunce the *Witch* to make his King some sport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe, thou shalt not be disdain'd;
Loue without merit hath beene entertain'd,
And so may thine; that Progenie's the most,
• Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast,
And that so worthy: ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.
• If thou maist get their fauour that be best,
There is no cause why thou should'st feare the rest:
The good will help, but neuer hurt, then care not,
Although the wicked would offend they dare not.
First, lash the Great-ones; but, if thou be wise,
In generall, and doe not specialize:
Yet, if thou doe, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.
Now peraduenture some will rage or storne;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:
And though their eyes sparke fire, and they looke big
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig;
And tell them plainly, 'tis not all their show,
Can make men thinke them better then they know;
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression;
Though they can now, to get themselues a name,
Build *Babell* vp a new, and quickly frame
Such losly Pallaces, as if they meant,
To threaten heauen from the batlement.
Who wonders at it? none I thinke: and why?
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I.

Yet

THE SCOVRGE.

Yet *Satyr*, looke, that thou before thou part
Giue them one ierke, to make their blonours smart,
Their stately houses, say, are things but vaine,
An age or two shall rot them downe againe :
And for their vice, if there be none dare show it.
Say, I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then 'tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of stones
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones;
No, it shall speake their Auarice and Pride,
Which those they scorn'd and wrong'd shall then de-
So let them goe their Soueraigne to attend, (ride.
And those that be not at the best, amend.
Search on for more; but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kinde,
Women or Angels, bad or good; thine eyes
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere some say, no woman will, or can
Wrong him (Ile warrant) that's an honest man;
For they are good, and surely would be still
Wer't not that men did often make them ill :
Those that are angry with them let them show it,
Ile say th'are vertuous, for because I know it.
Mens faults I tell, so may hee womens to
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to doe.
These if thou hap to see, I charge thee skip,
And search in euery office with thy whip;
There, there are those that for their priuate store
Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons poore,
Extortion doth maintaine their brauery.
Yet lay not open all their knauery :

But

THE SCOVRGE.

But tell them they a new account must bring,
That last perhaps their guiltie soule will sting.
Thou shalt in Court another troope espie,
Such as in show are full of honestie,
Faire tongu'd; but hee that such fine followers wants
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,
Dissembling Villaines. Doe but note them well,
And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.
For plucke away their fain'd fidelitie,
And they are e'en a heape of villanie:
To make them smart these words to them commend,
That beggery and shame shall be their end.
Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court
Some that will ieast to make their betters sport,
But sist them, I durst pawne a brace of testers, (sters:
If truth were knowne they are more fooles then Ie-
And so they are suppos'd, although indeed, (heed,
They are more knaues then fooles; but take thou
Come not within the compasse of their Bable,
Then call them knaues as loud as thou art able;
If thou come thither at some publike show,
As there thou shalt be whether they will or no,
Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
Neere to the place where they the Reuels keepe.
There stand a while vnscene, and doe no more
But note those fellowes that doe keepe the doore,
If thou perceiue some, as some will doe them,
Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrell passe,
Giue him a ierk, and tell him hee's an Aile.

But

THE SCOVRGE.

But least thou spy what may make thee asham'd,
Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd,
Leaue thou the Court if thy owne ease thou pittie,
And come a while to walke about the Citty,
As soone as there thou entr'est thou shalt meet
Great store of Gallants pacing out the street:
A part from Dice, or Fence, or Dancing come,
And peraduenture from a whore-house some:
These are good-fellowes that will franckly spend,
While Land will last or any man will lend;
And yet to see (more fooles the world had neuer)
They are so proud as if 'twould last for euer;
And though these lightly cannot haue a worse,
Or deadlier sicknes then an empty purse
Which will ensue, yet tell them they must meet
At the King's-bench, the Counter, or the Fleet.
Then step vnto the Lawyers, peraduenture
They'l by some *Writ* command thee not to enter:
Yet feare them not, but looke and thou shalt spye
Vnder their gownes a masse of Knauery.
Pluck off their mask of law that clokes their drifts,
And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts;
But tell them there's a iudge will not be feed,
And that perhaps will make their conscience bleed.
Then tell the Scriueners as thou passest by,
That they were best to leaue their forgery,
Or else, why is't their eares doe scape so well?
The Diuell meanesto beare them whole to hell.
Tell the Phisitions if thou meet with any,
Their Potions & their Drugs haue murther'd many

THE SCOURGE.

For which thou would'st haue last, but dost delay
Because the diuel means himself to pay the; (them
But if they'l proue conclusions, bid them then
Try't on themselves and not on other men:
Desire the Brokers that they would not yaune
After the forfeit of anothers pawne,
It is their right by law they'le say, 'tis true,
And so's their soule, perhaps, anothers due;
But sting them if their conscience quite be fled,
Then shall they pay what they haue forfeited:
Entreat the Tailor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft and proue an honest man;
If that he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard,
If he be rich and take the same in snuffe
Tell him his substance is but stolen stuffe
And that the Iay would hardly brook the weather,
If eu'ry Bird should take away her feather;
So hauing whipt him, let the Priest go shrieue him,
And if he haue authority, forgiue him:
Goe warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke
All day at Ale-house, and neglect his worke:
And then suruey the ware of euery trade,
For much, I tell thee, is deceitfull made,
Which if thou finde I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him goe and mend it.
Oh see if thou the Marchant-man canst finde,
For hee'le be gone at turning of the winde,
Bid him keep touch, or tell his worship how
His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough,
Desire

THE SCOURGE.

Desire him too if he doe trauaile thither (hither;
Where Conscience is, that he would bring some
Here's little; some will haue it; if none will,
He shall gaine by it though he keepe it still;
If he bring none, 'twere Charitie, I thinke,
To pray some storme might make his vessell sinke:
Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit
Hath bin in both the Owner and the freight;
Yea note them well, & thou shalt finde their Books
Are gins for Wood-cocks, made like tenter-hooks:
Well they are rich, the Marchant wealth obtaines,
And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines;
Yet least his wealth may hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee, tell him this aloud
To make him smart, *that whilst he like a mome,*
Playes fast abroad, his Wife playes loose at home:
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth holde out
But he or his become a Banquerout:
Now to thy rest, tis night; but here approaches
A troupe with torches hurried in their Coaches,
Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shoreditch, or for Clatken-well:
Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull sportfull recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back
With Marrow-Pies, Potato-roots and Sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a Luxurious course by art:
Goe stop the horses quickly, least thou misse,
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,

THE SCOVRGE.

They of their guide must be aduised vuell,
 For they are running downe the hill to hell.
 Their Venery will soone consume their stocks,
 And bring them to repentance with a poxe.
 So other crimes committed vvithout light,
 Let such reueale as see like Owles by night :
 For many men a secret fault can finde,
 But in apparant roageries are blind,
 Or else they will not see; but thou wertst best
 Leauē whipping and betake thee to thy rest ;
 If in an Inne it be, before thou sup,
 Will that the Taster call his Master vp
 And bid him kindely, since he giues thee lodging
 To vse plaine dealing and detest all dodging.
 Dissembling's naught, hard rekonings they ar worse
Light gaines (they say) will make a heauy purse.
 And let him not (this fault is very rife)
 Make any guest familiar vvith his wife ;
 For many men (they weare but what they should)
 Do make their wiues more wantō then they would,
 Thereby they gaine, their Innes are wel frequented.
 But such ill courses are too late repented :
 So schoole him well and do thy whip refraine,
 And send him to his other guests againe.
 Then thou shalt see the nimble Tapster flie,
 Still yalling, *here, anon sir, by and by,*
 So dilligent, till thou thy selfe acquaint
 With his slye tricks thou'lt take him for a Saint ;
 But I suppose that they haue tane an oth,
 Neuer to fill a pot but halfe with froth ;

And

THE SCOURGE,

And there's an old shift if they leaue it not,
There must be something added to the shot.
But wilt thou swagger with him for it? no,
But take him as he is and let him goe;
Now for most Hostlers if thou hap to try them,
Knaues thou maist say they are, and not belie them,
For they deceaue the poore dumbetraueling beast,
And for the same deserue a ierke at least;
Yet doe thou spare them, for there is no doubt,
Some guest will finde a time to pay the lout.
Well, hauing rested and dischar'gd thine Host,
Ile send thee downe, into the countrey, Post:
For I haue busines, no mā would belieue, (Schrieue:
With whom d'ye thinke? e'ne vvith the vnder-
Tell him thou heardst (and that's a fault indeed)
That in some causes he is double-feed.
And that moreouer he deserues a Portion
With those that are indited for extortion;
Yea and for other things as well as that,
Tell him the country tearmes him he knowes what,
At which if he make light as if he care not,
Whip him in conscience soundly for't, & spare not:
Now for our Knights; their much formallity,
Hath made them leaue their hospitalitie,
Yet, lest they should be angry, say no more,
This age hath made a number of them poore;
And that some toe (or else they are belied)
Haue begger'd their posteritie with pride,
And since thou art so neere them doe not cease
Vntill thou see our Iustices of peace,

THE SCOVRGE.

There trie if thou canst get but so much fauour,
To bind the Country to the good behauiour,
And tell them how thou hast informed beene,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde bettrue, thou hast permission;
To last, or put them out of the Commission.
The Constable if he were bid, I wisse,
Be good in's office 'twere not much amisse:
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue
If so hee be dispos'd to play the knaue;
See how he deales, and make thy message knowne,
For he hath stocks and whipping-posts of's owne:
There are Church-wardens too, I shame to see
How they runne into wilfull periury,
Partly in fauour and in part for feare,
They winke at much disorder in a yeare:
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them, as euill members of the Church;
If they reply offenders are so friended
Though they present, 'tis little thing amended,
Yet tell them 'tis their dutie to discharge
Their consciences in euery thing at large;
Which if they doe, ill doers shall be sham'd,
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd
And prethee tell the B. Chancellor
That thou art sent to be his counsellor:
And will him if he meane not to be Stript,
And like a schoole-boy once againe be Whipt,

His

THE SCOURGE.

His worship would not so bad minded be
To peruert iudgement for a scuruy fee.
Then next goe tell the reuerent good masters,
Thou and the Clergy needs must fall at wakers:
Faith thou shalt finde their Doctorships perhaps,
Disputing of their Surpleesses and Caps,
About the holy Crosse, and Gowne, a Hood,
Or some such matters for the Churches good:
But tell them there are other things to doe,
A great deale fitter to be lookt into;
And if they please to goe their Visitation,
There's waightier matters looke for reformation;
Yea say there's many an infirmity
Which they both may and ought to remedy:
But touch them with remembrance of their place,
And they perhaps will alter then the case.
Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,
That they prouide them good Apologies,
For 'tis reported lately they haue both
Betooke themselves to Venerie and sloth,
And seeke not learning onely, as they should,
But are backe friends to many a man that would:
'Twere fit they made a publike recantation,
And were well whipt before a Congregation.
So leauing them their wits for to refine,
Thou shalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;
They say, hee's growne more carefull of his flock,
His profits and his tithes then of his flock:
Now if thou finde report hath not belied him,
With a respect vnto his Calling, chide him,

THE SCOURGE.

I had almost forgot our ciuill Doctors ;
I pray thee vvarne them and their lazy Proctors,
They would not vse to make so many pauses,
Before they doe determine poore mens causes,
And let them not suppose their fees are small,
Since they at last will get the Deuill and all,
There be Court Barrons many in the vway,
Thus maist thou to the Guardians of them say,
Their policy in raising fines and rents
Hath put poore men beside their Tenements:
And tell them, let them answere if they can,
Their false Court-roles hath vndone many a man;
Say thou hast seene what to their place belong'd
And knowst, oft times both Lord & tenants wrong'd,
Yet spare thy whip ; for why? the peoples curse
Already hath prepared them a worse:
So when that thou hast punish vices slaues,
And roundly Ierk't the Country petty-knaues,
Then march we to the Campe, to bloudy Nero,
And tell the ruffling shuffling Cauallero ,
He whose hard-heart can brooke to rob or spill
His friend or foe, to ruine, wound or kill,
Tell him, I say, there is a misery
Must follow to reuenge his cruelty ;
And see that thou the Ruffians courage quaille,
Or lash him till the stocke and whip-cord faile :
Walke but the round, and thou maist hap to catch,
The carelesse souldiers sleeping in their vvatch,
Or in a march perhaps they'le goe astray,
But if thou see them out of their aray,

And

THE SCOURGE.

And without leaue and warrant roming out,
To fetch some desperate booty there about,
Remember them; and for their stout brauado's,
Let them be prefer'd with bastinado's.
Then bid the Captaines in their Garisons,
Not lay to pawne their rich Caparisons,
Nor come vpon the score till they are forc't,
To be disarm'd for payment, or vnhors't;
Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, least they be faine,
To make an insurrection, or complaine,
For that indeed proues often-times the cause,
They doe so much transgresse the Martiall lawes;
Yea tell them 'tis a scandall to be drunke
And drowne their valour, or maintaine a Punke;
Then if they mend, not for to blot their fame,
In steed of honour whip them for't with shame.
Then lastly there are selfe-conceited wits,
Whose stomacks nought but their owne humor fits,
Detractors, Criticks; who en'e at the best,
Doe bite with enuie or else snarle at least;
And in thy progresse if discern'd thou be
'Tis out of question they will snap at thee; (them,
To spight them then the waie's not to out-brawle
But say thou car'st not, and that lash wil gaule them:
Now Satyr leaue me to my selfe alone,
Thou hast thy message and thou maist be gone,
Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee,
In executing that which I command thee;
And yet so ho, ho, ho, come backe againe,
Be sure that thou doe vnderstand me plaine:

THE SCOURGE.

First note ; I from my Scourge doe here except
The Guard by whom the Kingdomes peace is kept,
The vertuous Peeres: Alas ! I nothing grutch them,
And on my blessing see thou doe not touch them :
And if in all our Offices there's any
That is an honest man amongst so many ;
Him did I euer meane that thou should'st spare,
Because I know that such a one is rare ;
Physick and Law I honour both (God blesse it)
With euery vertuous man that doth professe it,
I doe not ayme at such as they, nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
Such worthy Brittaines as maintained be
According to their fashion and degree :
No, those I loue ; and what can I lesse doe
Since I of them am well-beloued to ?
To blame all Marchants neuer was my will,
Nor doe I thinke all Trades-mens worke is ill ;
My meaning must not so be vnderstood,
For the last Shooes I had were very good ;
Yea, and so farre am I from such a thought,
Thou shouldst against the vertuous doe ought
That if thou but an honest Tapster see,
Tell him I wish we might acquainted be ;
And I'le that Hostler loue which in amends
Will vse my horse well, that we may be friends ;
And to be brieft good Satyr vnderstand,
That thou maist not mistake what I command,
'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
That thou at this time shouldst in speciall strike,
Because

THE SCOURGE.

Because my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men;
Which is not so, for though some malice me
With eu'ry one am I in charitie;
And if that thou doe euer come to sight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wish it might be tooke as 'twas intended;
And then no vertuous man will be offended:
But if that any man doe thinke amisse,
Vpon my life that party guilty is;
And therefore lash him, so get thee out of dore
Come what come will, I'll call thee back no more.
So, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
I wonder how the world will now respect him;
If that the meruaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older;
He hath too smooth a chin, a looke too milde,
A token that he is not wholly wilde;
But may I reach the yeeres of other men,
If that this loose world be not mended then
He send a Satyr rougher then a Beare
That shall not chide and whip, but scratch and teare,
And so I'll teach him he shall be too strong,
For all your *Paris-garden* dogs to wrong.
This Satyr hath a scourge, (but it wants weight,
Your Spanish whips were worse in eighty-eight,)
That shall not onely make them howle for paine,
But touse them, till they hold their peace againe:
Now if the world frowne vpon me for't,
Shall I be sorie? No, 'twill mend my sport;

But

THE SCOURGE.

But what if my selfe should hap to stray,
Out of my bounds into my Satyrs way?
Why then ; and that's as much as I need doe,
I giue him leaue to come and lash me to.
So now my Muse a resting time requires,
For she's or' wearied, and her Spirit tires,

ΠΑΝΤΟΤΕ ΔΟΞΑ ΘΕΩ.

FINIS.

L
The
I do
For
Take
No;
Of a
The
Tis
Thou
In A



Certaine Epigrammes to the
KINGS most excellent Maiestie, the
Queene, the Prince, the Princeesse, and
other Noble and Honorable Person-
ges, and friends, to whom the Au-
thor gave any of his Bookes.

To the Kings Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. I.

Loe here dread Sou'raign, and great Brittain's King,
First to thy view I haue presum'd to bring
These my Essaies; On which but gently looke,
I doe not make thee Patron of my Booke:
For 'tis not fit our Faiths-Defender (still)
Take the protection of each trifling quill;
No; yet because thy wisdom able is
Of all things to make use; I giue thee this:
The Picture of a Beast in Humane shape,
'Tis neither Monkey, nor Baboone, nor Ape,
Though neere conditioned; I haue not sought it
In Africk Deserts; neither haue I brought it

EPIGRAMS.

*Out of Ignota terra: those wilde lands,
 Beyond the farthest Magalanick strands
 Teeld not the like; the Fiend lues in this Ile
 And I mus'd that you spied not all this while
 That Man-like Monster. But (alas) I saw,
 The looke of Maieslie kept him in awe;
 He will not, for he dares not before thee
 Shew what (indeed) he uses for to be;
 But in thy presence he is meeke, demure,
 Devout, chaste, honest, innocent, and pure:
 Seeming an Angell, free from thought of ill,
 And therefore thou must needs so thinke him still.
 But for because thy Soueraigne place denies
 The sight of what is view'd by meaner eyes:
 This I haue brought thee, with much care and paine,
 'Twas like to haue beene forced backe againe:
 So loath the world was that thou should'st view
 The Portraiture that I haue drawne so true;
 Yea yet, (I feare) she findes her selfe so gal'd,
 That some will studie how to han't recal'd;
 But tis too late; for now my Muse doth trust
 When thou hast seen't thou wilt approve what's iust.
 And if I may but once perceine, or heare,
 That this sounds pleasing in thy kingly eare,
 Ile make my Muse for to describe him fuller,
 And paint him forth in a more liuely colour:
 Yea, I will to the worlds great shame unfold,
 That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told;
 Meane while great King a happy Monarch raigne,
 In sight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.*

Another

Another to his Maiestie.

EPIGR. 2.

AS he that feedes on no worse meat then Quailles,
 And with choise dainties pleaseth Appetite:
 Will neuer haue great list to gnaw his nailes,
 Or in a course thin diet take delight,
 So thou great King that still dost ouer-looke
 The learned workes, that are most deepe, most rare:
 Canst not perhaps these my rude Satyrs brooke:
 Thou dost not for such sharpe-fang'd Critticks care:
 Oh doe not yet thy selfe so much estrange
 From wonted curtesie to others showne;
 A Country dish doth often serue for change,
 And something here is worthy to be knowne:
 Sharpe sauce giues sweetest meat a better tast;
 And though that this to many bitter be,
 Thou no such sicknesse in thy stomacke hast,
 And therefore 'twill be pleasing vnto thee:
 What though I neither flatter, fawne, nor sooth,
 My honest plainnesse shall more truely praise thee
 Then those that in Court language filed smooth,
 Striue unbeleeking Tropheis for to raise thee,
 My loyall heart cannot so well impart
 The loue it beares your Maiestie as others:
 The want of Time, Encouragement and Art,
 My purpose in the Embrio still smothers.

Obscurity

EPIGRAMS.

Obscurity, Grosse-Fates, and want of Meanes,
 Would haue made Romes great Maro harshly sing :
 But if once Cæsar to his Musique leanes,
 His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring.
 And why are English wits so perfect growne ;
 But for because thy kingly hand peruses
 Their well tun'd Poems ; and hath bounty showne ?
 Yea it is thou giu'st light vnto their Muses.
 Oh ! had I such a Star for Pole to mine,
 I'de reach a straine should rauish all the Nine.

To the Queenes Maiestie.

EPIGR. 3.

In posse.

DAughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King :
 And Empresse of the North, enrich your Name ;
 Yet doe you chastitie and wisdome bring,
 Bountie, and curtesie to make vp true fame.
 Which since (faire Queene) my Muse hath understood,
 She's bold into your presence to intrude,
 Assured, honest meanings that are good
 Shall finde acceptance there, though they seeme rude.
 Looke and behold the Vanities of men,
 Their Misery, their Weaknesse, and their Pride,
 Daigne to suruey this Booke (I say) and then,
 When you haue each particular espi'de,
 Thinke with your selfe, how highly blest you be,
 For to enioy a Prince that both knowes how

To

To keepe himselfe from such fell Passion free,
 And make so many mad-wilde creatures bow :
 Indeepe here's Vices tablet plainly made,
 Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne;
 'Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,
 That men may blush on such a Hag to fawne.
 But if your Grace will fauour what I sing,
 Though Vertue be in durance Ile reprecus her
 That-now-despised-Nymph to honour bring,
 Set all her hidden beauties forth; and giue her
 So sweet a looke, and such a deist attire,
 Men shall grow loue-sicke, and burne with desire.

TO CHARLES, Prince of Wales.

EPIG. 4.

SEE here sayre Off-spring of the royall Stem,
 What all the world almost is subiect to;
 Behold it so, thou truly maist contemne
 And from thy heart abhorre what others doe;
 Now is the fit and onely time to season
 That young rare-vnderstanding breast of thine
 With sacred precepts, good aduise and reason.
 But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline,
 Inheritance, great Prince, will make it thine :
 And were Mans nature yet more prone to fall,
 So to be borne, and so taught, helps all.

To the Princeſſe.

EPIGR. 5.

(glories)

Sweet *Princeſſe*; though my Muſe ſing not the
 Of faire aduenterous Knights, or Ladies loues :
 Though here be no *Encomiaſtick* ſtorieſ,
 That tender hearts, or gentle Spirits moues,
 Yet in an honeſt homely Ruſtick ſtraine,
 She ſhewes the Creature (ſuch may you nere know)
 Forgiue her though ſhe be ſeuere, or plaine,
Truth that may warrant it commanded ſo.
 Yea view it ouer with beliefe; but than,
 I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; All deſerue not blame,
 For that great *Prince* that wooes for to be yours,
 If that his worth but equalize his fame,
 Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
 Nay they ſhal praiſe him; for though they haue whips
 To make the wicked their offences rue,
 And dare to ſcourage the greateſt when he trips,
Vertue ſhall ſtill be certaine of her due.
 But for your ſake; (if that you entertaine him.)
 Oh would he were (a man) as I could ſaine him.

Yet ſweet *Elizabeth* : that happy name
 If we loſt nothing elſe by louing thee;

EPIGRAMS.

So deare to *England* is, we are to blame
 If without teares and sighes we parted be;
 But if thou must make blest another Clime;
 Remember *Our*: and for that; though I vse
 A crabbed subiect and a churlish rime,
 Daine but to be the Mistris of my *Muse*;
 And I'll change *Theames*, and in a lofty stile,
 Keepe thee aliue for euer, in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most ho
nourable Priuie Councell.

EPIG. 6.

Most Honour'd Lords; I here present this booke,
 To your graue Censures, not to shew my *Art*:
 Ne're did you on so rude a matter looke,
 Yet, tis the token of an honest heart:
 I did it not to please, nor flatter any,
 Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine;
 For I am sure it will not humor many,
 And I expect much hatred for my paine.
 Here something you may see that now requires,
 Your care and prouidence to haue amended:
 That's the maine poynt to which my *Muse* aspires,
 And whereto I haue all my labour tended:
 It may be there be some out of their hate,
 Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant;

EPIGRAMS.

Or taxe me as too saucy with the *State*,
 In hope to make me for the *Truth* be shent,
 Yet know *Great Lords*, I doe acknowledge here,
 It is your *Wisedomes*, that next God maintaines
 This Kingdomes good; And from my heart I beare
 A reuerent respect vnto your paines,
 I doe not, as such faine would haue it seeme,
 Presume to teach your wisedomes what is best,
 I doe not mine owne knowledge so esteeme:
 Vile selfe-conceit I from my heart detest.
 But for because I know the piercing'st eye
 Can neuer into all abuses see;
 And since the greatest in Authoritie
 May not behold some-time so much as wee:
 What therefore I haue thought to be amisse,
 And worth amending I haue told it here:
 I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,
 Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbear.
 But if there's any take this writing badly,
 Had it told all, it would haue vext him madly.

To Henry Earle of South-
 hampton.

EPIG. 7.

(forth,
 South-hampton; since thy *Province* brought me
 And on those pleasant mountaines I yet keepe,

EPIGRAMS.

I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy *Vertues* in obliuion sleepe.
Nor will I; if my fortunes giue me time;
Meane while reade this, and see what others be,
If thou canst lik't, and will but grace my *Rime*,
I will so blaze thy *Hampshire* Springs and thee,
Thy *Arle*, *Test*, *Stowre*, and *Anon* shall share *Fame*
Eyther with *Humber*, *Seuerne*, *Trent* or *Thame*.

To *William* Earle of *Pen-*
brooke.

EPIG. 8.

THou whom respect of kin makes not vniust,
True Noble Spirit, free from hate or guile;
Thou whom thy *Prince* hath for thy care and trust
Plac't for to keepe the entrance of this Ile,
See heere th'abuses of these wicked *Times*,
I haue expos'd them open to thy view:
Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore maist perceiue that all is true.
Tak't, though I seeme a stranger, yet I know thee;
And for thy vertues, *Penbrooke*, this I owe thee.

EPIGRAMS.

To the Lord *Lisle*, Lord Chamberlaine
to the *Queene*.

EPIGR. 9.

BEing a *Sidney* and so neere allied
To him whose matchlesse rare immortall pen
Procur'd of Fame to haue him deicide,
And liue for euer in the hearts of men:
The loue my soule hath euer borne that name,
Would certainly perswade me for your sake
In honest seruice to aduenture blame,
Or any open dangers vndertake;
Yet shall not That, your Titles, nor your Place,
Your Honours, nor your Might, nor all you haue,
Cause me to flatter for regard or grace,
Fortune shall neuer make my minde a slaue,
But seeing that your *Vertue* shines apparant,
And honourable acts doe speake your praise:
Since *Good report* hath giuen forth her warrant,
Which none so much as by himselfe gaine-saies,
That (and naught else but that) compels my *Muse*,
To sing your *worth* and to present her *owne*,
If this imperfect issue you'll peruse,
I'll make her in a better forme be knowne,
And teach her, that is now so rude and plaine,
To soare a pitch aboue the common straine.

EPIGRAMS.

To the Lady Mary Wroth.

EPIG. IO.

MAdame, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,
The *Vertu'st*, and the wisest in our daies:
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each huswifes praise.

There's no degree, below *Superlatiue*
Will serue some soothing *Epigrammatists*:
The *Worst* they praise, exceeds *Comparatiue*,
And *Best* can get no more out of their fists.

But, *Arts sweet Louer*; (vnto whom I know,
There is no happy *Muse* this day remaines,
That doth not for your *Worth* and bounty owe,
Euen himselfe, his best and sweetest straines.)

Vouchsafe, to let this Booke your fauour finde,
And as I heere haue *Mans* abuses showne,
He with like iust, and vncorrupted minde,
So make your true vnfeined *Vertues* knowne.

While others false praise, shall in one's mouth be,
All shall commend you, in the high'st degree.

EPIGRAMS.

To Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Knight Baronet, Treasurer of Ireland.

EPIGR. II.

SIR, you first grac't and gratifi'd my *Muse*,
Which ne'er durst try till then what she could doe,
That which I did vnto my selfe was newes,
A matter I was little vs'd vnto:
Had you those first endeauours not approu'd
I should for euermore haue silence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath moou'd
Androus'd my Spirits, that before time slept;
For which I vow'd a gift that should be better:
Accept this for't, and Ile be still your debtor.

Here you shall see the *Images* of men,
More sauage then the wildest *Irish kerne*:
Abuses whipt and stript, and whipt agen,
I know your Iudgement can the *Truth* discern,
Now so you will thinke well of this my Rime,
I'ue such a minde yet to *Saint Patrickes Ile*,
That if my *Fate and Fortunes* giue me time
I hope for to revisit you a while,
And make those sparks of honour to flame high
That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

EPIGRAMS.

To his Father.

EPIGR. 12.

Others may glory that their Fathers hands
Haue scrap't together mightie summes of gold,
Boast in the circuit of new purchast lands,
Or heards of Cattell more then can be told;
God giue them ioy; their wealth Ile ne'er enuy,
For you haue gotten me a greater store,
And though I haue not their prosperitie,
In my conceit I am not halfe so poore.
You learn't me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure;
And through your meanes I haue a *Talent* lent me,
Which I more value then all *Indies* treasure;
For when the almost boundlesse *patrimonyes*
Are wasted; those by which our great ones trust
To be eterniz'd: when their *Ceremonies*
Shall be forgotten, and their tombes be dust;
Then to the glory of your future line,
Your owne and my friends sacred memory,
This little, poore, despised *wealth* of mine,
Shall raise a *Trophee* of eternitie,
Which fretting *Envy* nor consuming *Time*,
Shall creabolish or onewhit offend:

EPIGRAMS.

A topleſſe *Statue*, that to Starres ſhall clime,
 Farre greater then your Art ſhall comprehend,
 But I muſt needes confeſſe, 'tis true, I yet
 Reape little profit in the eyes of men :
 My Tallent yeelds ſmall outward benefit,
 Yet Ile not leaue it for the world agen.
 Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull ſleight
 Can meaſure out the Earth in part or whole;
 Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height
 Eyther of th' Articke, or Antarticke Pole ;
 Yet 'tis your pleaſure, it contentment brings :
 And ſo my Muſe is my content and ioy,
 I would not miſſe her to be ranckt with Kings,
 How euer ſome account it as a toy :
 But hauing then (and by your meanes) obtain'd
 So rich a *patrimoine* for my ſhare;
 For which with linkes of loue I'me euer chain'd;
 What duties fitting for ſuch bounties are ?
 Moreouer *Nature* brought me in your debt,
 And ſtill I owe you for your cares and feares :
 Your paines and charges I doe not forget
 Beſide the intereſt of many yeeres :
 What way is there to make requitall for it ?
 Much I ſhall leaue vnpayd doe what I can :
 Should I be then vnthanketull ? I abhorre it.
 The Will may ſerue when Power wants in man :
 This Booke I giue you then, here you ſhall finde
 Somewhat to counteruaile your former coſt :
 It is a little *Index* of my minde;
 Time ſpent in reading it will not be loſt.

Accept

EPIGRAMS.

Accept it, and when I haue to my might
Paid all I can to you; if Powers diuine
Shall so much in my happines delight
To make you Grandfire to a Sonne of mine:
 Looke what remaines and may by right be due,
 I'le pay it him as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing Sonne

George Wither.

To his Mother.

EPIG. 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the smallest drop of your kinde teares;
This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart, my minde;
Let neuer false report of me more grieue you,
And you shall sure no iust occasion finde.

EPIGRAMS.

Loue made you apt to feare those slanders true,
Which in my absence were but lately sowne:
It was a motherly distrust in you,
But those that rais'd them are false villaines knowne;
For though I must confesse I am indeede
The vilest to my selfe that liues this time,
Yet to the world-ward I'ue tane such heede,
There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.
This I am forc't to speake, you best know why
Where's that man liuing that dare say I lye.

To his deare Friend Maister
Thomas Cranly.

EPIGR. 14.

BRother, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my Fathers, or my Mothers sonne,
Nor consanguinitie, nor wedlocke lawes
Could such a kindred twixt vs haue begunne;
We are not of one blood, nor yet name neyther,
Nor sworne in brother-hood with a house quarts,
We neuer were so much as drunke together,
Twas no such slight acquaintance ioynd our harts,
But a long knowledge with much tryall did it;
(Which for to chuse a friend are good directions)
And though we lou'd both well at first, both hid it,
Till't was discovered by a like affections.

Since

EPIGRAMS.

Since which, thou hast o'er-gon me far in shewing
The Office of a friend; doe't still and spare not,
Loe here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing;
But know for all thy kinde respect I care not,
Vnlesse thou'lt show how I may seruice doe thee,
Then I will sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine G.W.

To his louing friend and Cousen-
German, M^r. WILLIAM
WITHER.

EPIG. 15.

IF that the *Standerds* of the house bewray
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide:
Or if their *Destinies*, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signifi'd,
'Tis so in thine; for that fayre antique *Shield*,
Borne by thy predecessors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,
The innocencie of thy line did show.
Three sable *Crescents* with a *Cheueron* gul'de
Tels that blacke *Fates* obscur'd our houses light;
Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her owne lustre, and was darkned quite:

And

EPIGRAMS.

And as indeed our aduersaries say;
 The very name of *Wither* shoves decay;
 But yet despayre not, keepe thy *White* vnstain'd
 And then it skills not what thy *Crescents* be (wain'd,
 What though the *Moone* be now increast, now
 Learne thence to know thy lifes inconstancie;
 Be carefull as thou hitherto hast beene,
 To shunne th'Abuses *Man* is tax't for here,
 And then thy soule that's now ecclips'd with sinne,
 When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned, shall looke cleare:
 And what so e'er thy English name may threat,
 The ^a *Haruests* sonne the *Greekes* entitle thee,
 Ere thou shalt want, thy ^a *Hare* will bring thee meat,
 And to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be,
 Yea, yet (though *Enuies* mists doe make them dull)
 I hope to see the wayned *Orbes* at full.

For the better understanding of this Epigram, note that
 his *Armes* are in a Field Argent, a Cheueron Gules, be-
 twixt three *Crescents* Sable, his name according to the
Greekes, is *Yul. Δεπος*; and his Crest is a *Hare* with three
Wheat Eares in her mouth.

To

To his Schoole-Maister, Maister

John Greaves.

EPIGR. 16.

IF euer I doe wish I may be rich,
 (As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend;)
 I doe it not for any thing so much
 As for to haue wherewith to pay my friend.
 For trust me, there is nothing grieues me more
 Then this; that I should still much kindnesse take,
 And haue a Fortune (to my minde) so poore,
 That (though I would) amends I cannot make:
 Yet for to be as thankfull as I may,
 Since my estate no better meanes affords,
 What I in deedes receiue, I doe repay
 In willingnes, in thanks, and gentle words.
 Then though your loue doth well deserue to haue
 Better requitals then are in my power;
 Knowing you'll nothing *ultra posse* craue;
 Here I haue brought you some *Essaies* of our:
 You may thinke much, perhaps, since ther's so many
 Learn'd *Graduates* that haue your *Pupils* beene;
 I who am none, and more vnfit then any,
 Should first presume in publike to be seene:
 But you doe know those horses in the teeme,
 That with their worke are ablest to goe through,
 Seldome so forward as blinde *Bayard* seeme,
 (Or giue so many twitches to the plough:)
 And so though they may better; their intent
 Is not, perhaps, for to befooles in print.

To the captions Reader.

WHat thou maist say or thinke, it is no matter;
But if thou busily imagine here,
Since most of these are mightie, that I flatter;
Know, sacred *Iustice* is to me so deare,
Did not their *Vertues* in my thoughts thus raise
To get an *Empire* by them I'de not praise them.

FINIS.

